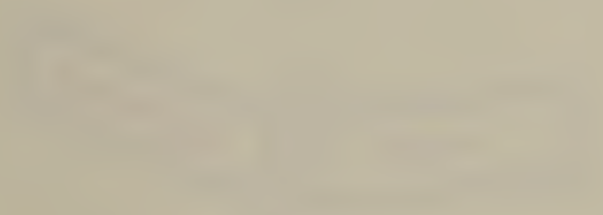


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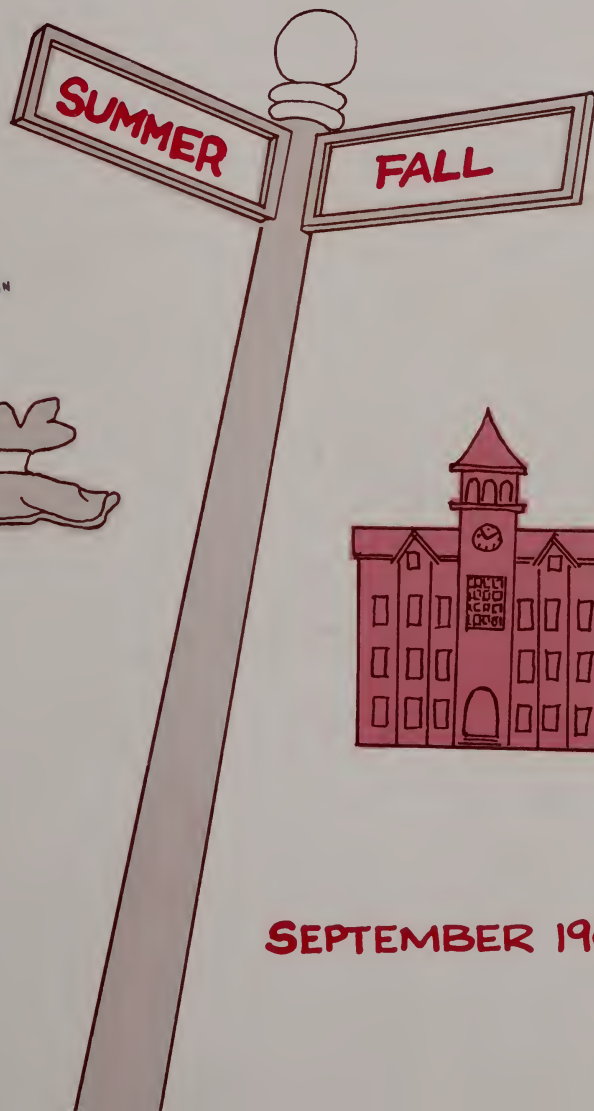


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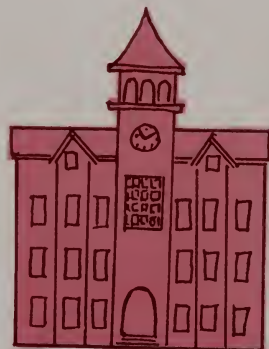
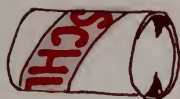
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rev. 4-6, Sept. 1963-May 1966

CLEMSON Chronicle



CLEMSON COLLEGE LIBRARY
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SEPTEMBER 1963

HEY RATS !

.... and upperclassmen

Fred Busch Says:

YOU TOO CAN BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION

HOW? By joining the staff of South Carolina's Best College Magazine THE CHRONICLE.

WHEN? Now. Contact any staff member, or attend publicized meetings.

WHERE? In the palatial subterranean CHRONICLE office complex, basement of the Geology Building, of course.

WHO? Everybody. If you're willing to work, we've got work for you. We need writers, artists, photographers, typists, salesmen, general flunkies. We need YOU! No experience required.



WELL

... we certainly didn't expect to see you back this year. But since you are, pull up a comfortable chair, settle back with a cool drink (non-alcoholic of course; remember rule 16) and turn further through this fine magazine. As you sip your drink and turn the pages you will notice a few changes here and there in the appearance of the magazine. The Chronicle is only two and a half years old, that is it has been two and a half years since its reorganization by the Calhoun Literary Society, and it is still undergoing growing pains which are sometimes very noticeable.

The cries of pain and anguish and despair that might escape from our subterranean offices, along with the sounds of tables and chairs being violently hurled about, are only the signs of a stage the magazine is going through and everything will soon be under control or give way to a new stage. Getting back to changes in the magazine's appearance, some of them are readily apparent. For instance, there is the addition of the mag's name in the lower left margin of the right hand pages. A nice touch, don't you think? And then there is a newly designed contents page. This page is the one that seems to change with every new staff, so you have probably gotten used to it now.

Those are the technical changes. If you think we have been tooting our own horn, you're right, because we think we have a good reason. You remember we said earlier that the Chronicle is only two and a half years old. Well, the Chronicle was again awarded the Best Magazine Trophy by the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association at the convention in Charleston last spring. That means that we have won this trophy for each full year of publication. In addition to the big trophy, there were individual awards for UNCA' BILL (Winter 1963), THE MASTER PLAN OF CLEMSON COLLEGE (Midwinter 1962) and others too numerous to mention.

As you turn through the magazine you will find Phil Wattlely's story of what might happen tomorrow or the next day. Dail Dixon, our art editor, is up or down to his usual nonsense with a fable of sorts with obvious symbolism to those few who share the same type of receding mind, er, hairline, and a new collection for "The Other Side of Poetry" for those who are far ahead of the likes of us. And we cannot overlook the profile of three talented artists here on campus with thoughts about their work. And of course you will find the usual features that the Clemson students enjoy so much.

That's about the size of this issue. Why don't you drop us a card or a letter letting us know what you think of this issue. Or better yet, if you are brave and daring enough, come down to one of our meetings. In any event give us an indication of what you would like to see more of. We get pretty tired of trying to imagine what the rest of the students like. (We really know what you like, but we can't print that sort of thing, guys!)-MDM

CHRONICLE

COKE'S COEDS AND CHAMBER MUSIC



229223

A young girl went to a doctor's office and he gave her a thorough examination.

Doctor: "What is your husband's name?"

Girl: "I don't have a husband."

Doctor: "Then what is your boy friend's name?"

Girl: "I don't have a boy friend."

The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The girl asked why he did it and he replied:

"The last time this happened, a star rose in the East, and I don't want to miss it."

A well-to-do merchant who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps called the lad aside one day and gave him the following instructions:

"Biddy, you're 16 years old now and I'm going to tell you certain important facts of life. To begin with, let's explain your hand.

First, this is the thumb, with which you hitchhike through life.

Next, the index finger, with which you point out things.

Now comes the middle finger, which should really be called the pleasure finger, with it—but I'll tell you about that later.

And there is the ring finger, which is used for engagements and marriages.

And finally, the little finger, the pinkie, which delicately protrudes when dining."

"But, Dad," interrupted Biddy (impatient and excited), "please tell me about the pleasure finger!"

"Oh, the pleasure finger," answered the merchant. "That's what you use to ring up sales on the cash register!"

A number of showgirls were entertaining the troops at a remote Army camp. They had been at it all afternoon and were not only tired but very hungry. Finally at the close of their performance the major asked, "Would you girls like to mess with the enlisted men or the officers this evening?"

"It really doesn't make any difference," spoke up a shapely blonde. "But we've just got to have something to eat first."

A girl who tries to talk her boy friend into buying her a silk nightgown usually ends up with her boy friend trying to talk her out of it.

The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon, and the wife's friends gathered anxiously about her. "How did Tom register at the first hotel you stopped at?" they asked.

"Just fine," she blushed. "Just fine."

"For goodness sake, use both hands!"

"Can't. Gotta drive with one."

A city girl was swimming nude in a secluded millpond. Along came a boy who proceeded to tie knots in her clothes. She picked up an old wash tub and, holding it in front of her, she marched toward the kid, saying, "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Yeh," said the kid, "you're thinking that that tub has a bottom in it!"

Darling, the maid has burned the eggs. Would you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Sure, send her in.



*Never be
Out of Style*



Shopee ye

Judge Keller's

Clemson

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Chronicle

SEPTEMBER 1963

VOL. IV, NO. 1

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Chronicle



OUR COVER: Another fine work of art by our talented artist-cartoonist and sometimes architect Durward Stinson, representing the intersection where all good students turn right from summer fun and frolic to travel the slippery road of knowledge.

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ELEPHANTS

Anybody?



Do you know why elephants have flat feet?

No, as a matter of fact I haven't the foggiest idea.

From jumping out of trees.

Wisnheimer: What do elephants and canaries have in common?

Super-Dunce: What?

Wisnheimer: They both can fly . . . except for the elephant, of course.

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be
half
prepared
for
fall!

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walters & hillman

CLEMSON

ANDERSON



A dashing young elephant swain swore by all elephant vows that his Clarice was the fairest maiden in all of elephant land, and he would have none other.

"Be mine, Clarice," he pleaded. "If you refuse me I shall die."

But she refused him, and sure enough, 130 years later he died.

"Tell me—who is the real boss in your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the servants—and the children boss the dog and cat—and—"

"And you?"

"Oh, I can say anything I want to about the elephants."

Sam Goldwyn was giving his script writers a pep talk. He wanted a super-colossal picture, one that would be sure to draw audiences. Finally one of the men coolly asked whether he had any suggestions.

"Sure! Start with one thousand stampeding elephants and build up to a climax."

A Chicago psychiatrist encountered a challenging problem in the person of a patient who was absolutely convinced he was in love with an elephant. After endless sessions on the couch the analyst convinced the poor fellow it all had been a hallucination. "O.K., so I'm cured," nodded the patient weakly, "but now I've got another problem you must solve for me." "What now?" asked the analyst wearily.

The patient demanded, "Do you happen to know somebody in the market for one mighty big engagement ring?"

Q. Why are elephants gray? A. So you can tell them from blueberries.

Q. What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming? A. "Here come the elephants."

Q. What did Jane say when she saw the elephants coming? A. "Here come the blueberries," because she is colorblind.

Q. Why do elephants wear sneakers? A. To creep up on mice.

Q. Why do elephants wear green sneakers? A. To hide in the tall grass.

Q. Why do elephants wear red sneakers? A. Because their green ones are in the laundry.

Q. How do you make an elephant float? A. With two scoops of ice cream, an elephant and some root beer.

Q. How do you lift an elephant? A. Put him on an acorn and let it grow.

Q. How can you tell there's an elephant in your bathtub? A. You can smell the peanuts on his breath.

Q. How do you prevent an elephant from charging? A. You take away his credit card.

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

There is a lot of talk today about education and the problems of providing enough well educated people to step into the positions of leadership in tomorrow's society. The need for more and more qualified scientists and engineers for industry and research is readily apparent in light of our rapid technological advances and newer research methods.

The problem today is not so much getting into college but learning something while you are there. Robert Hutchins observes wryly, "Today, though it is possible to get an education in an American University, a man would have to be so bright and to know so much to get it that he would not really need it."

Out of all the talk about education comes new ideas. One of these is creative education. This is education that makes students think, rather than one that force-feeds them with isolated bits of information. A brilliantly written textbook cannot make a student think, and learning cannot be legislated. For creative education to flourish, it is necessary for there to be a suitable climate of opinion.

We have asked ourselves if such a climate exists on this campus, and we can only answer no. This may sound like a harsh judgment to some, but we believe we are justified, and here are some of our reasons.

What is the first major occurrence in the life of a freshman after he arrives on campus? He comes in contact with a tradition left over from military days. (The reason for continuing this tradition after the changeover is one we have yet to find.) In short, the freshman becomes a "rat." He has his head shaved and begins wearing his orange beanie and learns all the college songs and cheers. This period of college initiation lasts for approximately two months. During this period there is compulsory attendance at pep rallies and other rat activities. The threat of loss of additional locks of hair or other punishment makes attendance, as well as a knowledge of the alma mater, songs and pep cheers, "compulsory." To require the whole freshman class to go running about campus during study hours, disrupting the study of those who have gone through these antics before, is hardly the way to instill a serious attitude towards academic work in the first crucial months. A great deal more could be said about the "rat" tradition, but the arguments have been made before. There are indications that this tradition is on the wane, mainly from lack of interest on the part of upperclassmen.

It is possible that we shall see the deathblow struck within the next few years. When the first Negro freshman enters Clemson, the apprehension the administration would have about mixed "rat" activities might be such to warrant calling a halt to the "rat" tradition.

At present there does not seem to be



BASS WEEJUNS

aren't absolutely required
but they are the general rule



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any lack of classroom space. This is something we have to be thankful for. On the other hand, we do lack an auditorium large enough for the entire student body. Attending a concert or lecture here is a rather strenuous affair. The field house (or as Fred Waring, the bandleader, once called it, the "Fine Arts Auditorium") and Tillman Hall are not provided with comfortable seats or adequate ventilation for either summer or winter.

We cannot fail to mention our library crammed into a building unsuited for that purpose. We feel that a library should be the one place on a campus that possesses that quiet aura of knowledge. This is not the case here. The noise of fans in the summer, steam pipes in the winter, people talking and walking and tapping, and doors closing with ponderous thuds serves to overwhelm any aura that might occur.

The bookstore has been raked across the coals many times before. We will have to agree with the opinion that the

bookstore should serve the students in any way it can and not just serve to make a profit for the athletic association. But this is not our major concern. We would like to see the bookstore stock many more paperback books on a great variety of subjects that would have no connection with required reading. Of course, the bookstore would continue to stock paperbacks for parallel reading. To have the best sellers, fiction and non-fiction and complete works of the world's great authors and thinkers available in paperback books is an excellent way to start a personal library that will yield great rewards. Until recently there were parallel reading books and non-books, as *TIME Magazine* calls them, with only a few really good paperbacks available. Now there is a stock of paperbacks of one publisher who offers a great variety of subjects, mostly nonfiction. This type of selection is what we need more of.

Now we come upon the shaky ground of faculty-student relations. This is an uncertain area for us because three years as a student do not provide enough time or the proper

place from which to take an objective view. The only thing that we can really say has already been said. Zip Grant said in the *TIGER* that there seems to be a "mutual agreement of apathy" between the students and the faculty. This is unusual because of the relatively small class in most courses. The classroom should be a place where the student can express himself and his opinions. It appears that in most classes the professor is doing all the talking. This is not a good way to make students think, but it is a good way to put some to sleep.

In this editorial, we have attempted to present briefly some of the problems that exist on this campus. Time will solve most of them, but slowly. The others will not be solved until the student body, the faculty and the administration have a greater awareness of them. When this happens, then the meaning of education comes alive in the words of Plato. "Let those pieces of learning which explain life be brought together in one view," he wrote, "so that the relation of things will be clear."

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CHRONICLE LISTINGS

CONCERTS

November 3
Montovani

November 20
Black Watch Regimental Band
and Highland Dancers

LECTURE

November 21

Alfred Lande—Physicist
from Ohio State University

RUDOLPH LEE GALLERY

September 9-28
Brasilia, A New Capital
Photographic Show from the Smithsonian Institute

September 16-27
Painting/Sculpture, by R. H. Hunter
(Courtyard)

October 1-22
Young Americans, 1962
Craftsman Show from A.F.A.

November 1-21
English Water Colors & Drawings
of the 18th & 19th Centuries

November 28-December 18
Landscape Architecture
Photographic Show from A.F.A.



3 ARTISTS

John
ACORN

Robert
HUNTER

Ireland
REGNIER

JOHN ACORN

'background isn't so important—it's what I'm doing now.'

'my work is rooted in nature; I'm not concerned with what other people (artists) are doing'

'I need time—I couldn't go fast'

'to the artists, his work is a way of life, it is not a job but is something that is a part of him; he thinks about it, orders his life to it, dreams about it . . .'

'The artist is slowly becoming a more accepted person in our society. We are beginning to realize that there is more to life than owning a split-level house, having two automobiles and membership in a country club.'

In my work 'I have attempted to express my feelings about the way things grow. I have not tried to imitate plant forms but rather I have tried to capture the essence of growth.'

'There is a fine line between originality and sensationalism.'

'The artist basically creates for himself, but this does not mean that he is not interested in his fellow man. The artist can not concern himself with whether or not his work is accepted by the public.'

Sculpture 'to be significant and a work of art, must possess the quality of timelessness.'

'Sculpture is the art of creating significant forms. These forms may be carved out of a block of stone, or modelled in clay, or cast in bronze, or hammered out of a sheet of copper.'



ROBERT HUNTER

"I question everything"

'A creative person always ends up doing what he has to.'

'Once you begin repeating you are dead.'

'The artist must be receptive to society around him—though he usually doesn't.'

'Each artist has to explore his creative limitations'

'Exploiting the uncommon has been the essence of unusual artists'

"an art form is an interplay of the individual and the society in which it exists"

"An individual always stands out, the idea that they are unusual is important."

"Man is trying to resolve what nature has done in his own order"

"Everything in nature is related to color"

"Oil painting is not in keeping with the twentieth century, we're outside more"

"Rectangular shapes are out of place in the landscape"

"Sacrifice the past for the impact of the new"

"There's an art renaissance today"

"The whole world looks to the United States for art"



IRELAND REGNIER

'I can't be separated from my background—it's part of the overall production.'

'The dollar is becoming less important as our country grows older . . . art is building up.'

'People (artists) do what they do because they have to'

'My work is fast and controlled haphazard—I have to work fast.'

Being associated with a school 'is merely a tool of the historian.'

'My work is me and it will change with me as I grow.'

'You don't have to rebel to create.'

A work of art 'must have a reasonable longevity . . . one person can't make a work of art.'

'I wouldn't like for everyone to own something I did.'

'If you are liked by everyone you are a loser.'

'There *is* a culture boom today.'

'Art is the antenna of society.'

'(Clemson) students are awfully aware—more so than I expected.'



LAUDER

prologue

WHEN it's Aprille who gives a hoot?
The Clemson men are pierced to the root
To close their books and put 'em away
And get the hell out every weekend in May.
Birds chirpeth tenderly from yon bough;
The physical plant spreads the dung of a cow.
Chickens flutter through the henhouse door,
And the cocks are screaming for more and more.
Spring is here, so students get their rocks,
Have a panty raid, or pool Dean Cox.
But life is serious, days are dark—
For all good men must now embark
On a pilgrimage to a distant place
Where a martyr died in a fantastic race.
The contest took place beside the sea.
The spot is marked by a tall oak tree
Beneath whose boughs the hero lies
Completely preserved in way that implies
What manner he saved Clemson's honor that day.
The contest came about in a simple way—
The biggest of drinkers at U.S.C.
Challenged all comers, whoever they be,
To race to see who could first consume
Two fifths of bourbon and still have room
For a case of beer and a jug of wine,
A bottle of gin and some turpentine.
The setting was the beach on Easter Day
Since most would be there anyway.
C-square sent their finest lush
Who drank so much her skin was mush.
The Citadel sent a boy from B
Who claimed that he could drink a sea.
From Winthrop came a confirmed sot
Who knew her innards would soon rot.
Many thought Clemson an "also ran"
Although they sent their very best man.
The contest was torrid, and all to compete
Thought the Tiger would surely be beat.
He drank so fast, but he did last
Until the end. All stood aghast
As he won the race and turned to stone.
He lies there still, as hard as bone.
Now all Clemson men go to that place
To honor his grave for saving our face.
And I with my wonderful poetic skill
Did jot out a rime that'll make you ill
Because it describes the people I saw
On the way to gaze at his grave with awe.



Dale tales

BY BILL MEGGS

A GRADUATING senior led the line;
He was sipping ale from an antique stein.
Girls impress him in the dark;
All he cares is how they park.
He's leaving in June, so he doesn't care
As long as he passes all courses with fair.
A word of advice he leaves behind:
Try to avoid that awful lunch line,
And avoid those potatoes whenever you can,
Chemicals whip a well-whipped man.
The world outside is calling him now,
So as he leaves, in reverence bow.

A C----- girl strutted by so fine
And gave that same old peacock line.
"I could've flown to Cape Cod Bay,
"Or Arkansas or the Milky Way.
"But Dad (he's worth a million or more)
"Knew I was nothing more than a hoer
"Of soils where girls shouldn't hoe.
"But where the hell else can a girl get a beau?"

NEXT came the editor of a S.C. newspaper.
He loves his state, but he'll always rape her
By denying his readers international news.
And what he does cover, he misconstrues.
"Provincial" describes the editorial page.
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY UNION ELECTS
HEADLINES say
When they should be telling of a Russian named K.
His life-long readers would probably swear
They had no idea Latin America was there,
Except for Cuba (He told them of that—
That makes one feather in his featherless hat).

THEN there was the great director of sports
Who will not build enough tennis courts
For all the students who want to play,
So that one usually waits half a day
In order to sweat out a set or two.
Students, it seems he would do something for you
Because you support him when he doesn't win,
And a coach's not winning is quite a sin.
But you know what they say: "Wait'll next year!"
That's all I've heard since I've been here.

A READER of PLAYBOY magazine
Was admiring his playmate—she was his queen.
Although she was paper and folded in three,
He admired her with so much glee
He had her with tacks hanging from the wall
In the manner of one who did it for all.
He learned how to dress, or mix a drink.
He learned everything, even how to think.
Hugh Hefner hands readers philosophy to use,
And six million a month changes hands to Hugh's.

THEN came a student engineer;
He had a pencil behind his ear.
From his belt a slide rule swung,
And from his pocket a drop card hung.
He knew how to deal with numbers galore,
But with the girls he made no score
Until the rumor he'd make a mint
Caused 31 girls to pick up his scent.

NEXT came a professor of economics
Who was so ugly his wife always vomits
When he kisses her with his mug
Or grabs her in a giant bear hug.
He really loves a good recession,
And cannot wait until a depression;
For headline patrons are so weary
They'll listen to anyone's blasted theory.

ALONG came two boys from Stigma Pi,
Each the apple of his own eye.
They were so alike in manner and dress
Even their parents would have to confess
One or the other might be another,
'Cause ya' gotta be a rubber stamp brother.

AN ARCHITECT major lumbered by.
His hair was so long it stabbed his eye.
He talked of philosophy and art and such
But any old fool saw he didn't know much.
He analyzed every building by the road
And delivered a talk on the aesthetic commode.

A TRUE intellectual I did espy,
For an agricultural major was passing by.
He gave his college its reputation—
We're the best Cow College in the nation.
When asked to comment on courses and such
He said: "That English don't learn me much."
But ask him to name the name of a tree,
Ask him to mate a horny queen bee,
Ask him to plow a forty-acre field,
By damn, he'll do it, by damn he will.
He is so great at growing crops
Of all the world our surplus is tops.

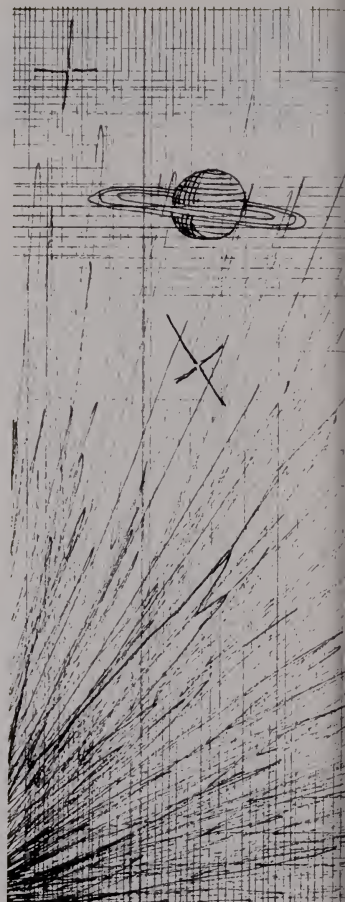
THERE was a colonel of the infantry
Who made his living teaching ROTC.
His shoes were polished with spit and shine,
His shirts were starched, his seams in line.
He'd gladly tell you where to go;
First he'd consult the general, though.

epilogue to the prologue

AND now I've told you of a few I saw.
And now I hope you'll view the grave with awe.

BURN, ONE OR THREE TIMES

BY PHILIP WATTLEY



"My God," murmured Siglenski,
"No, it can't be."

He leaned over the tracking scope and looked far and deep into it, a horrified expression from his face engraved in the greenish glow emitted from the glass. The pings went out in an endless lonely reverberating succession, oscillating in the endless vacuum of space. In sequence with the pinging sounds a small spheroid of white light was emitted across the screen. The light seemed to follow the sound in its distant path; but this time it did not return, nor meet any resistance or obstacles: it kept going, never to return. It went on its journey and faded out of sight and sound slowly with a little spark, a small sound. The man bent farther

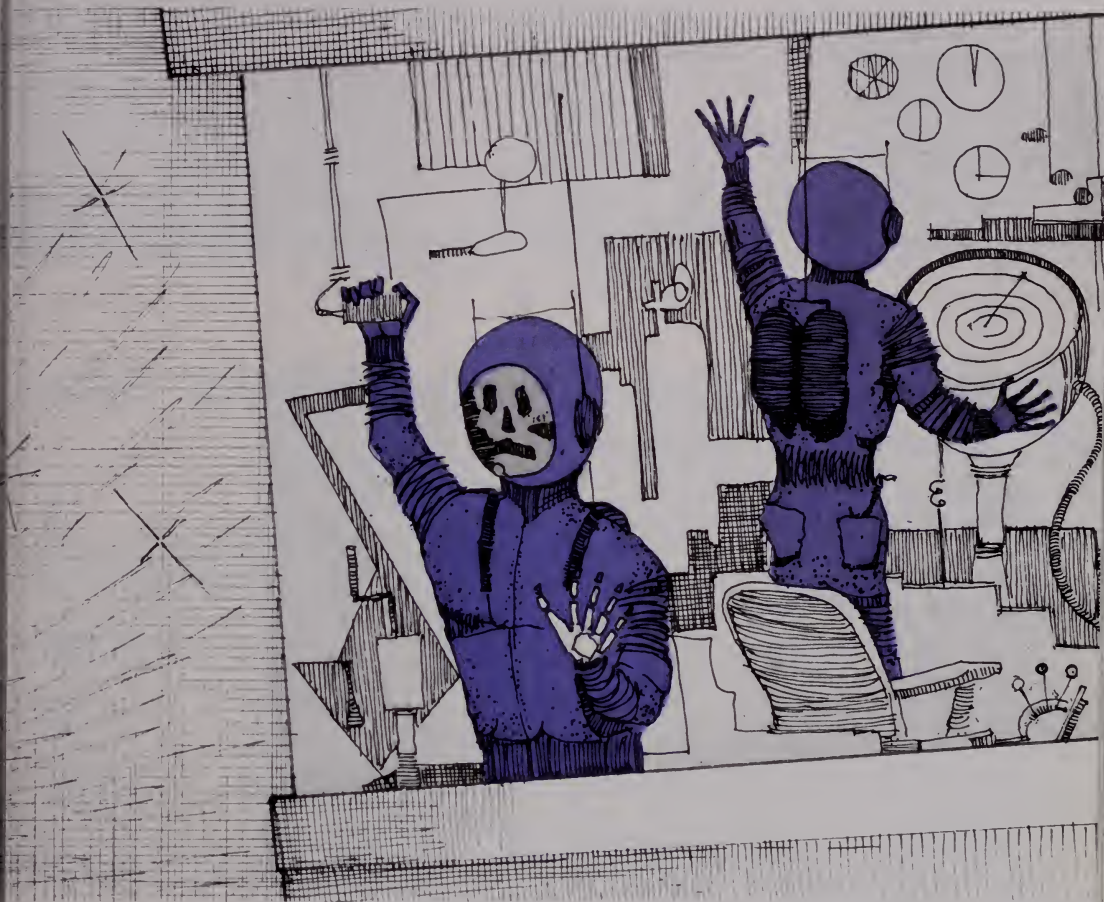


ILLUSTRATION BY JIM KORTAN

over the glass and stared deeper into the glow but there was nothing. A turn of a dial, a flick of a switch brought forth no change in the sequence. He jerked off his headphones and spun around in his chair, his eyes fixed on the screen on the opposite wall of the stainless steel cubicle.

Flannigan, by this time, had also sensed something and was by his side; both men's eyes were fixed on the straight beam of light that rotated within the eerie bluish glow of the screen. The line came around slowly, ever so slowly, moving as if on a frictionless sea. It was almost there, up in the right corner, it came to them. Yes, there were the first two, together, almost in line. The third came in succession. Again there was a slight pause

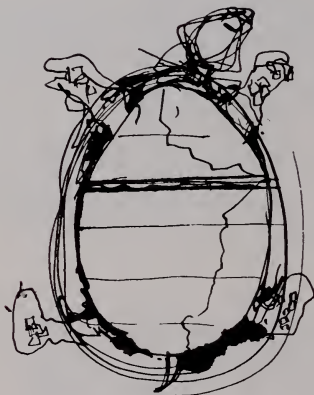
and a flickering glow passed almost unnoticed. The last two dots of light shone brightly, continuing monotonously under the beam of light. The sliver of white light was allowed to make its circular trip three times, and on the fourth time the occurrence was the same with the exception of the third speck of light which flickered for a second and then ceased. The overhead clock, which was flush in the wall and whose hands were now parallel, looked down upon the awed expressions of the two men as they stood and watched the light as if they were fixed indefinitely. The Irishman could stand the suspense no longer. He turned and made his way to the small porthole, followed by Siglenski. Through the murky blackness they knew exactly where to look

for the sphere known to them as home. At first glance it almost looked normal, but on closer examination the reflected light could be seen to flicker for a moment, and then it began to turn from its sterile white to a light straw yellow. The color grew in intensity, turning darker into orange and then to a dull red formation clouded around the glow. Unexpectedly a brilliant flash emitted, so blinding that even over the great distance the two men had to blink to clear their eyes from after effects. The intense white light ceased very rapidly, as if a great hand had snuffed it out; and in its place the blackness of eternity filled in. For there was nothing, nothing solid, or liquid, or gaseous, or living. There existed only a / continued on page 38

"It all began when the turtles decided their's was the only way of life."

fable of the turtles and the bees

by dail dixon



REALLY THEY weren't so different. Oh they looked different, but basically they wanted the same things out of life. Nobody knows why they got themselves in the mess they did. Somehow it doesn't matter any more, it's been thirty-seven years since it happened and most folks don't remember. Actually it wasn't important; turtles and bees who needs them?

It all began when the turtles decided that their way of life (that is carrying one's house around on one's back) was the only way of life and that it was their duty to teach the foolish bees of its advantages. With only the bees' best interest at heart, they set about to educate them. The turtles weren't the only ones with lofty ideas, however, for at the same time, the bees decided they should help the turtles see that the idea of each owning his own home was far from a satisfactory solution. They too were interested in helping their neighbor, but both sides were so stubborn they wouldn't give an inch. This went on for years and years, turtles trying to help bees, bees trying to help turtles. Of course, all along the bees realized that turtles would have a hard time getting into a home off the ground, and turtles realized bees would have a hard time flying with shells on their backs. However, both sides were sure that the change would eventually be for the best and the adjustment would not be too difficult. Try as they might, neither side was able to convert

the other. After so many years of futile effort the bees decided they were going to have to use force if they were ever to get their idea across. After all, it was for the turtles' own good.

Preparations were made for the attack, and as the day dawned swarms of bees in combat formation, headed for the turtle camp. The turtles, though not basically war loving animals, had prepared themselves for such an eventuality. They had perfected deadyne, a gas that was 100% deadly to bees. All day bees flew over the turtle camp and fluttered helplessly to the ground under the influence of the deadly gas. By nightfall the ground was covered with the bodies of dead bees.

Celebration followed the victory, and for three days the turtles drank, danced, and made merry. Alas, they had forgotten their original intent was to help, not kill, the bees. Now, under the fog of celebration, they had forgotten. Their happiness was short lived though, for word of the dead bees reached the local dragon. Bees were his favorite dish, and he hastily coursed the woods to the scene of the great battle. Once there he began greedily devouring the bees, and for diversion, seemed to find satisfaction in hurling the poor turtles, already a bit the worse for wear, against some nearby rocks. The gay fun went on all day until at last all the bees were eaten and all the turtles had been crushed on the rocks. The dragon lived happily ever after.



A CLEMSON MAN AT THE



PRODUCED BY JOHN MCCARTER
PHOTOS BY SETH HARRISON





The Miss South Carolina Pageant in Greenville in July proved too much for one summer session Clemson man to resist. Having the distinctive tastes typical of a Clemson country gentleman, he was duly appreciative of the selection of lovelies which the Greenville Jaycees had collected for the event. There were blondes, redheads, and brunettes of every form and fashion, to entice a man's eyes and gladden his heart. Less important things like book reports and quizzes were forgotten while he thoroughly enjoyed himself at this delightful presentation of the state's most desirable darlings.

The evening gown competition was a procession of sixty-six beautiful young women floating down the ramp poised on their clouds of cloth and glory. They showed gracefulness with every soft step, and radiated charm with every smile. It was a thrill to think of waltzing with one of them on some Clemson dance weekend.

In bathing suits, the Palmetto princesses were especially alluring, and in-

spired thoughts of trips to Pawley's Island or Ocean Drive where a care-free couple could laugh and dream in the sun by sparkling sea—where moonlight colors the ocean and the sand with warm, entrancing hues.

The talent competition completed the picture of each young lady, showing the qualities and interests indicative of the inner radiance that makes a girl more than just beautiful. They demonstrated their abilities, ambitions, and dreams with poised confidence and excellent showmanship.

Of course, a self-respecting Clemson man couldn't be expected to be satisfied with merely seeing and hearing these lovely girls from an auditorium seat, especially when "a Clemson man needs no introduction." With the aid of that ingenuity and suavity for which Clemson country gentlemen are noted, our man soon became acquainted with some of the choicest beauties. The pageant ended too quickly for him to meet all of them, but he returned to Clemson with some nice souvenirs and many pleasant memories.





MUSIC OF MEXICO



FRESHMAN SURVIVAL KIT

a list of things every freshman needs for success at Clemson

By Larry Joe Payne
& Dave Henry

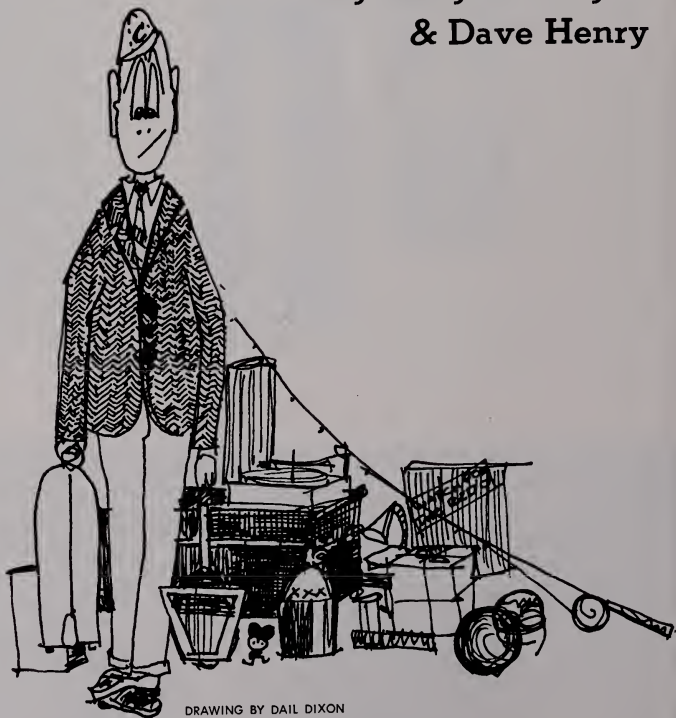
This year as a public service to our readers, and in the interest of promoting public safety, the **CHRONICLE** offers the following helpful hints and suggestions as basic requirements for the survival of any new **RAT**.

YOURSELF—This insignificant article is not absolutely necessary if you will substitute one year advance tuition; however, to avoid any possible inconvenience or embarrassment, we suggest that you bring yourself.

CLOTHING—All students are expected to wear clothes, except when showering. Although it is not required in the student regulations, it is required by the state of South Carolina. Scody tenni-pumps, dilapidated football jerseys, and bermudas in various stages of decomposition are currently in style.

PLAYBOY MAGAZINES—A backlog of at least two years is considered the minimum supply. At the present time **PLAYBOY** is not available in the Clemson area. This satirical, attirical, and sexual pacesetter will not only make you popular with the Playboy-less upperclassmen, but will also serve as good collateral.

REBEL CERTIFICATE—A 5 foot by 3 foot Rebel flag and the ability to



DRAWING BY DAIL DIXON

execute an acceptable Rebel yell are the only requirements to qualify for this certificate. Of course if the RAT has the added stigma of not being from the Deep South, he will be expected to procure a 6 foot by 4 foot flag and to have at least the ability to produce a reasonable facsimile of the required yell. A triple alliance of the John Birch Society, Young Americans for Freedom, and the Rebel Underground are responsible for the distribution of these certificates which must be procured before the first secession meeting of the year.

III-FI STEREO SET—To impress your hall mama, to compete successfully in the nightly noise contest, and to soothe your conscience while you're not studying, are a few of the limitless possibilities for your hi-fi. A MUST FOR E.E. MAJORS.

SHEETS and TOWELS—Although these items are not absolutely necessary, they can be helpful (with a little ingenuity). We suggest that you bring them if for no better reason than to pacify your mother.

LOVE LETTERS—A backlog of fifty or sixty is good for morale, and they

CHRONICLE

are excellent documentation for tales of your amorous achievements.

MONEY—The root of all evil (fun) is money, even RATS should be capable of comprehending this basic fact. Dating, drinking, flicks, any collegiate activity demands a virtually unlimited supply of pecuniary resources. Need we say more?

ONE TRUNK—In the past, Clemson men have found a 6 foot by 3 foot trunk to be extremely useful, especially for the transportation of a willing playmate. The Office of Student Affairs has a limited supply of used trunks for sale or rent.

RAIN DANCE BOOK—Each Thursday afternoon the R.O.T.C. cadets meet on the upper quadrangle to participate in their aboriginal rain dance; without a book, the RAT will not know the correct dance steps—the gods won't be pleased—the rains will not come—and the upperclassmen will inevitably expend their wrath upon the hapless RATS.

ONE SISTER—This is not a strict obligation, it is permissible to bring more, just so they measure up (approximately 36-22-35) to the Clemson standard. For those luckless RATS that don't have and can't borrow a sister

(anybody's will do) who meets those requirements, the CHRONICLE staff suggests that you try Carolina. Their standards are somewhat lower than ours. For the rest of the RATS that qualify, **BRING YOUR SISTER DIRECTLY TO THE CHRONICLE OFFICE. DO NOT PASS GO, DO NOT COLLECT \$200.**

WE LOVE SLED PIN—To pacify the local collegiate law authorities, we suggest that you contact the Rubble Underground (an unsubversive, far-right political organization that is currently tunneling its way to notoriety) immediately to obtain your pin.

WATER WINGS—We lost an untold number of RATS last year participating in a popular Clemson pastime of pooling the cheerleaders. In keeping with the safety program advocated by the administration the staff recommends that the RATS use waterwings during the pooling escapades this year.

OPEN MIND—The staff of the CHRONICLE offers one last suggestion for incoming RATS. Come to Clemson with an open mind. And we will guarantee that after four years of absorbing the academic freedom of Clemson, you will be graduated with a mind that is no longer open.



Linda Joan Kay

Gentlemen's



Photography
by
Dave Maltby

*The young lady on these pages lead
our photographer all over campus and
seemed to have a great deal of fun
doing it.*

*She is Linda Joan Kay, a fetching
Winthrop lass, whose hometown is
Clemson.*



Choice



BOOK REVIEW:

The Stranger, a novel by Albert Camus

BY BILL MEGGS

Albert Camus, the world famous French writer who copped the 1957 Nobel Prize in literature, was greatly concerned with fundamental problems which have beset mankind from the beginning. His widely read novels have presented few answers, but they ask questions which remain with the reader long after the names and faces of the characters have faded into dimness. Camus' basic premise is that one should not accept any philosophy of life until it has been thoroughly and objectively studied. His novels are allegorical quests for something which is not, and cannot be found.

A mother dies on page one, day one, of *The Stranger*. There is great pathos to be associated with Monsieur Mersault, but no tears are shed for his mother. Instead, his complete indifference to the loss of one so dear as a mother arouses the reader's sympathy. A quick transformation to the realm of suggestion allows the reader to associate the dead mother with that which has happened to twentieth century Occidentals—a degeneration from godlike beings with purposeful existence to animals of no more consequence than fleas and mice.

Mersault buries his mother and returns to Algiers, job, and the routine of life. On his first day back in the city, he meets Marie, an attractive girl with "... sun-gold face, lit up with desire." The two had worked at the same office previously, and she is smoothly and efficiently elevated to mistress status. Presently Marie proposes marriage, but it is impossible for Mersault, as a stranger, to experience love. Being completely indifferent to all things that compose the sham continuum of life, he is willing to marry her if it will make her happy.

Any menagerie would be shamed by the assortment of characters which run through the pages of *The Stranger*. A lonesome old man who looks like the mange-eaten dog he beats refuses to get a new dog when the old one leaves, but chooses to mourn the ugly

CHRONICLE

beast. The restaurateur Celeste always stands with white apron over his paunch to greet those who patronize his shop. Raymond, a disillusioned man who has learned that his mistress is doing him dirt, is motivated to beat her severely in retaliation.

The climax of the novel occurs when Raymond calls Mersault and asks accompaniment to the shore where Masson, a friend of Raymond, has a cottage. Because he has a date with Marie, Mersault agrees only on condition that she be invited. After the party arrives at the beach, the three men go for a stroll. Two Arabs, one the brother of Raymond's ex-mistress, are encountered. In the resulting squabble, Raymond is slashed by an Arabian knife, and the Arabs scatter when Mersault draws the revolver that Raymond had passed to him.

Later, Mersault walks one on the beach and encounters one of the Arabs. A flood of blinding light falls from the sky, vivid flames fly from broken glass and shells, and the Arab's jeans steam into a blue blur. Seeing the reflection from a knife blade, Mersault shoots the Arab, putting shot after shot into the body. The sun scene, that is, the murder scene, recalls Plato's "Allegory of the Cave." The great chaos of the blinding sun is such that no focus can be had. The world appears to be irrational; to shoot a man is an act which neither has, nor needs, comprehension.

The final portion of *The Stranger* deals with the murder trial. Mersault feels that there is a conspiracy to exclude him from his trial, that he is to have no say, and that his fate is to be decided out of his hands.

Camus presents a stranger who is unable to plod through life as many clods do, but must question his *raison d'être*. In the closing pages he makes no attempt to give answers, and here lies his weakness. Mersault's satisfaction in execution must be in the joy that he can give to a huge crowd of spectators as they greet his death with howls of execration.

The Stranger should be read, not read about. The very few hours needed to read this short novel are well spent, for the author successfully induces an emotional catharsis in the reader.

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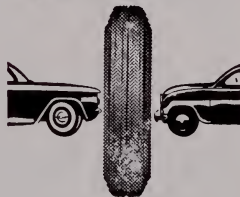
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THE VOICE

(A statement of necessitarianism)

In the beginning Whoever it was
cupped his hands together and blew
out into not yet even nothingness
and into this not even space blew
 $e=mc^2$
nonconservation of parity
N-space
and all the other laws and rules to run it.
And then He made all the inconsequential
things and the almost inconsequential
things,
the people.
Finally as an afterthought
into this not even nothingness, Whoever it was
threw
a voice and then
the wind parted the clouds but he was already
gone.

* * *

I think continually of those who truly had the voice.
It was thrown on them for no special reason,
and most of them died in its supernatural light.

* * *

O Lord, don't let the fire go out.
Two handfuls of fallen leaves ago
my father made it
and now I must keep it burning.

* * *

Shovel the coal always into the boiler.
It carries us across the country.
If the fire goes out
I will have to walk and it is a long way to
Johnston Station or Armageddon
And I have forgotten how to walk.
O Lord, don't let the fire go out.

* * *

We have carried the torch in our hands through
the rains and the ages of disappointment,
and it is all we have had.
O Lord, let the embers burn on.
Let us transfer the promise.
O Lord, don't let the fire go out.

* * *

Far out in some land of famine and desolation
a gypsy woman sings
all alone
and she has the voice.
Sing, sweetness, to the last palpitation of
the evening and the breeze.
"And we will watch the fall day swoon and die."
 $y=r \sin wt$
In the beginning
my soul was scraped off the ceiling of the
Sistine Chapel.

John Fowler

SHAFT

In little wordless words
Of silent ecstasy
The cooing of the birds
My true love gave to me.
Her lips, they begged for kisses sweet,
Her misty eyes for love.
Her gentle spirit did entreat
And beg like a wild dove.
But oh, that dear mouth framed
Words that made me numb,
When suddenly my dear exclaimed:
"Get lost, you bum!"

John Fowler



MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY

A knowing innocence arrays your face.
What thoughts are hid behind your lustrous eyes?
Do they transgress the bounds of youthful grace,
And take the age-old form of women's guise?

Is love to you a game of foolish hearts,
A game from which no lasting prize is seen?
Or do you love for love's own sake, and part
From all of that which does true love demean?

Your beauty would delight the hearts of all
Who know the measure of true beauty's worth.
The lure of wealth to men in vain would call,
If you they'd choose as treasure of the earth.

You have a strange, mysterious look unknown
To me; I cannot read what lies within.
As some might ask, are you a woman grown,
Or just a girl who's ready to begin?

Frank Pearce

The Other Side of YRTƎOP

... Variations on olde themes and other junk
By Dirty Dail Dixon

Fall 1963

September
October
November
and December
in eternal sequence
bringing with them
Fall
Fall air
Fall leaves
Fall clothes
and
436 damn pop quizzes

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
walked fifty miles
with a walking stick
so did Teddy
and
Bobby
and Caroline

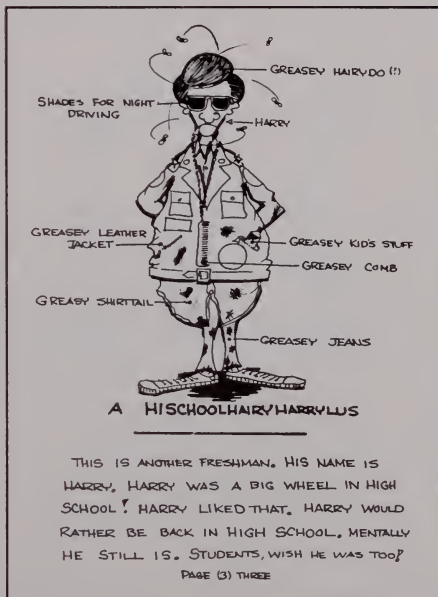
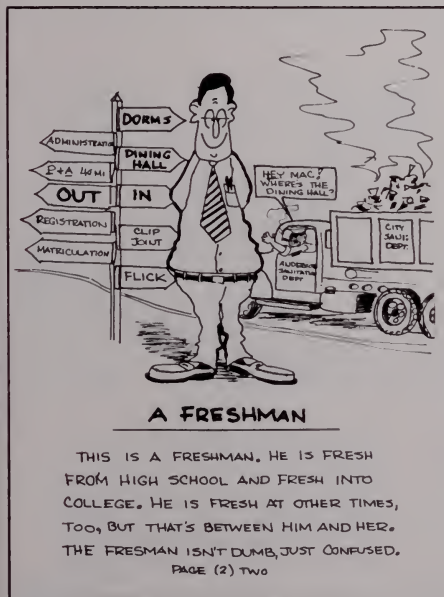
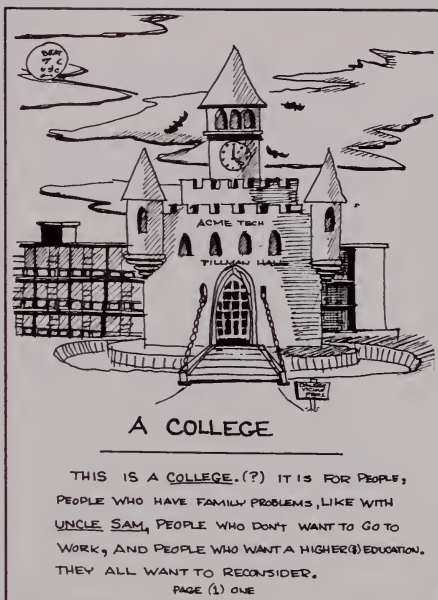
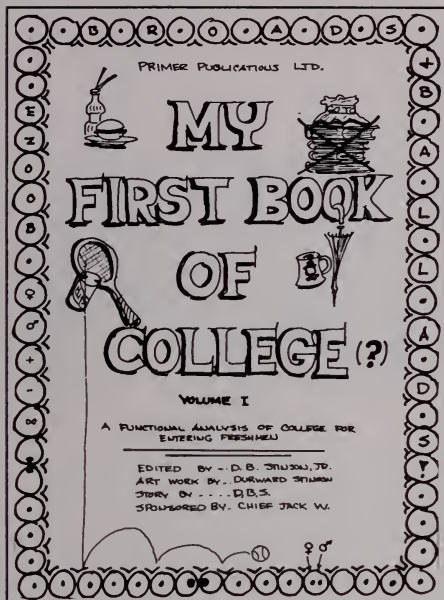
Twinkle twinkle little star
how I wonder where you are
up above the earth so high
probably more than 37 miles

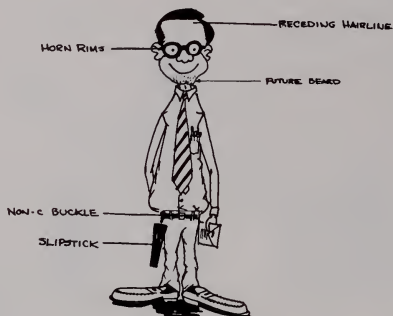
Georgie Porgie puddin' and pie
kissed the girls and made them cry
or thats what his lawyer says

Sing a song of sixpence
pocket full of rye
4 and 20 coeds
drunk but oh my
early in the morning
they all began to cry
wasn't that a funny thing to do before a quiz?



ha
ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
A in Statics
ha





THE INTELLECTUAL

THIS IS ANOTHER FRESHMAN. HE IS A BRAIN. HIS COLLEGE BOARD SCORE WAS 975. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD OUT OF A POSSIBLE 300! HE IS SMART, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY BRIDGE, CHUGA-LUG OR TWIST. SOON HE WILL BE SMARTER.

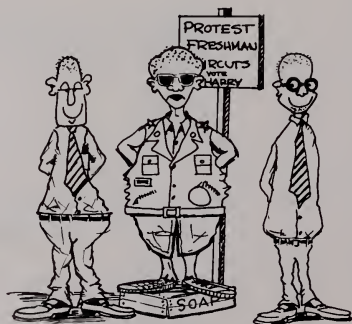
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A GIRL FRESHMAN

THIS IS A GIRL FRESHMAN. SHE IS CALLED A COED. HER NAME IS MAUDALINE GUNCH. HER COLLEGE BOARD SCORE WAS ONLY 97! HOW DID SHE EVER GET IN? TRY ADDING UP 38 - 22 - 37! I DON'T MIND, DO YOU!

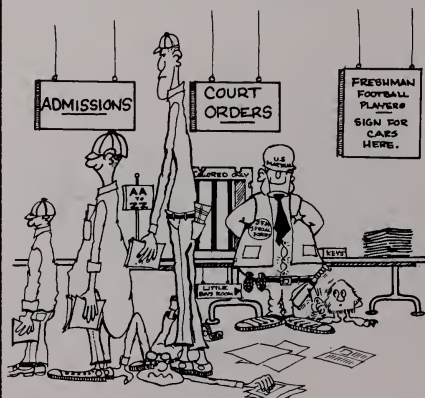
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TRADITION (?)

IT IS TRADITION THAT ALL FRESHMAN HAVE THEIR HEADS SHAVED! AFTER THAT, THEY ARE RATS! THE COED DOES NOT HAVE HER HEAD SHAVED BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT LOOK LIKE A RAT. SHE WOULD LOOK LIKE A SEXY, BALD-HEADED WOMAN!

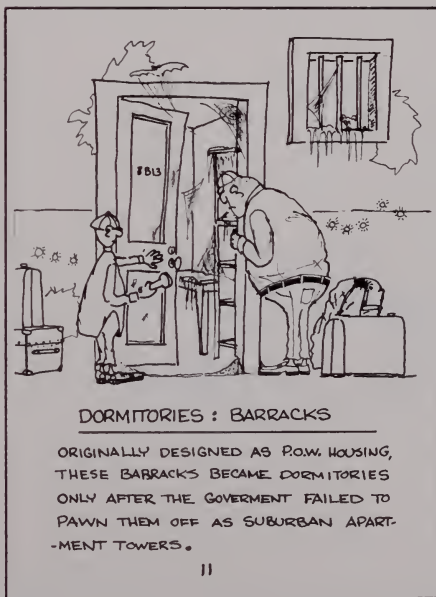
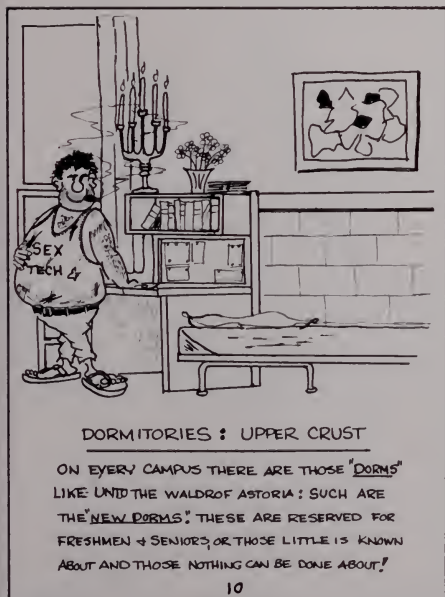
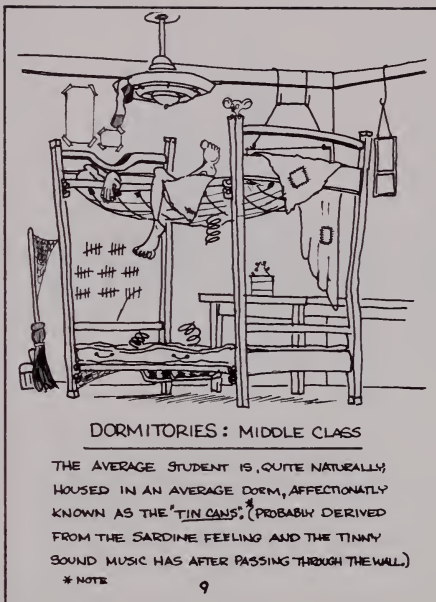
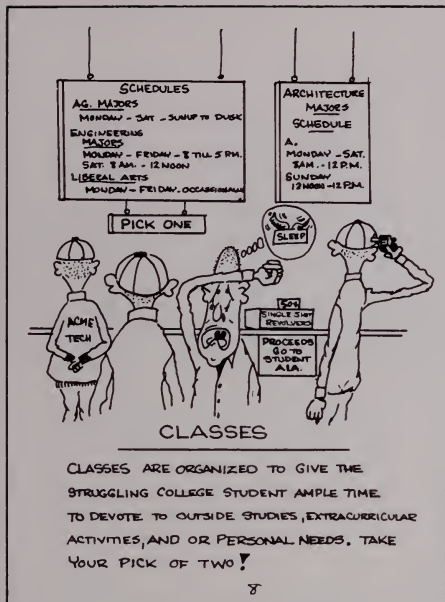
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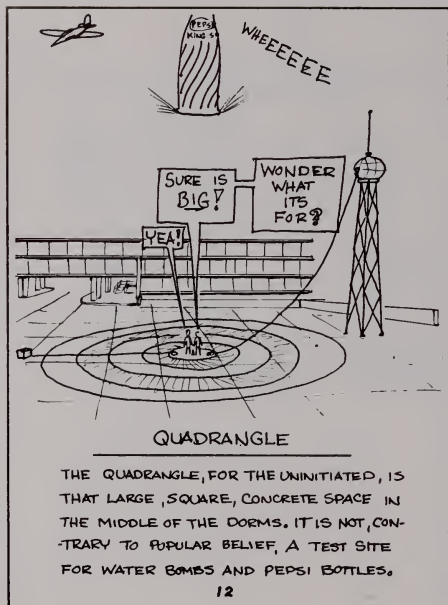


REGISTRATION

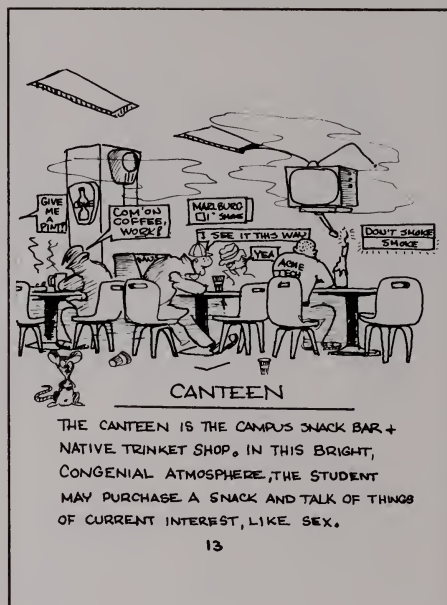
REGISTRATION IS CONFUSION SPELLED IN AN ORGANIZED MANNER. THE STUDENT IS WHISKED RAPIDLY THROUGH A SERIES OF SIMPLE STEPS TO SUDDENLY FIND THAT HE HAS SOMEONE ELSE'S CARDS!

7

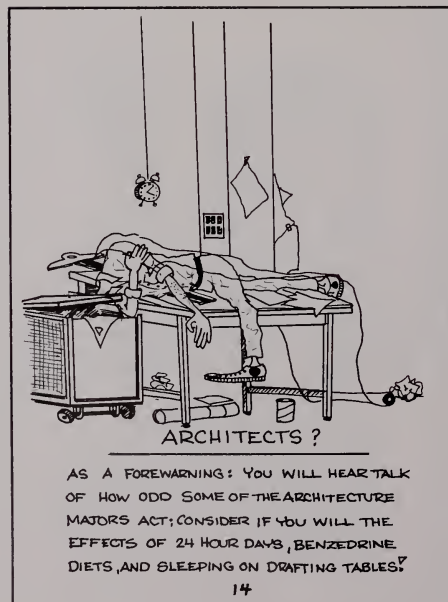




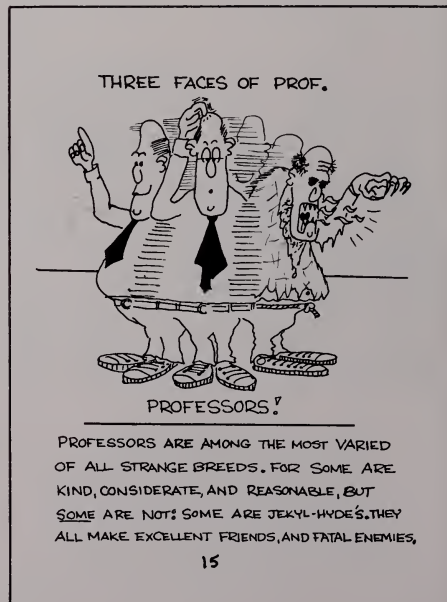
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13



14



15



ADMINISTRATION

SEE HOW JOLLY THE DEAN IS, HE HOPES TO BE PRESIDENT SOMEDAY. SEE HOW JOLLY THE PRESIDENT IS. HIS SALARY MAKES HIM JOLLY! DID YOU EVER NOTICE HOW JOLLY THE COACH IS ?

16



SOCIAL LIFE

CAMPUS SOCIAL IS A MANY FACED THING: ALL BLANK. THE STUDENT HAS A WIDE VARIETY OF THINGS TO OCCUPY HIS SPARE TIME. ACTIVITIES INCLUDE ... THAT, AND THEN THAT, AND THAT, TOO?

17

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18

- FINI -

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THE FRESHMAN

By Tom Cork

Birth, kindergarten, first grade, junior high, high school, senior year, graduation. I am everything; I am omniscient. My shirt hangs heavy with my high school awards. Citizenship Award, salutatorian, track medals, football honors, Beta Club. The world is at my feet; it is my plaything. I am the possessor of a high school diploma, accepted by an institution of higher learning. I am omnipotent. The great me; surely I must be a person of outstanding character, look at my accomplishments. My record speaks for itself.

College, I am now a freshman. I am the proud possessor of a bald head, a rat cap, numerous text books which undoubtedly will be no challenge, dreams, desires, hopes. I will be a lawyer, an engineer, a doctor, politician; I know that I will be a success. The first quiz; my dream world is shattered. Suddenly I am nothing, I am ignorant. The great me of high school is no more; despair, frustration, procrastination. Surely I can bring my grades up on the semester exams. Disaster! My grades are low. What will my parents, my friends, my coach, my preacher, what will they say?

Shame. Surely I will be scorned, ignored, despised. My future looks black; I am a failure.

Suddenly a glint of light, understanding, confidence, self discipline, responsibility. I am the world's disciple; the world's student. I am the key that must open the doors.

But most important, I am me, the individual, formulating my own philosophies, ideas, desires. For better or worse, in success or failure, in life or death, I am, and always will be, only me.

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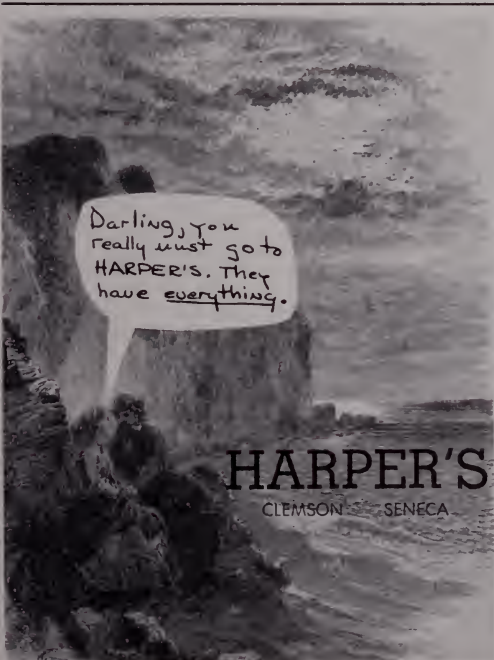
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vacuum of time and empty endless space.

The day had ended with the heat and glare of a broiling sun as it sank lower in the western horizon. Another day was ending, and the leaves became still and hushed on the oaks; man and animal crept as if going into a long hibernation, for the day had been almost unbearable with the sun beating down showing no mercy. With the coming of evening the heavens toward the east took on an appearance of coolness, with the evening star already hung like a distant light in the sky.

In a sprawling suburb of Los Angeles, the split level homes stood on the cliffs, accenting the cool green lawns and winding drives. From one of these homes a little six-year-old girl ran out into the street and was killed instantly. Farther eastward in the plains states a farmer had come in from viewing his withering wheat fields; for him, it was all over also. He had been hoping for too long for a bank extension, for a good crop, now even for rain; but he had lost, and the world would soon engulf him also.

On the west side of Chicago the coolness of the sky seemed to wring the heat from the brick buildings. An Italian and a Puerto Rican came upon one another, and the natural hatred instilled in them flared up; a glint of steel appeared and within that minute second of time a life was taken. The Puerto Rican lay on the curb, his life gone, as the other faded back into the shadows of the city to escape, to live a while longer. A businessman in New Haven came home to face the bills that had accumulated over the past week; he cast them aside and poured himself another drink. Through a small doorway that had been left open to welcome any cool breeze that might enter, the voice of a blues singer drifted out onto one of the winding backstreets of Paris. Within, the piano hacked out a jazz tune backing up the blonde crooner; while the bass was cool and sweet, sounding out its melancholy notes. In the corner of the room two young lovers sat at a small table, having eyes only for each other; the flickering candle accented their smiling faces. In the Vatican a priest

was preparing for the mass of the following day.

The innocent, the tough, the dedicated, the sweet, the average, none had any real inclination to think or care for tomorrow. For the most part, life had seemed to flow into a mold, but it was the way of man that this way of living could not continue. Man was ruthless, his doctrines had been set. The opposition had been formed and there was no preventing nor stopping the outcome which was in the near future. The slaughter of war had taken place, but life still continued; man was always on the defensive and had taken measures for this continuous annihilation, but now he was so mechanized, so advanced that complete destruction was beyond his comprehension, although he refused to admit it. He plodded ahead pushing his beliefs.

The day had ended for most, nothing changing in the daily monotony of their lives. It was summer and they wished for nothing more than a chance to rest, rest for the coming day, a small chance to catch their breath in order to continue. They have had their times of happiness and misfortune; they have lived and fought, sometimes against others, mostly within themselves. It really didn't matter, it had been going on for centuries. Who was going to change anything? Who would bother? Who cared? For a few it would end tonight, for the others it would end later.

It happened in a split second, and there was no stopping it, for that was the way it had been planned. In a barren and desolate piece of the earth the radar turned with awesome evenness, scanning the space for an enemy, for that was what had been instilled into it. Built in was no love, no understanding, only the intent to kill, destroy, to hunt out. It may have been a mistake, but who can tell. There was no stopping it, for in its own language it transmitted the word of death throughout the complicated mass of computers. The message was received and the sense of the kill was amplified. Somewhere the control of man was lost, for in that instant no committee could be summoned. It had started and only the end would cease its action. The

reels on the computers whirled with great intensity now, the relays chattered, and within an instant a decision was made and transmitted. Halfway around the planet a long steel door parted and let forth its contents. The towering sliver of steel hesitated for a moment and then rose in the night air.

The cry of the little girl, the running footsteps on the pavement, the cool sweet sound of the bass could still be heard when it came. There was no escape; for most of it was over in an instant. The ground parted to the depths of hell, and out bellowed the gas and fire of death. Run! Run where; escape? There was none. Everything was annihilated; man and his world were being destroyed by his own will. He had constructed destruction with his own hands and now he was trying to escape from it, but he had come to perfect it, and the tables were turned on master and his machine. Some would die quickly in the center of the holocaust, the rest would have their lives snuffed out by the aftereffects soon to follow.

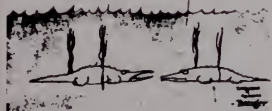
The Australian farmer looked up from his early morning plowing and gazed toward the muffled roar that seemed to be coming from the first rays of the rising sun over his shoulder to the east. The sky seemed to change from the pale blue, mixed with the golden streaks of dawn, to a dull crimson, which was transformed to a pale white for just an instant. The peasant farmer gazed at the changing color of the sky for a moment as its color was beautiful in an awesome way, but within a few seconds the beauty of the sight became a horror within him. His breathing became increasingly harder, and what little air there was became hotter. He opened his collar as if to bring a breath of air but it was to no avail. He was now gasping for air, fighting for air, fighting for some chance. He turned as to come into a pocket of air, stumbling over the plowed ground as he went. He stumbled for the last time and his lifeless body fell to the dusty earth that had been his only means of support and that would soon claim him. For over the horizon the dull red mass was growing with intensity; within a few seconds the fiery hell would change the oceans to violent steam and the ground to a molten mass, disintegrating the world into minute particles bringing forth the

end that lasted only a few seconds.

The hands on the clock had now parted slightly and the Polack and the Irishman turned away from the port-hole, for now nothing remained to be seen in the total darkness and emptiness of the vacuum. The white light that had been known as home was gone, gone forever. Man had been intent on destruction and his purpose had been achieved, only now there were only two witnesses to his exploit. They were the only humans alive in their steel entrapment far from the last will of man on earth.

They would live for a while longer and would eventually take to the savageness of their fellow man, survival of the fittest; but here in the endless eternity of space there would be no survival, only an extension of time would prevail.

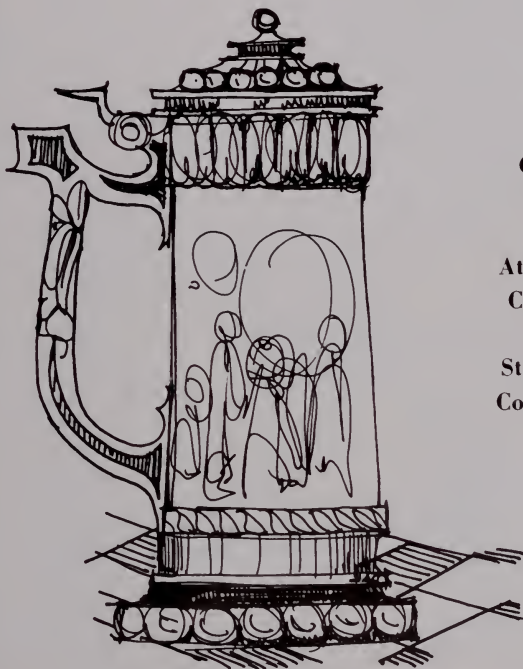
The radio was now silent, except for the eerie static that came periodically; the white sliver of light still continued on its path, slowly rotating on its axis. The hands of the clock had parted enough to distinguish that a few minutes had departed, time slid by, and out in the darkness eight shining forms of mass continued on, all but one, the burned one.



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TIED DOWN



with old clothes?
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"Oh, doctor," asked the anxious woman on the phone, "did I leave my panties at your office?"

The reply was in the negative.

"Oh, then I must have left them by the dentist's."

A gullible man is one who thinks his daughter has religion when she comes home with a Gideon Bible in her suitcase.

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of the disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster—interview God. Get pictures if possible."

A drunk fell on his pocket flask and smashed it, naturally lacerating his posterior regions. Upon arriving home he was afraid to awaken his wee (300-pound) wife. So he procured band-aids and mirror and proceeded to apply first-aid. Came the dawn his wife shook him awake and nagged, "Were you drunk last night?"

"Oh, no!" reassured her soggy spouse.

"Oh, yeah?" crowed wee wife. "Then what are the band-aids doing on the mirror?"

A farmer, wishing to increase his livestock, placed his sow in a wheelbarrow and trundled her to his neighbor's farm, where he placed her in the pen with the friend's boar. Returning her to her own pen, he waited the prescribed time. When no additions appeared in her pen, he placed her in the wheelbarrow again and repeated the procedure. Still no success. After waiting the prescribed time after a third such episode, he asked his wife at the breakfast table if she noticed any of the signs that they were looking for.

Looking out the window, she replied, "No, but she's back in the wheelbarrow."

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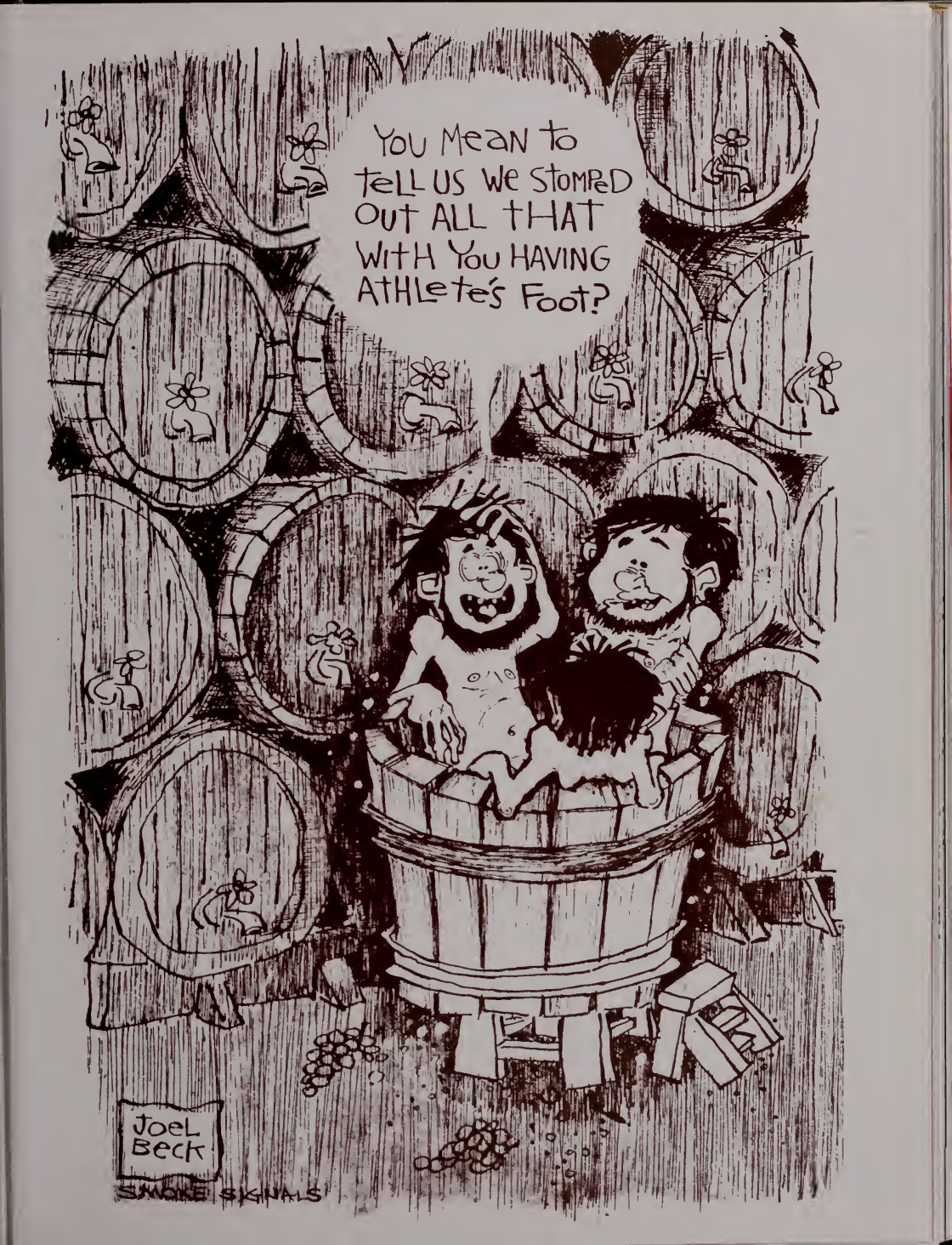
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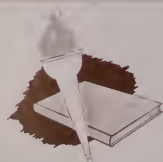
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DECEMBER 1963



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IT IS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY, TRA-LA-LA

Things were just about to get back to normal around here after the Thanksgiving Holidays when we found that is nearly time to leave again for the Christmas Holidays. It would be nice if the administration just combined these two holidays and let us have the whole month of December off instead of interrupting with two and a half weeks of school in December. Maybe one of these days . . .

The Christmas season is nearly upon us again and thoughts are turning towards bottles, babes and presents. To add a little fun and frolic to the holiday cheer, we have concocted this little magazine of wine (actually grape juice), women and song (afraid you will have to make up your own).

Leading off this issue, we have a hint of what jolly old Saint Nick can give Clemson for Christmas: a student center. Mike Finch, a fourth year Architecture major from Takoma Park, Maryland, did a fine job of presenting plans for this badly needed facility. A young man better known to our readers as a poet—John McCarter, a senior English major—provides us with a poignant story of the Christmas season in *The Yuletide Stranger*. Bill Meggs, a regular contributor, recounts a day in the life of two young people in the big city with *And Then There Was Love*. A touch of humor is interjected with *Hold High the Basket Red*, and *Phony Wolf, A Story*. Larry Joe Payne, one of our editors, wrote this Salingerish parody of that well-known child's classic. The work of Will Jordan appears for the first time in the Chronicle with a story of leave-taking in *The Last Day*. The artistic ability of the young people of this country are displayed in a pictorial feature: *Young Americans*, 1962.

In this issue we are beginning a regular column edited by Buddy Bryan, another of our editors. It is a general mixture of anything and everything anybody wants to write. And then, naturally, there are the regular sections. Gentlemen's Choice features a comely co-ed, Clara Jones from Clemson. The Other Side of Poetry is complete with a map for those of you with no better place to go.

That, in brief, is this issue. We think it is one that you will enjoy. Please let us hear your comments on the mag. We try to be open-minded here, so any suggestions or editorial contributions are most welcome.

Meanwhile, study hardily and try to have a sane Christmas and a not too insane New Year's. We would hate to lose any of our readers.—MDM



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DAN'S
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Faculty Advisor

Chronicle

DECEMBER 1963

VOL. IV, NO. 2

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OUR COVER: Artist Rob Mac using Clemson's own bearded profit Mac Quattlebaum as a model has come up with the Chronicle's version of a contemporary Saint Nick.

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Let's Get Rid of the Semester System

The present nine months, two semester, school year is an antiquated system. It is a product of an agrarian society when the young people were needed during the summer months to help out on the farm. Society has since become urban for the most part and summer vacation is not always justifiable.

The semester system is indeed a poor one. The first semester is broken by Thanksgiving and Christmas Holidays. As most of you know from your own experience, it is extremely easy to slack

off during the holidays, especially during Christmas. When school resumes, it is very difficult to get back into the academic mood before final exams hit you in the face two weeks later.

The second semester is not as bad here as in many schools, where the term is broken by spring vacation. Here at Clemson, we have only about a week for Easter. We would venture to say that because of the relatively uninterrupted term of instruction in the second semester it ends with better

grades being obtained than in the first semester.

Something needs to be done about the present system, because it does not make effective use of the time involved. It would be a rather simple matter to switch over to the trimester system, which has been successfully adopted at many colleges and universities in this country.

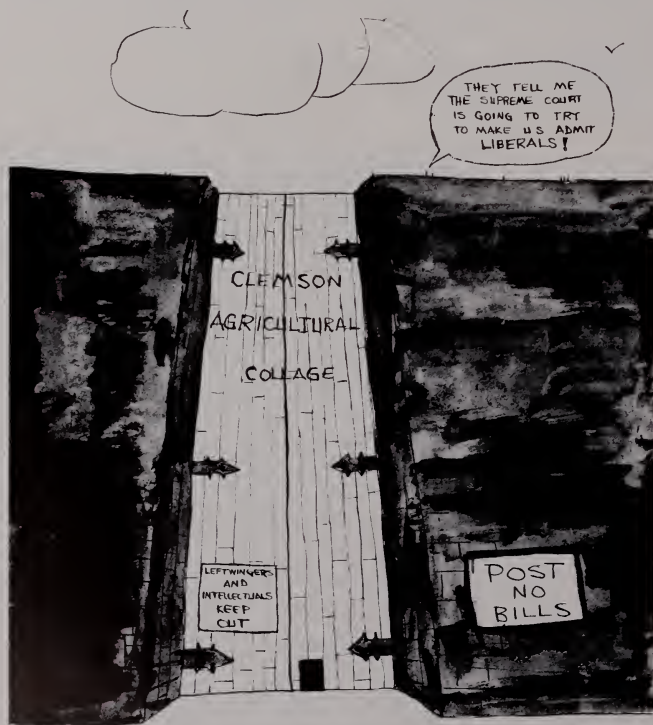
The trimester plan calls for three terms running through the year with at least a one week break between terms. The fall trimester begins the first week in September and ends at the Christmas Holidays. The winter trimester begins shortly after the first of January and extends into mid-April. The spring term starts in April and concludes in early August. The number of class days in each trimester is comparable to the number in the semester.

The same amount of work is also covered in each trimester as in the semester, and credits from a semester are transferable to credits for a trimester.

Attendance at all three terms is optional for the student. He may decide to attend all three terms each year thus completing requirements for a bachelor's degree in two and two-thirds years. Or he may elect to attend only two trimesters, choosing any trimester for a vacation.

The trimester has other advantages also. For the student who must work during one term to pay for school, it allows a longer work period during the summer months (from mid-April to early September). It also gives him the opportunity of taking his vacation when the job market is less glutted with students.

We think that this is an excellent system, for not only would it be of benefit to the students, but it would also be advantageous to the faculty and administration. The administration would do well to consider the trimester system as a replacement for the ineffective and worn out semester system.



Mountain girl: "Doctah, Ah cum to see y'all about ma Grandmaw. We gotta do somethin 'bout her smokin'."

Doctor: "Oh now Elviry, don't you worry about that. Lots of women smoke."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw inhales."

Doctor: "I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale."

Elviry: "Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don't exhale."

"Hell, partner, what did you bid no trump on? I had three aces and all four kings."

"Well, if you really want to know— one jack, two queens, and four drinks."

Then there was the little boy sitting across from an old lady chewing bubble gum. After about fifteen minutes, the old woman said with an intense look, "It's nice for you to try and start a conversation, but I'm deaf."

There had been an accident. It was the old thing—a college student's convertible had collided headon with the farmer's Model A. The two drivers got out and surveyed the damage.

"Well," said the farmer, "we may as well have a drink." He hauled out a bottle and passed it to the student who gulped down a stiff one.

The farmer calmly returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Aren't you going to have one?" asked the BMOC.

"Don't believe I will," was the answer, "until the police have checked up."

1st man: Hey, are you afraid of elephants?

2nd man: Naw, I'm tattooed.

1st man: What's that got to do with elephants?

2nd man: I've got "Clemson men don't drink" written on my chest and even elephants won't swallow that.

A deaf little old lady entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she seated herself, an usher tipped over and whispered—"One too and out you go!"

Prosecutor: "Now tell the jury the truth, please! Why did you shoot your husband with bow and arrow?"

Defendant: "I didn't want to wake the children."

CHRONICLE

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THE CULTURAL PARADOX

In the November issue of *Harper's*, I recently read an article by Russell Lynes titled "Is Kindness Killing The Arts?" I had often heard and read pieces with the theme that the arts were being stifled through lack of resources and interest. Now Lynes was contending, and with much authority, that artists (musicians, writers, etc.) were being discouraged because of improperly placed emphasis.

The majority of the people in this country can be placed in a group which Lynes calls the "Who, me?" people. This segment of the populace has no feeling at all for the arts. They are not promoters or detractors, only indifferent to all aspects of culture.

In contrast to this "Who, me?" group are the people who Lynes calls the "Genteel" group. They are the promoters and the financial backers of the arts. They go to concerts, art exhibits, and poetry readings because they feel this is a basic responsibility just as important as sending their children to school. The members of this group attempt to surround themselves with an aura of culture with which to impress themselves and others.

This "Genteel" group has what may be called a "nickel-knowledge" of the arts. That is they know the names of quite a few artists, authors, and composers. They even know the names of the works of some of these men, but most of them fail to understand that these artistic creations are not just abstract obscurities too complicated for them to understand. Works of art are the only reflections of the culmination of the human mind. Complete ecstasy and/or total despair can be preserved forever in a short story by Poe or a painting by Renoir.

Culture must be placed in a proper relationship with the other aspects of life before it can reach its true potential. Educators and other supporters of the arts must realize that culture can not be spoon-fed to the masses. In time, perhaps, every segment of the populace will come to understand and love some part of what we call the higher arts.

JAMES BALDWIN

Another Country, by James Baldwin (Dial Press. 366 pp.)

James Baldwin is well known for the acidity of his comments to the press concerning the status of his race in America. He writes with power, wit, charm, and conversely, with vulgarity seldom surpassed in contemporary letters. Though he conveys a powerful message, he manages to sustain a high level of entertaining narrative which is often lost among those who write with purpose.

Another Country is divided into three books. The first is without a doubt one of the greatest novelettes ever written. It stands singularly as Nobel Prize material. The second two books are variations on a then all too familiar theme. They become vulgar, repetitious, and boring. For this reason, only the first book, "Easy Rider," will be commented upon.

"Easy Rider" is the story of Rufus, a New York City Negro who plays the jazz drums for a living and is in love with life. He loves a white woman, and she in turn wants to cross the race lines to live with him. This she does, and they move in together, but they cannot adjust to the social shame of white on black. Rufus begins to beat her, they fight, and both go out of their minds. Rufus goes underground for a few days, much to the misery of his black beauty sister Ida and his white friends Vivaldo, Cass, and Richard.

Rufus is the victim of a society which imposes more which he can neither understand nor abide by. He cannot understand why he is black and why that makes something wrong with him, something innately wrong with his very existence in this world. He feels like someone who is blind and who keeps screaming into the darkness: "Why me?" It is more than he can bear. The utter despair Rufus feels is perfectly conveyed to the reader in one of the most moving scenes ever written, when he walks to the center of a bridge and addresses himself to God. "Ain't I your baby, too?" he asks. He leaps from the bridge, and so ends the life of Rufus. —Bill Meggs

The death of Rufus is a real tragedy, for the reader has come to know and love him, in spite of his black skin. Author Baldwin has so skillfully portrayed Rufus that even a die-hard racist would like, even love him. The problem is that Rufus dies on page 78 of a 366-page book, and no one can replace him. This book should have been 78 pages long, and the title should have been **Ain't I Your Baby, Too?**

BOB DYLAN

Gaining more and more acclaim in the folk music field is Bob Dylan, 22, who has written more than 300 songs. Among these are **Blowin' in the Wind** and **Don't Think Twice, It's All Right**, made popular by Peter, Paul, and Mary. He has recorded two albums, the first titled simply **Bob Dylan**, the second **The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan**. The latter consists for the most part of songs of his own composition. His voice is not good by anyone's standards, but he more than makes up for this in the amount of feeling he puts into his songs. Dylan feels strongly what he sings, and has the unique gift of being able to transmit this to the listener. He makes some bitter comments on the world of today which ring all too true. His subject matter runs the gamut from love to racial equality to war; he is a singer of the times. He accompanies himself on the guitar and a harmonica is wired around his neck. His unique musical sound and the very penetrating lyrics of his songs have given to Bob Dylan's work an honesty seldom found in music today. He is a folk singer in the truest sense.

Blowin' in the Wind, recently featured in Peter, Paul, and Mary's latest album, has become a very popular song. Few people realize, however, the implications contained in its lyrics. In actuality it is a pointed protest against racial prejudices, wars, and our indifference to world problems.

Dylan offers a question to all America in these lines from the song:

How many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

In other words, how long will the American Negro continue to be denied his basic freedoms.

He poses another question in this verse:

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How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

How many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

What he tries to bring out in this verse is a very obvious and ironic truth: most people, now and always, are oblivious to the problems of their fellow humans.

In the final chorus he says:

How many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.

The question here seems to be: how long will the countries of the world continue to improve methods of war before they realize that it must not be?

The answers to these three questions are as unattainable as is a tumbleweed blowing in the wind.

—Mark Millbourn



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CONCERTS

March 2
American Ballet Theater

March 11
Houston Symphony Orchestra

LECTURE

April 6
John Ciardi—Poetry Editor
of the Saturday Review

RUDOLPH LEE GALLERY

January 8-February 3
Student Exhibits

February 7-27
Contemporary Prints from Japan

March 6-25
Seventh Annual High School Art Show

March 27-April 17
Architecture of Steel

FOREIGN FILM SERIES

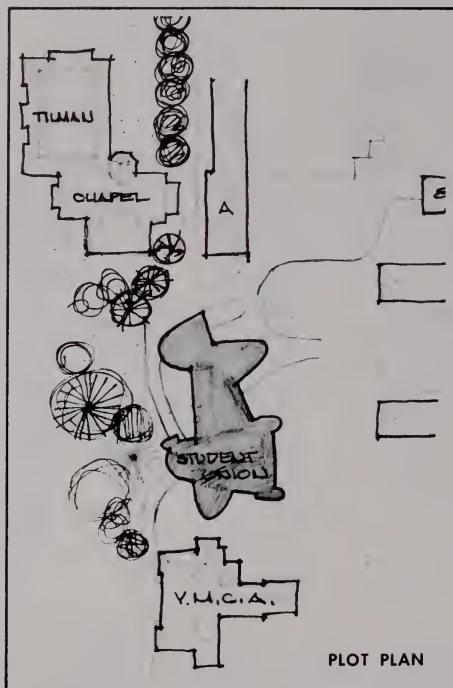
January 8
Summerskin (96 minutes—Spanish)
Directed by Torre Nilsson



CLEMSON STUDENT UNION

DESIGN: MICHAEL H. FINCH

COPY: WILLIAM GRINDLEY



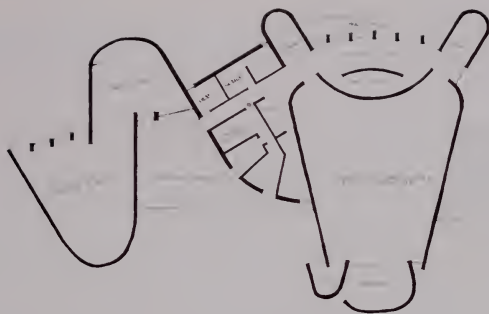
The need is evident, the site is available; only the impetus is lacking, and that must be provided by the student body. In the master plan, a student center plays a vital and necessary role. It must dominate the space it sits in, yet complement the buildings around it. It must act as an entrance portal to the campus from the main artery of vehicular traffic through the town and peripheral to the main body of academic buildings and residence halls; and for the visitor it must provide a theme or mood for the entire campus.

These requirements for the visitor or outsider are easily defined; but how does it function for the students who live around it, walk through it daily, meet in it, and accept it as part of their campus.

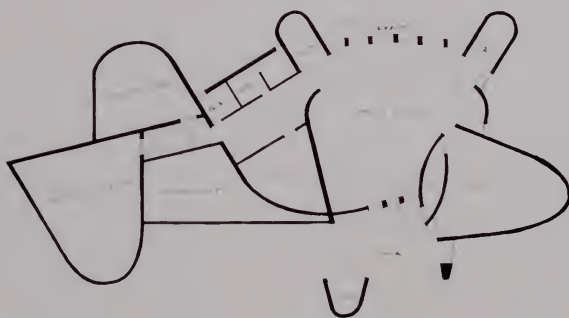
How do the students use it? Where do you meet your weekend date? Where does your club, be it professional, social, or religious, hold its meetings? Where on the campus is a space suitable to hold small informal dances or concerts? Where can clubs show films outside the boundaries of their own meeting places? What space do the day students or coeds have to meet their friends? Where do you tell friends or parents to meet you when they come to visit you? Where does the campus begin and end and just where is the social center of the Clemson College campus?

Today the need is not so evident, as the loggia with its cold forboding space provides some sort of space which everyone can call their own. But soon, as the internal organization of the campus approaches that of an academic quadrangle of completely pedestrian walks and streets, bringing with it new patterns of movement from residence to class, class to class, and residence / *continued on page 30*





SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN





TIGER DEN PERSPECTIVE

UPPER LOBBY PERSPECTIVE



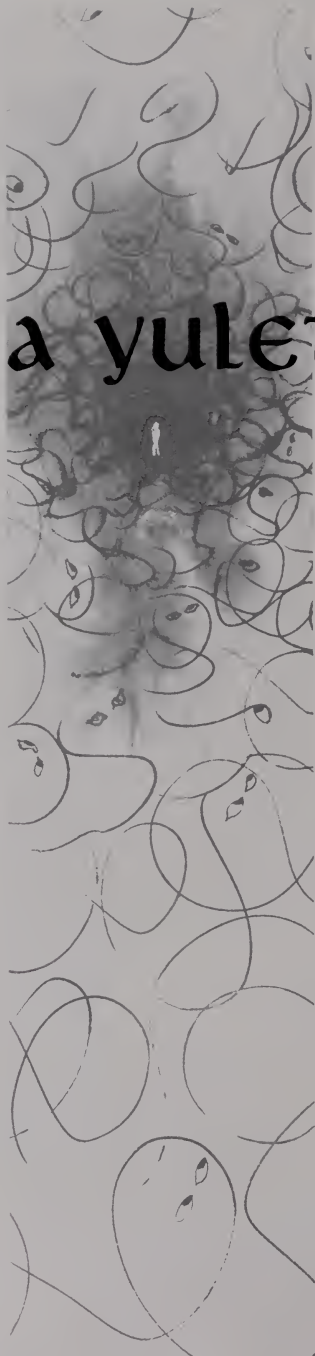
THE IMPORTANCE OF SIN

IN THESE DAYS of commercialism, we have discovered a new aspect of the importance of sin in the community. The sins which the churches today recognize, murder, robbery and adultery, along with such minor things as lying, cheating and parking next to fire hydrants, are sins which all the righteous people of the world have been trying to eliminate for centuries.

At the moment, there are hundreds of thousands of people whose jobs depend in one way or another on sin. First of all, there are the clergy, themselves. Then, there are the producers and promoters of religious articles and pious charms. All this is not to mention the ecclesiastical architects, sculptors and painters, the musicians, the religious publishers, and so on *ad nauseam*. Also, there are the officials of the civil law: the police, the judges and the court and penal institution personnel. There are the attorneys and the private investigators, the marriage counselors and fortune-tellers, all of whom depend on sin, in one way or another, for their livelihood.

Without sin, all of them would be jobless; there would be a tremendous unemployment problem. Industry would be slowed by a sharp drop in consumer sales, since a most affluent segment of the public would have lost its buying power. The slowdown would cause more unemployment which would cause a sharper decline. The cycle would continue until complete economic ruin had descended on the land. Civilized life as we know it would come to an end.

So there is only one thing that you yourself can do to preserve Western Civilization. And you know what that is, don't you?



a yuletide stranger

BY JOHN MCCARTER

The big Greyhound bus slipped into its parking place, coming to a quick stop, and easing back slightly on its steel haunches. It was one of those tired, dirty looking, mechanical beasts whose many trips carrying crude and humble passengers had left in it a lingering odor of cigarette butts and cheap candy.

A herd of out-of-towners clambered from the vehicle, eager to pay their tribute to the big city during the gay holiday season. As the stampede slowed, a man in a rather plain brown suit stepped from the bus. From his wearied appearance one would have guessed he had come a long way, but he picked up no luggage before walking past the four rest rooms and out into gaily decorated South Main.

Today, Friday, was the last shopping day and from the size of the crowds pushing up and down the sidewalks, it seemed that everyone wished to get a few more of the many presents without which tomorrow would be meaningless. They surged in and out of stores, and braved the long gauntlet of chrome bumpers to reach a land of promise on the other side of the street.

The stranger paused in the center of the sidewalk to adjust a cheap pair of cloth and leather gloves on his hands, and gazed heavenward at the city's red, green, gold, and silver decorations that brightened the winter sky. They swayed with every breeze that blew above the waves of humanity with a calm rhythm that quietly contrasted with the confused currents of holiday shoppers.

The stranger's reverie and vantage point was soon challenged by a mob of people recently shepherd across the street by a tall policeman.

Caught up by the crowd, the stranger went toward Macy's where a battery of loudspeakers rang with the sound of "Jingle Bells."

Inside the department store, he ventured down aisles of appealing products and once aroused the suspicion of a floor walker for the peculiar way he examined a cheap chain and cross necklace. Then for a long while he watched little children standing in line to make their demands of a jovial gentleman in a red outfit and a big white beard.

When he finally left Macy's, it was already night, but the many hues of holiday lights poured rainbow colors down the street he took from the main business section of the metropolis. Coming to one of the more revered churches, the stranger gazed in a bewildered manner at the professionally designed manger scene whose glaring brightness prevented many of the incoming worshippers from seeing him standing there at the corner of the building.

Going inside the auditorium and taking a seat, he noted that most of the pews were empty for this special service. As he slipped off his gloves in an otherwise empty pew, he must have heard the scarcely guarded remark one elegant lady made to a friend about him, "This season of the year all varieties of riffraff wander into our church!"

At the close of the performance, the stranger went outside and stood quietly on the steps of the church as the congregation hurried by him. If anyone had looked his way before he pulled on his gloves and started down the avenue, they might have noticed each of his palms was deformed by a hideous scar.



GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFFERY GROAT



The Chronicle's Christmas gift is the pictorial feature of a lovely Miss from Clemson, Clara Jones. She is majoring in French, which is quite all right with us.







HOLD HIGH THE BASKET RED, AND PHONY WOLF, A STORY

BY LARRY JOE PAYNE

With Apologies to J. D. Salinger

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you will want to know is where I was born and what my lousy childhood was like. Well, I don't feel like going into all that junk because it depresses the hell outta me, so I ain't gonna tell you my whole goddamn biography. I'll just start by telling you my name and all this damn crazy stuff that happened to me last spring. They call me Little Red Riding Hood. That's a damn silly name. I swear to God it is. I guess where I want to start telling you about is the day I left my house to go on a little journey through the woods to my Grandmother's house. I had to take her a damn basket of goodies. You've probably seen these damn stupid pictures of little girls walking through the woods on their way to their Grandmother's. I mean those damn story books make it look like all us kids get a big kick outta going to our phony old Grandmother's. Hell, it's a damn long walk and you all the time gotta be on the lookout for these damn stupid wolves. I mean if you go to Grandmother's with some stupid goodies, and ain't scared of meeting some big bad wolf, then you're supposed to commit suicide or something. Big deal!

Anyways, it was a spring day and my pa wanted me to take Granny some damn goodies 'cause she was in the bed sick. That always depresses the hell outta me to have to go see some scrawny sick person. I forgot to tell you that my pa was too

busy to go 'cause he was busy making up some booze. A lotta kids' old men make booze. They really do. I swear to God they do.

Well, I started off through the woods and looked at all these stupid trees and that kind of nature junk. I got to Grandma's house and knocked on the door. Hell, that's a stupid thing to do. I mean here she is all sick and in bed and I know she can't get up and open the damn fool door. But you know how old sick people like for you to use your best goddamn manners. That's really a phony thing. It really is.

Anyways, she told me to come on in and of course I did. I don't know exactly what the hell was wrong with her, but I knowed she had changed since I last saw her. I mean she had these big ears, and a damn long nose and big eyes. If there's anything that depresses me, it is a grandma with a damn long snoozer. That can really make you feel bad. It really can. I mean you don't know if they are going to bump into anything with it or not.

Well, I didn't want to get too close to old granny's nose 'cause I didn't want to catch whatever the hell she had. The thing was, I didn't want to have to stare up the end of that damn long nose. I mean you take a thing like that, or big eyes, or just about any crap like that and it really looks nasty as hell. I swear to God it does.

The thing was, I couldn't think of anything to say. Well, old Granny looked at me and I had to say something. I mean you just can't go to

see your old sick grandma without even saying "Hi" or some damn phony thing like that. Well, I said, "My, Granny, what big ears you have." I mean that's a damn silly thing to say once you think about it. That really interested her and she said, "Better to hear you with, my dear." Now I'm not kidding, but that old woman was sure smart as hell. I mean if you got big ears you can hear better. Well, I didn't know what to do or say next, so I just looked at her big eyes and said, "My, what big eyes you have." Now like I said, that was a damn silly thing to say but old granny was right ready with an answer. She said, "Better to see you with, my dear." A person will say a lotta damn silly crap like that when they are around old people. I swear to God they will. I mean old people really give me a complex. I still couldn't keep myself from looking at old Granny's nasty looking nose. I mean you try to keep yourself from looking at something sometime and you will find yourself looking at it to see if you're accomplishing what you were trying to do. Well, the damn big snoozer kept staring me in the face and I had to say something. I mean if you ever look at a damn big nose like that at a level angle, it looks like two little beady eyes staring at you. It's really depressing as hell to know that you have two little holes in a snoozer like Granny's staring at you. It really is. Well anyways, I said, "My what a big nose you have." Old Granny grinned and said, "Better to smell you / continued on page 28

The Last Day

By William Jordan

It was late afternoon of the day before he was to leave, and they were together. In the softness of the sun's diminishing rays he saw the fairness of her skin; saw flowing hair almost encircling her girlish smile; and he felt his love for her.

They had been together most of the day, wanting to spend their last hours alone. What had happened to the day? It seemed to have passed impossibly fast. Soon they must leave this place, and each other.

He had not known her for long, only these past weeks which were gone forever. They had been acquainted all their lives, but neither could truthfully say that they had known each other, save these past few days. This brief span seemed such a cheat to them compared to the years they had wasted.

She had never looked so totally captivating as she did then, each second holding such a price. He had wondered what to do when their moment of parting came and was still wondering this while standing but a few feet from where she lay.

He did not know if he had first been drawn to her in search of something to hold to in that time when nothing was sure except that he soon must leave. Neither did he care, for then affection had deepened far beyond. They had a capacity for happiness in each other.

He looked into her eyes and saw the same yearning he felt, the same questioning of what was to come, the same dread of separation. She

was no longer smiling as she had been a few seconds earlier. All day she had made a vain attempt to keep from being sad by talking of their plans for the time when he would return, if he returned. She of course did not speak of this morbidly beckoning alternative.

The look she gave him projected desire, pity, and despair, all combined. Neither spoke; then he kneeled and kissed her. It was a surprisingly soft kiss, their lips barely touching, but holding for a brief eternity.

His mind was a cauldron of uncertainty, his thoughts strayed. He thought of the first time they had exchanged a long look; of the first kiss; of their future now darkened with doubt. Then he held her closer to him as his brain absorbed all the blood from his body and felt that there was but one spot on earth, the few square feet of ground which was theirs. There did not exist any part of the world except that spot; there did not exist a place thousands of miles away where men were killing and in turn being killed; there was no sun that would rise the next morning and see them part; there was no one except them. He could not believe these things when he held her, and felt her body close to his and knew that she was all that mattered. All of these things could not exist?

The pressure of a world of late began to crowd in on his mind, driving him farther from the uncertainty

of truth, to the only thing he knew for sure, his love, the only thing existing.

When they finally walked away all was dark except for the small light the moon afforded. The air was cooler and more sober. He looked up at the moon and thought of that same moon shining over a battle field where he would soon be. He thought of others saying their good-byes and felt strangely selfish for wanting to stay behind. He thought of the love countless others must share and he felt an uncomfortable twinge of insignificance.

They stopped walking rather suddenly and he looked at her. She looked at him, her hair rumpled with a brown twig in it, her bare feet and her shoes in her hand, her face stained with the smudges of dried tears. This was the first time he had seen her cry and it made him realize a fact that had heretofore eluded him. He had held her aloft, but now understood that she was only a woman; she was nothing more than the importance he attached to her. He knew then that he was only a man, with nothing more than other men possessed except when seen through her eyes. It almost sickened him to see their love not as something exclusive to them, but as the common link that binds all people.

He looked at her a long time, then without a word they turned and walked away as the night alone hailed their exit, the moon shining still.



*

Sink golden sun,
lower, dimmer, gone,
sleep warm keeper of my day,
beyond, beyond, beyond,
the blue ridge, which is as the edge
of my total sky.

*

Search climber high,
up, over, on,
only to find another ridge,
beyond, beyond, beyond.

*

There is a goal for climbers high,
whose search ends not in the nearer sky,
it is;
Beyond, Beyond, Beyond.

—Rob Mac

The sun viewed in its full light,
will blind the viewer of today,
as it has blinded men of countless days away.

The sea seen in all its vastness,
will spark the imagination of the one,
as it has fulfilled the dreams of the other,
the father before the son.

Stars still shine when man's life,
long gone to its grave, is cold.
they shine as they did before he was born,
predestined to grow quickly old.

Thus, we find, nature stationary in Heaven's Run
while minute man strives to sway his minute life,
least the cosmic heavens, running with the sun
free of his eternal strife.

—Rob Mac



DIE MEISTERSINGER

All humanity is outraged at me, for
I persist in believing the old lies of
God, Truth, Goodness, Love
and I am not daunted by a thousand flung
unanswered questions in my face.

Where is the old song of
Surf-free, turf-free,
Let us roam the earth-free?

There is a new song.
Now warmed by the fire,
Now faint, now expire.

I am afraid to walk in the city streets
at night
so I clutch my
babydoll tight
and the lions guard the library steps

I go to the museum where my heart can sing
a little chanson.

Who has smeared this disgrace across
the face of mankind?

gather the beautiful roses O
gather the sweet roses
kiss the transient roses

Thou dravest love from thee who
Thou dravest love
dravest

In the lonely, vaulted cathedral
the monkey rattles his tin
skull cup and the organ
growls.

—John Fowler

CHAOS

Sometimes I think he hates me;
at others, loves me true.

Sometimes he tries to change me;
most times he lets me rule.

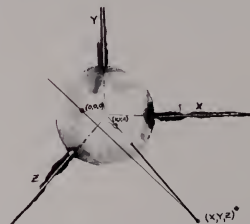
Sometimes again I'm quite ignored;
till once again I am the lord.

Sometimes to overcome me with ideas;
without success, my name is woman.

—Thomas W. Salmons, III

The Other Side of **YRT309**

Beginning with this issue we have monoged to break Dirty Doil Dixon's monopoly on nonsensical trash. New nonsensical "trash poets" appear in this page for the first time since the abortion produced "The Other Side of Poetry." Anybody who thinks he has nothing worth printing is welcome to try his stuff on this page. Meonwhile, to get the serious OS poetry reader oriented as to the exact location of the other side of poetry, Horry Suber, after thirty days of sloving over o hot computer, came up with on explanation of how the whole thing come about. If you ore brove enough ond have o taste for trash, FORWARD, Descend into the world of no where!



The crayfish is an animal
that travels in reverse.
He doesn't know his destination
because he's been there first

t.d.r.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
sugar is sweet
and so to bed

p. j. davenport

ha
ha ha
ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha
A in anything
ha

d.d.d.

I love you in blue
I love you in red
and best of all
I love you in blue

the highwaymen

I think that I shall never see
a girl refuse a meal that's free,
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
upon the drink that's being mixed,
A girl who doesn't like to wear
a lot of stuff to match her hair;
But girls are loved by fools like me
'cause I don't like to kiss a tree.

munoz

The **Chronicle** has received inquiries asking how and where D. D. Dixon found **The Other Side of** - - - -. The following is a brief account of the events leading up and including this brilliant breakthrough in poetry.

In the beginning all the known poetry was a collection of ordered triplets (x,y,x) contained within a unit sphere in time independent Euclidean three space. This set of proper poetry, as it is called, lacked a transfinite number of points, namely, its own origin at $(0,0,0)$ and its boundry (all points $(x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 1)$). This obviously left a great deal to be desired.

It was T. S. Eliot who first discovered that any point inside the sphere could be reflected across the boundary by taking its reciprocal. Now each point of the set of proper poetry possessed a corresponding point outside the sphere. This "pseudo-universal" set greatly enlarged the field of poetry and was a stepping stone to subsequent discoveries. It was left to E. E. Cummings to discover that points very near the origin (i. e. of small absolute value) could be reflected far out into the pseudo-universal. It is of interest to note that E. E. found several unique four-letter sets quite near the origin whose reflections are really way out.

At this point the reader is encouraged to master the above concepts before proceeding. This brief background, if mastered, should enable the reader to understand how Dixon found the other side of poetry. As previously noted, the proper set of poetry lacked the point $(0,0,0)$, or in other words, nothing.

We have also seen that Cummings came very near this point. It was, however, Dixon who finally found this point. It happened that our protege in a most unorthodox fashion (method beyond the scope of the thesis) stumbled upon a heretofore unknown subset of the pseudo-universal far away and beyond anything ever dreamed of—even by E. E. Upon performing the reverse of the operation discovered by Elliot (highly unorthodox!) This subset reflected nothing, rather the point $(0,0,0)$. This was a truly thrilling experience: for not only had he discovered the much sought-for point at zero, but also since the reciprocal of zero is infinity he had reached the outermost point of all poetry—truly beyond and on the other side of poetry. (The proof is left as an exercise to the reader.) — h.h.s

AND THEN THERE WAS LOVE

By Bill Meggs



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN OAKLEY

"Love and life clashed on the battlefield of play that day . . ."

If to be means being
What means seeing?

These words were scratched on the window sill in seemingly childish pencil scratch, and his eyes moved from them up and out of the fifteenth floor window. Slowly his gaze moved from the apartment building across the way and down the corridor of Amsterdam Avenue. He saw the hole in which Central Park lay and the spire of the Empire State Building rising beyond. When it was hot, a mist hung over the city, and the tall symbol of man's upward push was obscured by the tiny droplets which hung between, but now the air was clearing, and he could focus on the building sixty blocks away.

He waited, it seemed that he had

been waiting for a long time, but the time was just approaching. Maybe for days he had been waiting, maybe for years, but he was just learning of the wait. It was a knowing wait, now, and for the first time a lonely wait.

His mind raced backwards in time, skipping over carefree days, ignoring happy days, and always landing on that two weeks prior when, for the first time since they had met, they had parted. And so he waited, knowing not what to expect, expecting not to care, but always knowing that he cared.

The ringing phone shattered his thoughts, and he rushed for it, falling over chairs, beds, people and anything else that obstructed his way.

"Hi," she said, "I'm here."

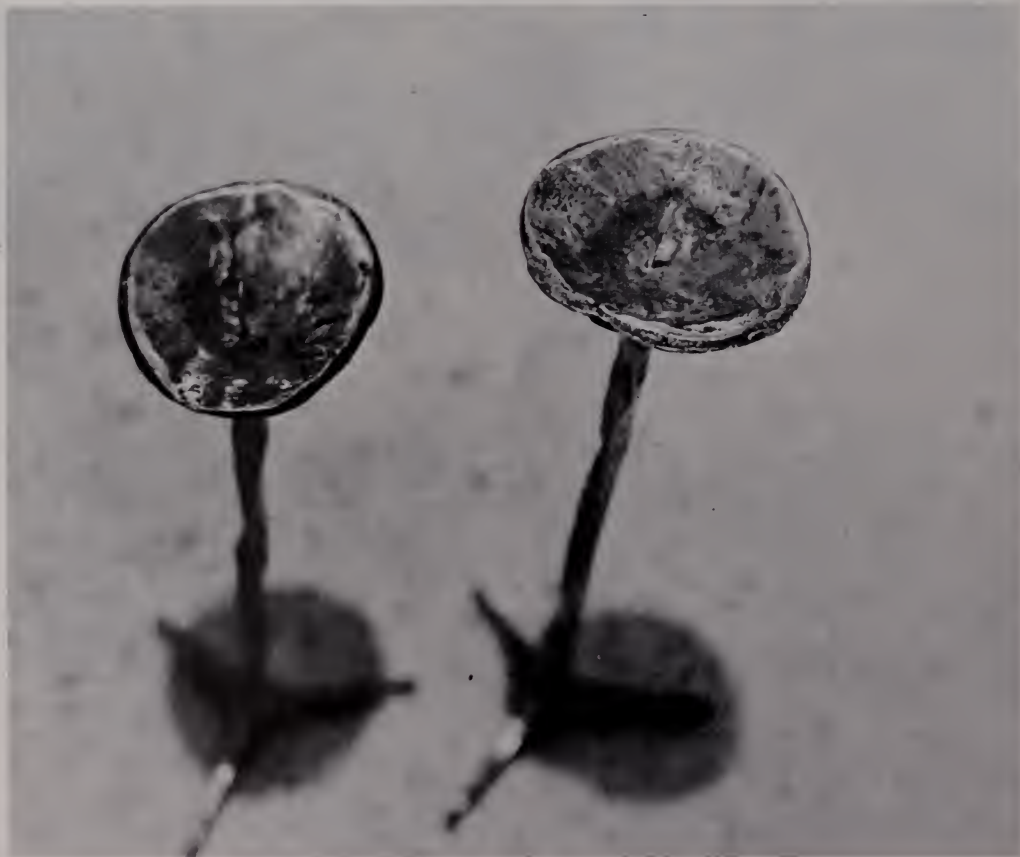
"Fine," he answered and his voice quit. For a moment neither spoke. "I'll meet you as soon as I can get there."

"How long will it take?" she asked.

"It's according to the subways," he answered.

Soon he was waiting on a hot platform beneath the streets of Broadway. Time after time he would hang his head over the track recess and peer into the dark tube, waiting for a train, hoping for a train, praying for a train. And then there was a train to hurl him down the screaming darkness to the Port Authority Bus Terminal seventy blocks away.

He raced into the crowds of the world's largest / **cont. on page 32**



The American Federation of Arts has assembled the works of many of America's young artists in an exhibit which is currently traveling around the country. These works are, most certainly, a good indication that American culture is not on the decline.

PHOTOS BY GEOFF GROAT

YOUNG AMERICANS 1963





GOT A DIME

HARPER'S 5&10 STORE

CLEMSON

SENECA

MEDICO

world's largest selling pipe

2 1/4" filter
gives you pleasure
and peace of mind



MEDICO CREST
\$5 TO \$15

10 for 10¢
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Put relaxation back into your smoking...enjoy the protection of a Medico Filter Pipe. Scientific disposable Filter traps tars, nicotine, juices—gives smoke a clean, natural taste. Every Medico is crafted only from selected imported briar. A few are illustrated at the right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

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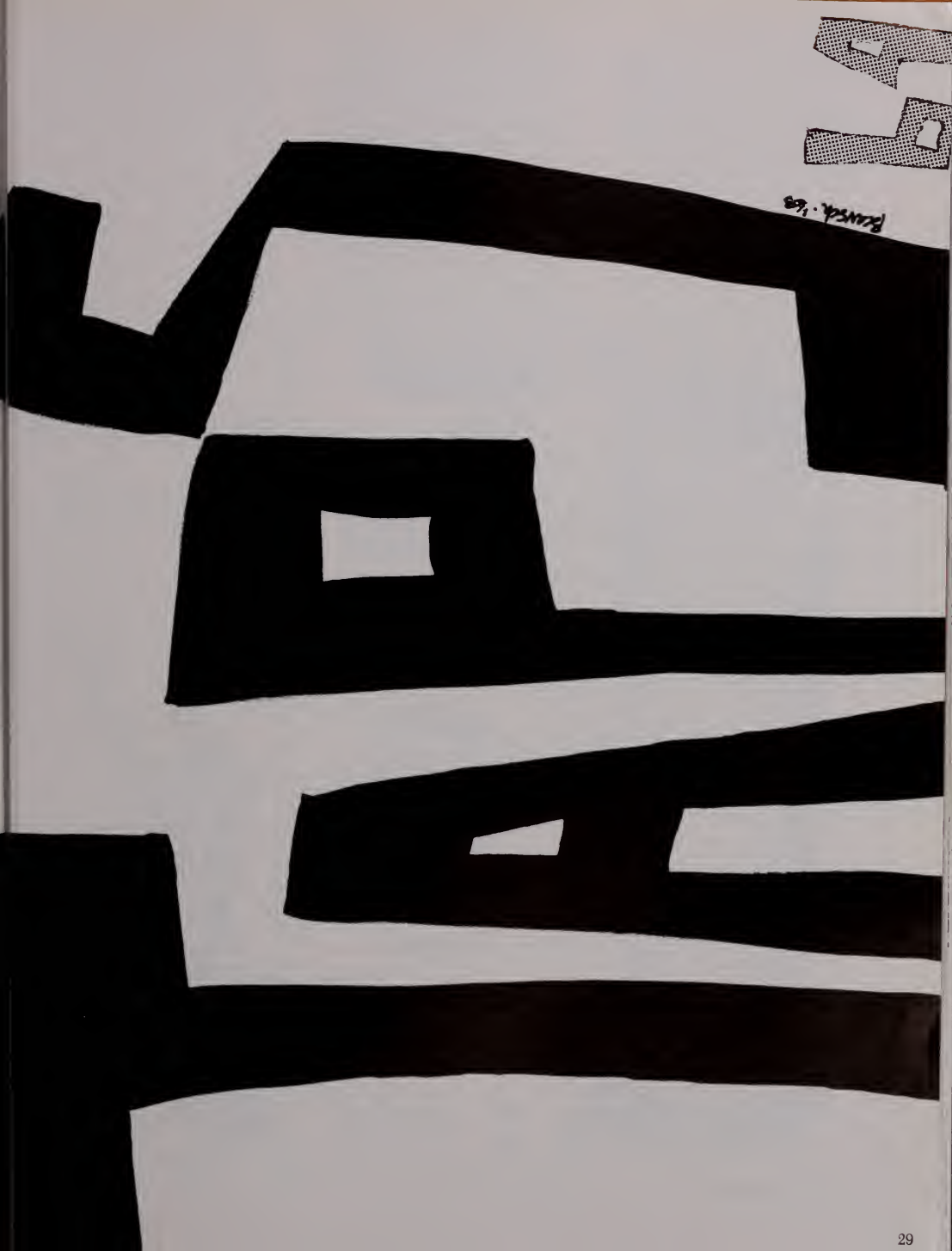
Other Medico Filter Pipes \$1.95 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

HOLD HIGH THE BASKET RED

continued from page 19

with, my dear." Now if that ain't a damn corny thing to say to a person. I mean who the hell wants to go around smelling other people. It's really disgusting when you think about it. It really is. Especially if they ain't had a bath in about a week. Well, I got to thinking how damn silly I was sounding and rude, too. I mean you just don't go around telling your Grandma what big ears and nose she has. Especially old people like that. I mean they are just too damn sensitive about having big ears and a big nose. They really are. Well, anyway, I kept looking at old granny lying there in the bed and I noticed that she had some damn big teeth. I mean most grannies don't even have any teeth at all. Maybe I shouldn't have said it because I have said almost the damn same silly thing about a million times, but anyhow I said, "My, what big teeth you have." Well, she jumped outta bed and said, "Better to eat you with, my dear." I mean that's really a damn crazy thing for your own grandma to say, so I figured she must be a damn crazy nut or something like that. But then I saw that it wasn't my granny after all. It was just some damn crummy wolf that was posing as my old Grandma. I mean I damn near got ate up by the silly bastard. I got excited as hell about it, I really did. I mean I ain't no damn hero or none of that phony stuff, but I had seen all these damn silly movies and other crap, so I just knocked the hell outta the damn silly wolf with the basket that I was still holding. I mean some of these damn phony characters you run up against are real phony phonies. I swear to God they are. I always get depressed as hell when I meet a damn phony. I really do.

Well, anyway, this sonuvabitch of a phony fell over and lay on the floor after I belted him with my basket of goodies. I swear to God he did. I got excited as hell just thinking about it. But what I really done then was to sit down on Granny's old stupid bed and eat all the goodies I had brought from home for her. I mean I damn near got killed on account of them sonuvabitching goodies and I sure as hell wasn't going to let them go to pot for nothing, if you want to know the truth.



CLEMSON STUDENT UNION

continued from page 10

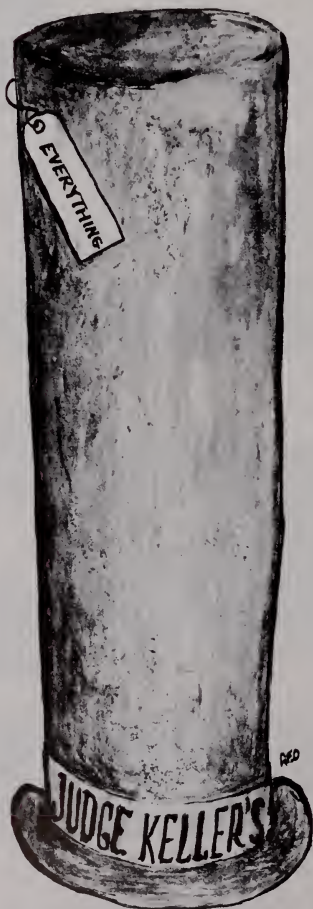
to residence, where will the central focus be? How will the scattered and sundry activities have any relation to the new patterns of campus life? One answer is to coordinate these activities into a single concentrated area freely serving all students and functions.

With the combined facilities of auditoria, lounges, general meeting rooms and a snack bar all integrated into a single structure, the student center goes far beyond what the present separate facilities can provide. It gives a focus and congregational space both indoors and out and by virtue of its function and architectural form adds atmosphere and unity to the campus.

The designer's choice of site evolved from availability and the need for the building to become an entrance or gateway. With one arm extending to cover the sidewalk the pedestrian passes through the building and into or out of the campus. The large curvilinear forms advancing and receding, provide a suitable contrast to the harsh angularity of Tillman Hall and the dormitories. The construction materials, brick and concrete complement the established vernacular of the campus and make suggestion to greater possibilities of use of the materials. Conforming to and complementing the sloping site the designer has sensitively recognized the existing terrain. The curved walls make recessions for out-

door spaces, which become communal areas, areas of exchange and meeting, areas for the interaction of people and ideas. This highly sculptural approach, complimenting the constant motion through and around it, by the use of bold sweeping planes, seems fitting to set the mood for college activity. The interior, as the exterior, seems to offer a rich and varied spatial change, reflecting the activity within.

The excitement of this building, the sophistication of the space around it offers one possibility to the solution of student communal needs. There are other solutions perhaps as valid, but time has come for action in this direction.



CLEMSON

**now
it's
Pepsi**
*for those who
think young*



**Terry
Bottling Co.**
ANDERSON, S. C.

under appointment of Pepsi Cola Co.—
New York

**MARTIN'S
DRUG'S**



53 Things To Do Between Classes

Edited by Lydia Threatt

1. Send the Bursar a bill.
2. Hold your breath until it hurts.
3. Singe off your eyebrows.
4. Go to Dr. Hardy and look insecure.
5. Go to the library and ask the librarian for a current best-seller.
6. Wear a muumuu to class.
7. Put a lock on the OTHER wheel of someone's bicycle.
8. Call up your boy friend and tell him that you REALLY have to talk to him.
9. Think of funny things to yell in the flicks.
10. Throw your weight around.
11. Scratch where it itches.
12. Pitch pennies against Tillman Hall.
13. Tell your roommate that he really should do something about his bad breath.
14. Sign your roommate up for the "Impeach Earl Warren" Society.
15. Lurk outside the women's dorm.
16. Eat one peanut.
17. Ask a girl why she's wearing a shift.
18. Pick your nose.
19. Kick yourself for being in the reserves.
20. Put your hand on Mrs. Albert's wall.
21. Tell your grandmother to read **Fanny Hill**.
22. Shave just one leg.
23. Pitch a nickel against Tillman Hall.
24. Take a lover.
25. Graduate.
26. Have a beer.
27. Blot, don't rub.
28. Devise a scheme to help the coyote catch the roadrunner.

29. Memorize the 101 words on a Bud label.
30. Search for a soulmate.
31. Become an unwitting pawn in the hands of someone.
32. Kiss a passer-by.
33. Cut a notch in your virgin pin.
34. Have another beer.
35. Learn why Lucky Strike green never came back from the war.
36. Kick yourself for not being in the Reserves.
37. Ask for an English 101 book in the bookstore.
38. Send for a Red Bethea button.
39. Catch a faculty member at a red dot store.
40. Figure out why we didn't have thirteen more things on this list.

STEREO



BY GENERAL ELECTRIC

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AND THEN

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bus terminal and sought the designated meeting place. She wasn't there. Panic came over him, he raced about hunting, seeking, scrutinizing each of the mob which swarmed on all sides.

A gentle tap on the shoulder halted the wild and maddening quest, and slowly he turned to face her. It was her, the same her, wonderful her. Love and life clashed on the battlefield of play that day, and the next, and the next. For one week-end together they assimilated the sounds and smells, the loves and hates of the city. They became intermingled in each other, loving, knowing, feeling. From a stroll along the Hudson to the picnic in Central Park, from the lights and drama of Broadway to the screaming jazz down in the village, together they saw and felt.

Even the long and hot subway rides were part of it. All around them people sat, their faces showing great apathy, lack of desire for life, but they, in total contrast, were alive, living, loving. From a crowd on the train a boy from Harlem stepped forward and began to sing a love ballad with arm-waving and spinning. No one looked, no one saw. When he finished, he fell to his knees in a great bow of courtesy to the deaf and dumb audience. Rising, he pulled a sign from his coat which read:

My mother has cancer
I'm blind in one eye
Please help

The boy went from person to person with a small plastic cup, but the people were dead. No one even dared to look at him.

Only he and she could know, could appreciate, could feel any pity, or want to help. Only they dared look at him or give him a few coins.

As a time of parting once more drew near desperation developed between them. Could these few days not go on forever? Why, why did it have to end? The spell, the wonderful spell, why did it have to end?

Together they rode the subway downtown to the bus terminal. On this last day it had started raining. Together they entered the terminal, together they went up to the ticket area and checked the schedule, together they walked downstairs to the loading ramp, together they held hands and quickly kissed goodbye, and alone she rode away.

Alone he walked slowly, ever so slowly, onto the wet street. He walked among hundreds, among

millions of people. But he walked alone.

The rain made its way down his neck and drained onto his back. He thought he was crying, but he was not sure. He could only think of her, of loving her, of his fear of losing her.

As he walked, there was a great emptiness, a great hole within him. He knew not why, but he knew that only she could fill it, and no matter how colorful those surrounding him might be, no matter what he might do, he would only exist in loneliness when she was not there.

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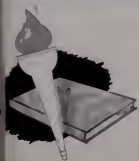
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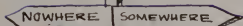


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Editor's Notes

This is the year of the big change. Clemson College will soon be fading into the glorious past, and Clemson University emerging. With the new name, greater status will come to Clemson as an institution of higher learning. Clemson will then no longer be known as a "cow college". In keeping with the increase in status, the elevation of the nickname to "bovine university" might be more fitting.

In our way of celebrating the name change, we present this big two-in-one issue which could be called the "Let's get the hell out and go home" issue. If you can think of something more to your liking, you are welcome to call it what you wish. In this issue there are a lot of pictures to look at, a lot of stories and articles to read, a few things to laugh about, and perhaps something to wonder about.

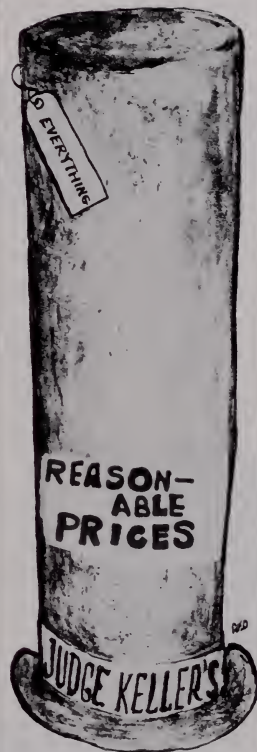
The scenes from Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* and this issue's *GC* are well worth looking at. There are stories and articles to read by Jimmy Lyons, Tom Salmons, Dave Henry and Jim Barnes. These stories are among the best ever to be seen in these pages. Also in this issue is a *Chronicle* first, three plays in the *Trilogy of the Idle God* by W. E. Rowley. Then depending on your point of view, you may laugh with the *Lord of the Phis* and also with Dave Henry as he explores some of the bureaucratic and political jargon of the day. You just might wonder when you get through reading this issue!

This is my last issue, and I should like to express my thanks to the staff and also to Doctors Steadman, Cox and Calhoun for their help this year. I think that we have produced a magazine that Clemson students can be proud to call their own. And I think I speak for the entire staff when I say that working on the *Chronicle* has been an enjoyable and rewarding experience.

Have a good summer.

Mike Medlock

Editor



CLEMSON

LETTERS



Dear Sir:

I read with interest the editorial in the December issue of "The Chronicle."

In September 1962 Columbia College inaugurated the trimester calendar. Now in the second year of operation, it is encouraging to note interest in the system at other institutions in our native South Carolina.

Your magazine is an excellent one and I commend you on your efforts.

Thomas G. Shuler
Dean
Columbia College

Dear Sir:

**We
Defy
You
To
Write
Something
Creative!**

"Let he who has not sinned cast the first stone."

Bob Deans
Clemson

Dear Sir:

You asked for comments concerning the magazine, and here are mine: Bravo, well done, and thanks. Bravo for your definite, enlightened opinions on worthwhile subjects. The whole magazine is well done, and especially do I admire the general format. Finally, thanks for getting this December issue out before everyone went home. I look forward to carrying my *Chronicle* home for my friends to read, and I am sure most Clemson men and women are as proud of the magazine as I am.

Thank you again for the fine magazine.

John Michael Pushkar
Clemson

P.S.—Hope to see more of Will Jordan's work soon. That kid has got some real ability.

Dear Sir:

A copy of your December issue recently reached my desk, and this was the first time I had had an opportunity to review your publication. I would like to commend you and the members of your staff for an unusual college literary magazine.

Gerald G. Hawkins
Assistant Director
Student Activities
North Carolina State



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Faculty Advisor

CLEMSON Chronicle

MAY 1964

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Chronicle



OUR COVER: The Chronicle's mad cartoonist Durwood Stinson has captured the spirit of the season with his going home, going away, or just going cover. See you next year.

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Conversation with a Busch

I was sitting at the typewriter the other day gazing vacantly out the window trying to write something for this issue. Several ideas came to mind, but all were discarded. Upon the discard of the last one, our old friend Busch came through the door carrying what appeared to be a case of something with his name on it.

"Greetings, Busch," said I.

"Hi", said Busch, setting down the case gently. (I thought I heard metal strike metal at that time.) He plopped himself down on the case as best he could. Busch seemed to be having some trouble with his seeing; only one of his ill-coordinated eyeballs could register on me at one time. The left eyeball seemed to have a gleam in it, so I said, "You been up to something Busch?"

"Yes" was all he said.

"Tell me about it. I won't repeat a word." I had to say that because Busch often tells some kind of inerminating tales. He looked at me with his other eye, which held a certain boldness.

"Come now. Busch. out with it."

"Well, etc. I have been doing some thinking (sic) and research (sic) and found an amazing thing. I think (sic) it is a terrible thing when the pure, clean minds of the innocent girls on this campus can become dirtied and corrupted by some of the magazines sold right downtown. You know that magazines like *Playboy*, *Cavalier* and so on can utterly destroy the minds of any college kid that reads them. So now that the minds of the males are free for only pure thoughts, I got to wondering about the female minds.

These magazines are sold right downtown even. They are part of the Communist plot to overthrow this country by destroying minds."

"What magazines are you talking about. Busch?" I asked patiently. Busch now was standing on his case, swaying slightly to keep his balance. His left eye stared at me.

"It's those magazines that always talk about the gloriously happy and sad lives of the bunch of people that make movies."

"Horrors no", I said, realizing that I must know someone whose mind has been taken by such stuff. Busch ran on.

"I went down and counted fifty different titles of this type magazine. Every one is for the same thing. They all condone adultery—look at Burton and Elizabeth . . . oh, what's her name? Anyway they arouse unfemale emotions. They have sexy pictures of Rock Hudson, Dr. Casey, and Huckleberry Hound. They cause girls to be nosy, always prying into other people's business. The girls can take lessons from Heddie Hooper, Walter Winchell. Dear Ahhy . . ."

"Busch, you are all mixed up. Let me straighten you out. Rock Hudson is not sexy and Walter Winchell is a radioman for the *Queen Elizabeth*." Busch swayed a little more.

"Uh, friends, Romans, count . . ."

Here the conversation ended, for Busch had fallen from his case and struck his empty head on the hard concrete floor. After the men in the white Plymouth had come to take him away, I nimbly stepped over to the case Busch had brought in. Nothing but empty Busch cans. Poor old Busch. Sometimes I wonder about him.



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DIRTY JOKES

What has two breasts, 14 legs, and whistles as it runs through the forest?
Snow White and the seven dwarfs.

Overheard on a shortwave radio set
"This is Radio Palestine 1550 on your radio dial. But for you—1495.

Some pumpkins are green. I am green. Therefore I am some pumpkin.

Moe: How was your date last night?
Joe: No good. She was a stuffed shirt.

A lanky cowboy strode into a fifth avenue ladies shop, approached a sales lady and said, "I'd like to buy a girdle ma'am."

"Playtex?" she suggested.
"That's mighty kind of you ma'am," the cowboy answered, "but right now I'm double parked."

She: Why did you take up the piano?

He: My beer kept sliding off the violin.

Fashion note: They're wearing the same thing in bras this year.

"Maw it sure is bad two of our daughters are a layin' up in that there cemetery."

"Yeah, Paw, sometimes I wish they were dead."

Hear about the illegitimate rice crispy who had snap, crackle but no pop?

Henry was helping his son fly a kite in the backyard, but was having trouble getting it to stay up. His wife stood watching them from the porch. Henry had just run the entire length of the yard, trying to pull the kite into the air, only to have it thrash about uncertainly, and plummet to the ground.

"Henry," said the wife, "you need more tail."

"I wish you would make up your mind," said Henry panting heavily. "Last night you told me to go fly a kite."

"Gosh, pardon me for slapping your face, I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."

Papa Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Mama Bear: "Who's been drinking my beer?"

Baby Bear: "BARE."



PATTER

LORD OF THE FLIES; A RE-APPRAISAL

The readiness with which literary critics accept clever re-working for original creation is, I feel, one of the many indications of the bankruptcy of contemporary criticism. A period which has acclaimed, sometimes with international honors, the rehash of almost the entire corpus of Classical literature seems almost to glory in critical delinquency. We have been re-served-up Aeschylus and Euripides under the bylines of Capote, Williams, Miller and Faulkner, and have explained away the rape of Aristophanes and Terence as "existential interpretation". It is not surprising, therefore, to find in one of the most recent "critical best-sellers"—*The Lord of the Flies*, by William Golding—a flagrant and unblushing example of the same process.

I am not normally upset by this sort of thing, so common has it become, but by chance, the two sources which the author of *The Lord of the Flies* chose to amalgamate and adapt are among my favorite works of literature. Moreover, the authors of the originals have, in my opinion, been shamefully passed over and neglected in the presentations of English Literature to college students. They are H. H. Munro (Saki) and Richard Hughes.

Munro's short stories dealing with the basic inhumanity and amorality of children are among the most frightening in the language. Particularly chilling are those which show the momentary—or sometimes permanent—reversion of children to states of primitive barbarism or outright animalism. Occasionally—but only very occasionally, for they are strong meat—one or two of these appear in collections of short stories, and some of the titles, therefore, may be familiar to you: "The Open Window", "Sredni Vashtar", "Seton's Aunt", or "Eseme". Of immediate interest to us is "The Idol of the Flies", the original publication date of which I cannot discover, but which I first read in a collection of Munro's work published in 1936.

The title derives from the etymology of Beelzebub; *Beel* (or Baal) meaning "God" or "Lord", and *z'ub* (or Zebub) meaning (of the) "flies". Thus Beelzebub translates as "The Lord of the Flies". Munro's story deals with

an image of this manifestation of the Devil, and he therefore substitutes "Idol" for "Lord". In "The Idol of the Flies" a small boy contrives the murder of his parents, exonerating himself from any feelings of guilt by believing that he has made himself and which he worships. In essence this is a study of primitive rationalization; "I wish to kill", "My society punishes such an act", "If I kill at the direction of a God, then I escape all public and private consequences". The literature of the Greeks and the Hebrews is full of such stories. In the Old Testament the story is usually given an O. Henry twist so that a moralistic ending will prove the unavoidable justice of Jaweh.

Munro, however, makes no such twist; his little monster gets away with it, and does so without the faintest twinge of conscience, maintaining all the while the facade of a well-brought-up English child of the upper-middle class. Here is where the horror of the story lies; the suggestion that given a provocative set of circumstances, any well-brought-up child might react in the same way. Munro uses the theme of cult creation and the deification of some personal possession (or pet) in several stories of children. In "Sredni Vashtar" a child elevates a pet polecat to the Godhead, and tricks his hated Aunt to her death in its cage. In "Laughter on the Hill" a group of children deliberately sacrifice the least liked of their number to a pet hyena which has escaped from a neighboring park.

The theme of these and other of Munro's stories is that civilizations is a *learned* set of behavioral patterns which in the young child are only beginning to be appreciated, and which are fundamentally opposite to the basic nature of man. Thus under conditions of strong emotion or stress, the child sluffs off these patterns more easily and completely than the adult, who continues to be irritated by their restraint, but who conceals or rationalizes his lapses into barbarism.

A novel-length exposition of the same theme is Richard Hughes' *A High Wind in Jamaica*, which I believe to be the other parent of *The Lord of the Flies*. Hughes' novel, published in 1928, likewise concerns itself with a group of children cast-away by the af-

termath of a tropical storm; however, Hughes' children are rescued—or kidnapped, the point of view is left deliberately ambivalent—by a band of pirates. From this point the story is one of the moral decay of supposedly "bad" men under the influence of the totally amoral children. Murder, seduction, even cannibalism originate not with the pirates, but with the children. In the end, the men are destroyed, both physically and spiritually, by their association with anti-civilizing patterns of raw childhood. The children, on the other hand, easily revert to their original roles as products of the English upper-middle class with no stain or strain on their personalities, and a convenient blank in their memories.

To return, then, to *The Lord of the Flies*; its basic plot—the cast-away children, their sluffing off of civilization and reversion to barbarism—is, in my opinion, extraordinarily close to that of *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Similarly, the child shifting and cult creation of children so frighteningly and succinctly dealt with by Munro in "The Idol of the Flies" is strongly reflected in *The Lord of the Flies* (leaving aside, as trivial, the almost identical titles). It is entirely possible that the author of *The Lord of the Flies* was inspired by sub-conscious memories of these two stories; however, as I am an enthusiast of both Munro and Hughes, I could not but wish that he had made some slight bow of appreciation in their direction. —DR. HAROLD COOLEGE

*No part of this review may be reprinted without the written permission of the author.

LETTERS FROM THE EARTH

When Ambrose Bierce disappeared into the Mexican wilderness in 1913, he could have assumed with much confidence that his well earned nickname, Bitter, meant Most Bitter, for he was at that time unparalleled with regards to sheer bitterness. Mark Twain had been dead for three years, and even though he had a flurry of extreme pessimism in later years, producing such works as "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg", no one gave him a chance against Bitter Bierce.

The ultra-extreme depth of Twain's cynicism and hatred of the human race

(continued on page 18)

FRED WOLFE

Interview by John McCarter

Fred Wolfe, brother of Thomas Wolfe, is quite obviously a talkative version of the famous author of *Look Homeward Angel*. In talking to Chronicle interviewers he showed much of the love of life and warmth that characterized Thomas Wolfe.

CHRONICLE: At what age do you actually think that your brother started being interested in writing?

WOLFE: I think he showed that interest from the time he was ten or twelve years old. When he was at the North State Fitting School, in Asheville. And then, on into North Carolina where he found himself, certainly after the first year. I think that during the first year that Tom was trying to get himself settled down. But he was possibly torn between doubt and uncertainty. Not despair, of course, then. No young man will be despairing at the age of 16 or 17. That's what Tom was. When he found himself, and he went back in his sophomore year, he

was into everything that concerned writing. And then, of course, Tom became highly interested in drama. Whether he thought he could become another Eugene O'Neill, or not. I don't know, but he had his aspirations.

CHRONICLE: What makes a writer become a writer? Can you tell us what made Tom become a writer?

WOLFE: I can and I can't. When I explain it, I will not explain it. Tom was simply impelled with a spark of genius, that is the compulsion, that is the urge . . . I've got to write it . . . it's got to come out. I think that genius is compulsion, and compulsion is work. Tom had that spark of genius backed with the compulsion of work. I think he did what he had to do. I don't think anything short of death could have stopped him. I think that writing for Tom was a matter, we've heard the expression of "Sweat, tears, toil and blood." I think that would sum up what it amounted to him in all of his writings. I think he had to go through the whole thing. Compulsion, the urge, it's got to be done; "Oh, Lord, give me time to do it." That was Tom's greatest fear up to the last two years time, that he did not have time upon earth to finish it. He expressed that not only in *You Can't Go Home*

Again, and in his credo to Foxhall Edwards, but just ten months before he died, he talked it over with me.

He said, "Do you think I am going to die?" I said, "You certainly are. So am I. But, according to the law of averages, I think you should be here after I'm dead and gone. What the devil's gotten into you?" He said, "I don't know. I've been beset with all the troubles that have come up with law suits, this, that, and the other. I've got so much work to do. The doctors have told me that I've got to quit."

But he didn't. He kept on working until he had completed about a million and a half words of manuscript, and turned it in, in completed typescript, to Ed Aswell, his new editor at Harper Brothers. He then took a trip west. And of course, on that trip, it resulted in his death. He was taken sick.

CHRONICLE: Do you think his characters are more important than the plot?

WOLFE: That's a little hard to answer, I think that he had a thing to tell you as he went through both *Look Homeward Angel*, which was, of course, a trial, a struggle, an attempt, that was his first book. His main aim

/continued on page 23

MIKE MEDLOCK



"The time is near Dr. Sam."

Sam Willis became aware of the strong ebony hand on his shoulder. Sitting up he asked. "How much farther?"

"Three, maybe four bend. I think maybe you like to come in awake."

"Yes, thank you Sahlue. I need time to get ready."

The dugout glided smoothly over the water, swaying gently to the dip of the paddles. "This is where we enter. Dr. Sam," Sahlue said, pointing to an opening in the river grass.

The dugout glided silently from the broad expanse of the river into the forbidding darkness of the tributary. As the dank foliage of jungle closed like a shroud around them, the once gay and festive countenance of the paddlers died, until the last chords of their chants hung like a lump in each throat. The heavy stench of decay, combined with lighter wafts of an occasional flower, produced an ominous atmosphere.

But here also was beauty. Cypress and other trees rose majestically pushing intertwining, finger-like branches one hundred and fifty feet or more in the sky, forming a canopy over all beneath.

Leaves as large as a man and as dark as a magnolia adorned each plant. Flowers, large and bright in reds, yellows, or an occasional blue or white were placed in startling contrast against their dark background. The water over which they were stained ebony by the many plants, and reflected each detail above its surface. A low, gurgling murmur erupted from the canoe as its bow cut the water and combined with the cry of a bird.

Sam sat silently, staring into the gloom, oblivious of all around him. He tried to prepare for what he had to do, how to act, most important what he would say. But as had happened each time he tried to plan, his thoughts became cluttered with memories.

"One more bend."

Sam checked his pistol. "Hahit," he mused to himself. "Best to be prepared." As the canoe rounded the last bend they came upon a large clearing that contained a number of huts, all constructed of branches or sticks with thatched roofs.

"Where does Kamu stay?"

"In the center of the house; the one with the sign," Sahlue replied.

As the canoe was heached, a small crowd of onlookers gathered and stared

coldly at the traders. Sam stood, stepped onto the land, and waited for Sahlue to join him.

"Tell them we come in peace to speak to their noble chief, Kamu."

"So now I am a noble chief, my friend," Kamu said as he walked through the crowd. "It has been a long time, Salamu!"

"Habari, Kamu; yes, a very long time. I hardly recognized you in those clothes."

"These clothes are very practical here in the jungle; hut enough of this. Come to the hut and we will talk and drink."

The crowd parted as Kamu approached. They walked through the village to the center hut. Kamu raised the skin which served as the door and entered. Sam followed. A caressing dimness closed around them; friendly odors of food and beer greeted their nostrils.

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, Sam found that three women were also in the hut. Two were working on a sleeping rug, while the third and youngest was grinding meal. Each was dressed in the traditional Foota which wrapped tightly around the hips but left the breasts free.

"There are my wives."

"Bakiya muzuri!" the youngest said. Sam also answered, then remembered that a man never answered a woman's greetings. Kamu sat heavily on a rug and spoke to one of the women in Swahili. She began preparing beer and placed it before him.

"Kamu, do you know why I am here?"

"Yes, my friend, I know."

"Will you help me or do you plan to resist?"

Kamu lifted the bowl of beer, then looking at it, replied, "We went to school together. Do you remember how we talked of helping my people?"

"Yes, that's why I'm here . . ."

"Please, let me finish. You went on to medical school, while I came back to my people. I have seen both sides. I know what it is like in your world, and here in mine."

"You know I have come to bring medicine to your people. We want to bring them up from the ignorant savages they are, to make useful citizens out of them."

"To make useful citizens, yes. But useful to whom?"

"Don't play games, Kamu; you know I want to help your people."

"Yes, yes, Sam. Let us stop our

quarreling. We were close friends once, we still can be. But here, drink. It will soon be time for the meal. You must be tired."

Later Sam and Kamu entered the Suku hut where all the warriors ate. No woman has ever entered for any reason, or any warrior while in this village eaten elsewhere.

After the meal, Sam sat enraptured by the beer and the stories the old ones told; stories of their youth, of war and raids, of hunts and death. Sam listened and tried to understand. But the language and the beer that was continually passed soon fogged his brain.

"We will sleep now," Kamu's words roused Sam from his dreaming.

"Good idea. Been a long journey."

As they left the Suku, the moon was rising and a single beautiful mountain peak could be seen in the distance.

"Look," Kamu said. "It is seldom you can see the top."

"It is beautiful. We'll have to climb it someday."

"I do not think the gods would like us climbing on their mountain."

"The gods! What gods?" Sam asked trying to sort out truth from beer.

"Our gods. They live on MKamo. You will sleep here," Kamu pointed to a hut. "We shall talk tomorrow."

"uh-Bakiya muzuri, Kamu."

"That means goodbye. You mean Deka muzuri!"

Sam nodded his head and stumbled through the doorway. By luck he fell on a sleeping mat and lay still. The hut seemed to be tilting to one side; he was rolling off the mat. He sat up. The room settled down but his stomach started to churn. He felt by his side and found a pitcher. He pressed it to his lips. It was full of beer. "Oh, God," he groaned. He lay back; the room tilted; he sat up; the room leveled. His stomach churned.

Someone entered the hut and sat down next to him. Sam tried to think of the words in Swahili, he wanted water. He finally gave up. The hut was slowly turning around him. He reached out to get his balance. His hand touched something soft and warm. His mind reeled. What could it be? He quickly withdrew his hand; he had touched a girl's breast.

"Oh, God, not tonight," Sam mumbled; then he groaned. His head was turning now. The room had stopped, he wished the room would start turning again. If his head kept turning, it might come off. The girl moved closer. Sam slowly shook his head. No, not tonight.

"Hapana, Hapana, Hapana muzuri!" he finally managed. "Sleep, I want to sleep. Go away!" The girl left. He lay down. The room started to tilt again. Higher and higher the far wall rose. He got up; the room started to settle down but started to spin. So did his stomach. "Oh, hell," he groaned. He passed out.

A dull pounding in his temples caused him to turn over. He gave a groan and covered his eyes. Suddenly a glare of light flashed across his face. A wet rag was placed on his forehead. He opened his eyes. Kamu's youngest wife was leaning over him, washing his face. His mouth felt like a fungus had been growing in it. He swallowed and managed to croak, "Water, can I have some water?" He made a sign like drinking.

She brought him a calabash of water, which he used freely, then dumped the rest over his head. She offered him some food. "Hapana akisanti, no thank you," he shook his head.

A bright light filled the hut as someone entered. "Ah, Sam, you are awake at last."

"Oh, Lord!" Sam moaned, holding his head. "What was in that beer?"

"You will feel better after you eat. Yes, yes, you must eat; we shall hunt today."

"I didn't come up here to hunt. Anyway I think I'm going to be sick."

"I know, I know, but it is a great honor to be asked to hunt with the warriors."

"Oh, all right," Sam said, lying down again. He noticed the woman was leaving. "Akisanti; thank you," he said, faking a smile. He noticed a slight cloud crossing Kamu's face. "She is a woman. I forgot."

"I understand, but you must remember that the ways are different here."

"That's why I came," Sam sat up, then holding his head, lay back again.

"We will talk of it later."

After Kamu left, Sam lay for a long while looking up at the spots of light visible through the thatching. He heard the sounds of village life outside. He again tried to plan, but was left as muddled as before. In the distance a cock crew, a dog barked, a mother sang to her child. Finally he got up and slowly lifted the blanket, trying to lessen the blast of sunlight. He made his way outside, then standing as straight as possible under the low

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ILLUSTRATED BY C. FLOYD III

MANSIONS IN THE SKY

By Jimmy Alan Lyons

eaves, straightened his clothing.

He walked unsteadily from the hut, found Sahlue, got his pack, shaved, washed, then returned to the center hut. "Are you ready to hunt, Kamu?" he asked as he entered.

Kamu sat sharpening his knife and spear blades. Without looking up he answered, "One moment, please, Doctor, then I shall join you."

Sam sat, and watched as the blade rasped back and forth over the stone. At each pass, a glint of light was reflected, giving the impression of gems slowly turning in the light. Deadly gems; gems designed to kill. The patterns they produced were like some distant ballet on a great stage. Leading the soul and thoughts into a strange world of wonder and magic.

"Now I am ready. Shall we join the warriors?" Kamu carefully placed the knife in its sheath. "You never know when you need a sharp knife. It might mean the difference between life . . . and death."

Leaving the hut they were joined first by Sahlue, then the village warriors. While Kamu spoke to the warriors, Sahlue whispered to Sam, "I cannot hunt with you today."

"Why not?"

"My tribe does not hunt with these."

"I may need you today."

"I am sorry, Bwana Sam, I cannot."

"All right, Sahlue, I understand."

Sam watched as Sahlue joined the rest of his party at the canoe, then he walked to Kamu's side.

"We are ready, Doctor, whenever you like."

Sam winced at the native's too-correct English. "Why have you started calling me Doctor? You never did before."

"Have I been? I had not noticed, but if it bothers you . . ."

"No! no . . . I was only wondering." Sam turned and looked to Sahlue, "Bakiya muzuri, goodbye."

"Nenda muzuri, good luck," Sahlue returned.

The small band, with two scout warriors in front and the rest following, left camp. They wound through the heavy underbrush moving away from the river, up toward the mountain. Here the foliage was so thick overhead that little light penetrated, and the undergrowth became scarce. Onward they traveled, higher onto the great plateau that lay before the mountain.

At midday, they stopped upon a small rise that overlooked the plateau. The warriors produced meat from their pouches and began eating. Sam sat,

his back against a boulder, eating the last of his rations. "Kamu," he said, "Will you help or will you try to stop progress?"

"Sam, my friend, we have known each other for many years, but always in your world. You must understand my people and my world before you can help."

"I have been in Africa many years, I know the country."

"Yes, yes, you know Africa, but you know it through the eyes of a foreigner."

"I am no more foreign than you. You were educated in London."

"I was educated in London. I came back to my country to change it, to make it like London. But now I have looked. I have seen this country and London. They are not the same."

"Listen, Kamu. We both know this is a different world, but it can change. These people can come up to be useful citizens. You did. Would you deny them their chance?"

"Their chance? Their chance at what? A place in a world running wild? A chance to become American Indians, Polynesians?"

"Would you deny them their chance to develop?"

"But you see, Sam, here my people develop, but they develop in terms of their own world."

"But you are keeping them savages. You are keeping them from being human beings!"

"Sam, Sam, don't get upset. Here, eat. We have a long way to walk."

"Don't try to put me off, Kamu. Tell me, what right do you have to keep your people from developing into useful human beings?"

"What right do you have to say that your world, the world of the white man, is the only world? You may live in your world, but you can't make others live there and be content."

"No, you have it wrong. I don't want you to live by our rules. I . . ."

"No, Sam. You are wrong. If we accept your medicines and help, we must accept your government, then your laws, then we must either die or become your underlings."

"Kamu, Kamu. What do you have against me or my world? Haven't we produced the greatest civilization ever known to man? Have we not . . ."

"I have no hatred for you or for your world," Kamu said, getting up and looking at the mountain across the plateau. "I know my people . . . I shall do what they want and what is best for them. I was made chief when I returned. My people expect me to guide

them and to protect them. My people are happy here. They have a meaning in life. If I do as you wish, they will no longer have a meaning. They will become cogs—figures—machines. They will become civilized."

"Would you keep them from the advantages of civilization?"

"I must. We must have meaning."

"Kamu, I will ask you once again to help me. You must either be for me or against me."

"No, Sam. It is not that simple."

"I have a job to do. It will be done, even if you kill me. Others will follow."

Kamu stood looking into the distance, his hand resting on his knife. "Do you see that mountain? It is said the gods live there. No man has ever climbed to the top and returned. Shall we climb it?"

"I thought we came to hunt."

"That we did; but all must change their plans. Will you climb with me?"

Sam sat looking at the cloud-shrouded cliffs, the jagged pinnacle clutching at the sky. "I will climb with you," he said.

For three days they wound higher across the plateau. The jungle had given over to a plain that spread into seemingly endless rolling savannas. Marshes and shallow lakes crowded the hollows. Grass and small brush grew in profusion.

On the evening of the third day they camped at the base of the mountain. As they approached, the bleak cliffs had grown gigantic in perspective, until now they rose like the tremendous walls of some ancient city, protecting the summit. The shadow of night stalked silently across the plain and up the battlements, until for a few faint moments the snow-capped summit was touched with gold.

"A fit home for gods, don't you think, Sam?"

"Yes, Kamu. If gods lived on earth, a mountain would be a suitable home."

They stood thus until the last ray of light vanished, then returned to camp. After a sketchy supper, they slept.

Sam awoke with the sun. Looking about, he discovered that he was alone, deserted. He stood, throat dry, hand on pistol. What was he to do; lost, deserted. He knew he could never find his way through the savanna. An overpowering fear, a cold black thing that crept throughout his brain, conquered him. He wanted to run; to cry out for help; to escape the brush, the trees, the grass, the dust. He tried to run, to scream. At his right the brush moved,

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The Taming of the Shrew



To celebrate the 400th. Anniversary of the birth of the famous poet of Stratford-On-Avon, the CHRONICLE offers these scenes from one of Shakespeare's most delightful comedies. The company is Players, Incorporated from the Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

"... Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poe



had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF GROAT & MIKE MEDLOCK

still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes



anything, you more than see it, you feel it too." JOHN DRYDEN



Three Exercises

by John Fowler

1.

So now our love has melted and the joke
Of strict denouement's grim finality
Has come to tear asunder you and me,
And what was almost bond remains as smoke.
Somewhere outside our world a word once spoken
Of joys and hopes and words which cannot be,
Commands now silence; and if searching, we
Must find the magic charm forever broken.

Now splashing, unsought tears come in the rain.
A haunting word stalks slowly, unbegot
Amid the grinning guise of unexplain,
Frustration's fears, the sorrow of the lot.
A little love unbearable, profane:
A little word too dark to whisper:

not.

2.

if after this is done we two should turn,
each separate, yet guided by one thought,
and think upon these fleeting moments hought
from time most dearly, never to return.

if, i should say, if seeking to amend,
we think about what might have been with such
free tears, yet let us not regret too much
what past us now can never come again.

'tis better now to look to silent hearts,
ignore the past where things have come undone,
where deathless beauty broke in broken parts;
and know that if the thought for both is one,
two hearts, two spirits, *two* to us imparts
a unity, a wholeness just begun.

3.

I joined it early (gladly),
Embraced its teachings with my whole heart,
For here surely I thought will be revealed to me
My rightful portion of the goodness which it
guarantees and says has befallen millions of
past embracers.

So I came and prayed and lived the purest life
And waited and helped with each day's slipping away into
night,
Through a season or two.
I knew surely that something would come to me sooner or
later.

My helief did not fail me.
Nor was it the world's unstudied disinterest, which I had
expected for a while.
(Surely my newfound hrimming radiance would change
that.)

What diminished me in the end was, must have been,
The continual dumb waiting and falling back on dark
nights,
Until finally I concluded that God would never send me a
revelation of the kind which they had promised.



TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY

BY JIM BARNES

Bajo Calima was, as usual, hot and humid. I had been taking my siesta after lunch when I was awakened by the sound of Lozano's voice on the front porch. "Delgado has drowned! Get Mario and the palm cutters. We're going to try to get his body."

I was dressed and on the porch as Lozano and Dago swung their launch around and disappeared around the bend of the river leaving a 'V' shaped trail of churning water and the dying sound of the grinding motor.

"What happened?"

"Delgado drowned up the river."

"When?"

"About half an hour ago," Mario yelled back as he headed for the IFA launch with a coil of rope over his shoulder. "Mario, hold the launch. Manfred is getting his suit."

I slid three long poles into the launch and stuffed my hat down over my head. We fish-tailed against the bank from the rain-swollen current rushing under and around the launch.

Manfred ran to the top of the bank, tripped, slid down the muddy slope.

"Have you got the rope?"

"Yeah, hop in, let's go."

Mario ripped the starter cord, and spun the launch around. Manfred and I sat on the bow until we leveled off.

"Stump on the left! . . . thump . . . another one on the left. O.K. you're all-right now."

Rain pelted down on us in sheets. Water trickled down off my head and gathered in ticklish drops on the end of my nose. Only yesterday I had talked with Delgado over plans for the colony.

"I should be getting the pumps for the gas and oil tanks by the end of this week. The fishing lodge is nearly finished, so we ought to be getting some tourism going pretty soon."

"How about the hotel loan?"

"The government still hasn't decided yet," Delgado poured another aguardiente. "I ought to find out this month."

Delgado reached under the counter and pulled out the aguardiente, and poured two more shots.

"Salt, or lemon?"

"Lemon."

Delgado raised his glass, and grinned widely, showing his big silver tooth.

"Here's to Calima."

"Pesetas."

We gulped down the aguardiente and bit into the lemon. Delgado fingered his mustache and walked over to the door.

"Diego, come out here and take a look at this generator. I've been having trouble with it."

We walked around in back of the hotel. Children raced back and forth on the muddy soccer field squealing and falling in the mud. Delgado cranked the motor. It sputtered and wheezed.

"Try it again."

Delgado cranked it. Fuel spurted out of the gas line and oozed down on the floor.

"The line's cracked. I'll have to take it to Buenaventura tomorrow and get it welded."

"Christ," Delgado said. "If the government would run a branch line in here it'd be a lot cheaper and easier than screwing with this. There isn't

a hellavalot we can do with six watts."

Delgado pitched the crank into the corner. Back in the hotel the cracking of billiard balls could be heard as two villagers in straw hats drank beer over the game. Outside on the porch a thin, half plucked looking rooster pecked crumbs off the floor as they fell from the mouth of a small, fat stomached naked boy. He stood grinning and watching the rooster eat, then he kicked him off the porch, and squealed with laughter.

Delgado and I sat down on the edge of the porch.

"When is the next meeting of the junta?"

"We had one last Sunday; two came," Delgado poked his foot in the gravel, then looked across the street at an Indian woman sitting, legs outstretched, on her porch. She leaned against a soda crate as she nursed a baby in her arms. Two Indian boys with bowl type hair cuts stood next to her with their arms crossed over long-tailed white shirts, and stared out into the street.

"What time do you have?" Delgado asked.

"Two thirty."

"Do you want to help us with the church for awhile? I told Anastacio we'd work on the beams for a while."

"I can't; Marios's picking me up in the launch. I have some book work back at IFA to get done."

"Roman Largacha and I are going up tomorrow to work on the fishing lodge if you want to go," Delgado said.

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has only recently come to light with the publication of his "Letters from the Earth."

Philosophically, Twain is a free thinker, for he has faith in nothing and only believes that which is creditable to his intellect. He believes in a universe of casualty which is run by some supreme scientific principles. These mechanical principles are THE LAW OF NATURE, which is the same thing as THE LAW OF GOD. THE LAW OF GOD can exist independent of any anthropomorphic being God.

Although they would be tolerated today, such views did not fit nicely on top of the late 19th. century thought in America. Given the mind of Mark Twain, known for its flying sarcasm and bitter wit, the Bible, a heterogeneous book written by a multitude of inconsistent men, and Twain's philosophy, one could only expect a bitter derailment of all that was considered good in Twain's time.

Letters from the Earth is a series of eleven epistles written by an angel named Satin to his buddies above. Satin describes the attempts of Occidental man in creating the Judeo-Christian religious tradition. He points out the inconsistencies, not between religion and other fields of human behavior but in the body of religious thoughts per se.

Satin notices that man, "... at his very best is a sort of low grade nickel-plated angel; at his worst he is unspeakable, unimaginable!" He is afraid that the recipients of his epistles will not believe that man is so ignorant, therefore he calls man the "noblest work of God".

Particularly confusing to Satin is the concept of heaven man has created. In this heaven man has left out "the suppreme of all his delights", sexual intercourse. When he finds that man has created a heaven where all are alike, Satin is completely floored, for he does not have to look far to learn that "... white men will not associate with 'niggers' nor marry them . . .", and that "... All the world hates the Jew, and will not endure him except when he is rich."

Religions befuddle the visitor from above, since there are hundreds and hundreds, and at least three new ones are launched each year. Satin observes that the Bible is an amalgamation of

older bibles, with heaven and hell added. He then goes into a long account to show the illogical nature of the story of creation and the flood. Since the Old Testament has been tacitly discarded by many religions, and passed off as allegory by others, these accounts are not as effective against today's reader as they would have been against the Puritan elements of Twain's heyday. It is too bad that the *Letters* were not published much earlier.

Sex morals are attacked so vigorously that Hugh Hefner's head would swim. Twain shows that modesty is merely a custom of dress, and believes that immodesty and a soiled mind are passed to the children by their mother's frantic ravings on modesty. "A Christian mother's first duty is to soil her child's mind, and she does not neglect it. Her lad grows up to be a missionary and goes to the innocent savages and the civilized Japanese, and soils their minds."

Twain's indictment of the "God in my image" view that most men hold is most bitter. He shows the discontinuity in the Christian God from the Hebrew God of hate to the introduction of a monotheistic, universal God and then the Jesus—God is Love dualism. Why wasn't God the same Twain asks. —BILL MEGGS

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

There are more than 7,000 periodicals published in the United States today and almost four billion copies of these magazines are sold each year. From Benjamin Franklin's "General Magazine" to the weeklies and monthlies of today, magazines have both reflected and helped to mould American tastes, habits, manners, interests, and beliefs. In recent years there has been an ever increasing general awareness of the importance of all public communications. In attempting to fulfill their ever increasing responsibilities, magazines have become more factual and less imaginative. They put forward more journalism and less literature. For instance, the feature article has replaced the familiar essay. In editorial content the once valid distinction between class and mass magazines has virtually disappeared. Similarity of subject choice and treatment between

these two general groups is more and more apparent.

A brief history of one of the oldest, most interesting, and most successful of today's magazines will now be given in order to give credence to some of the foregoing generalities. This magazine is the "Atlantic".

"The Atlantic Monthly Magazine", as it was first called, was conceived by Francis H. Underwood as early as 1853, but it was not until 1857 that he had assembled the necessary number of backers and contributors. Numbered among those contributors were such American literary giants as: Hawthorne, Thoreau, Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell.

Underwood wanted to have an essentially American magazine that could bring the literary influence of New England to aid the antislavery cause. He wanted the contents of the magazine to be devoted to literature, art, and politics. Realizing that he needed a man of literary prestige for editor, Underwood attained James Russell Lowell as the first editor. In the fall of 1857, the first issue of "The Atlantic Monthly Magazine" was published.

In its early years the "Atlantic" (as it is now called) was to be almost everything that Underwood had intended it to be. It was strictly an American magazine, although most of its contributors were from the Boston area (most other American magazines of this time obtained a majority of their literary material from England). It concerned itself with literature and art, but avoided the political and social fields. Because it was a periodical vehicle for the best American writers of its time, the "Atlantic" made a major contribution to the development of nineteenth century American Literature.

William Dean Howells (editor from 1871 to 1881) made this magazine more a national periodical when he began to run material by such authors as Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

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GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE



Gilda Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF GROAT



was to tell the truth about a character. The main theme was based absolutely on fact, from the weather of his own experience, from the time he was a boy, able to remember, until he completed the manuscript.

CHRONICLE: Do you think your brother's using people from real life and putting them into his books, and changing them to a certain extent, helped or hindered his books?

WOLFE: I don't think that they would have lived for five minutes. If he had reached up in the air, and he had grabbed it, and he had built an illusionary character, there would have been no lasting feeling, no quality to it. I think if there was anything to Tom as a writer, it was answering the very question you asked. That's the only thing that made him the writer that they say he was.

Everything he wrote was based upon absolute fact and embellished; and, oh, boy, how he could embellish it. What with fictional ramifications, that is building up of the characters, you have Luke saying something that I wish that I had said. And often times, I guess I did say lots of these things. But he did do that, and then occasionally, he would take two characters, two real characters from life, and he would combine the characteristics of the two and make one. But if anything, that has kept Tom Wolfe before you students, before the younger generation, and on down the line. How much longer he'll go, I don't know. I hope quite a while, I think, it's because he wove the fabric of his novels and of his writings, feelingly, from the weather of his own existence, of his own experiences in life. I don't think that anything worth while has ever been created from somebody else's work, or else from pure imagination.

CHRONICLE: Well, how do most of his characters feel, particularly those in Asheville, about being used in his books?

WOLFE: Well, Tom wrote me from New York. He said, "Fred, I under-

stand they've sold 18,000 copies of *Look Homeward, Angel* in Asheville, and frankly I don't think that there's fifty people there who are capable at present of knowing what my purpose was. The other 17,950 reading to find out what he was writing about Bill, or John, or Henry—they didn't give a damn about whether it was literature or not." Now isn't that true?

And now we're into a new generation, and have been for several years. It is entirely a totally different story. I think that Tom, in anger, in frustration, would cast out and make an attack, not a slurring attack; but, boy, it would be filled with satire. I think I have been asked that question several times, if he were a satirist. Definitely, but he had to be one to bring out the point that he was after. But his underlying fundamental idea was to tell the truth. And I think that his love of people far outweighed his hatred. Any animosity or hatred that he was exhibiting in talking about certain characters—I think he had to use satire in order to bring his points out.

CHRONICLE: I'd like to ask you one question about one of his plays, "Welcome to Our City." It had a good comment about it, well, I think the original title was "Nigger Town." What do you think his attitude would be about the racial question today, if he were still living and writing?

WOLFE: Tom would have been more of an integrationist than a segregationist. I feel positive that that's true. Now to bear that out, read on page 480 or 500 of "You Can't Go Home Again" the promise of America. And his description of the Negro boy. And when he comes through and strikes like a panther, and he wins with the world's championship. Tom used the expression, "Oh, driver, where is thy slave ship now?" Words to that effect. We never discussed segregation and integration too much back in those days. But I felt that Tom, I may be doing him an injustice, in my opinion, would definitely be an integrationist, up to a point. But not beyond a point.

CHRONICLE: Do you think Mr. Perkins was a help or a hindrance?

Did you think he helped by cutting down a lot of material?

WOLFE: I think Max Perkins was the greatest book editor that the 20th century produced until 1964, based on one great virtue. A virtue that I wish I had. That I would say 9,998 out of every 10,000 don't have. That virtue is patience. He had it. While the storm raved, whether it was Thomas Mann, Scott Fitzgerald, Tom Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, or 25 others who he brought out, while they would rave, he was calm as the Rock of Gibraltar, and when the smoke cleared away, the "Fox" had won.

Tom called him the "Fox" in *You Can't Go Home Again*. No one else but Max Perkins would have had that patience to put up with the ranting and the raving, but he always had his way in the end. He was a great help. He was no hindrance.

CHRONICLE: I was thinking of that encounter of meeting Tom and F. Scott Fitzgerald in the mountains—remember you told about meeting Scott Fitzgerald and Tom.

WOLFE: Yes, I remember definitely the meeting with Scott Fitzgerald. Tom came back to Asheville, for the first time after *Look Homeward, Angel* in seven years. He wasn't physically afraid, but he was hurt completely, the way he had been eternally damned by Asheville. And for that reason it was seven years until he got over that part and came back. In 1937 in May. I drove up from Spartanburg, driving my old Chevrolet car. I took about three or four days off. I said, "Tom, any place you want to go, this is at your disposal, or I'll take you." He didn't drive. He was always threatening to buy one and drive, because he didn't like my driving or my conversation.

So he said, "That's right up my alley. I'd like to see two friends if you've got time to do." I said, "When do you want to go? Tomorrow?" "Yes." From Asheville back to Tryon, it's only a short distance. I think we'd had lunch at Hendersonville, went on down to Tryon, and stopped at Oak Hall. Tom wanted to see both Scott and Hamil-

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THE OTHER SIDE OF YRT30P

roses are red
violets are blue
you're more fun
than sniffin' glue

stolen

Mary had a little lamb,
She also had a bear.
I often saw her little lamb,
But I never saw her

The Four Preps

THE BUTTERCUP

Walking through a meadow green,
I spied a buttercup,
The loveliest I'd ever seen—
I stooped and picked it up.
I plucked it up from off the grass;
To taste it I was keen
But when I took a bite—alas!—
'Twas only margarine.

Lieuen Adkins
Texas Ranger

There was an old Mao-te-sung
Who lived in a shoe
He had so many Red Chinese
He didn't know what to do
He applied for foreign aid
and the U.S. came through.

Larry Joe Payne

There was a young lady from Lynn
Who thought to love was a sin
But when she was tight,
it seemed quite all right
So everyone filled her with Gin.

anonymous

"My name is Senor Fidel Castro.
(You can tell by my beard, which is dash-o)
I have arms, I have men
And a round Russian friend.
And I'll do anything that is rash-o.

Why I played at revolt is a riddle,
But I've won and I'm not in the middle.
So I'll buy me a tuba
and play for all Cuba,
(Just like Nero who played on a fiddle.)

—Victor A. Poirier

AN ADOLESCENT'S POEM

(basically)

I can think of really eleven or twelve
just current reasons,
Why I should walk up to you and
simply goose you as hard as I can.
By the way as long as we're on the
subject (you have probably noticed)
You also fascinate me in other ways,
but basically first things first.

Sue F.

BY TOM SALMONS

The night was hot, and even the occasional breeze from the river failed to bring any relief from the heat. Sounds of the city hung in the air and blended with the voices of children playing in the street. Somewhere a radio screamed the latest hit song, adding to the melee of sounds. Street lights, like forgotten torches, lined the small narrow street. Once proud homes, now overcrowded with people, thrust their steps on to the sidewalk. Overflowing trash cans were set out on the sidewalks. Two men, talking quietly, stood under the lamp post on the corner, and on every stoop sat those who could not stand to be imprisoned in the buildings during the heat of the day. The main topic of conversation seemed to be the "goddamn heat".

A large brawny man in his undershirt was leaning against his door taking large swigs from a bottle of cheap wine. With every gulp from the bottle he got a little drunker. He said little at first, but about halfway through the bottle he began cursing under his breath.

"Swahs the matter with you?" questioned one of his companions, a tall unkempt man with several days growth of beard.

"Goddamn niggers!" came the reply.

"What you got against niggers?" asked another of the men on the steps, as he lit a cigarette.

"Plenty," spit out the big man. "Them and their goddamn NAACP just cost me my job. Lousy bastards."

"How come," asked the taller man.

"Them black bastards been pickin' my outfit tryin' to get them sonsobitches to give them jobs, then some judge says they got to let them niggers in, so the boss says to me he got to let me go so as to make room for them blacks. I just wish I had them blacks here now. I'd show 'em not to screw around with this boy," said the big man, emptying the bottle in one last gulp.

As if in answer to his statement, a car coming down the street suddenly veered out of control and crashed into one of the street lights, narrowly missing the group of kids playing there. With the sound of the crash, the people

on the steps rushed to the site of the accident to see what had happened. A well dressed young negro staggered from the torn automobile, a gash across his forehead bleeding profusely. The blood ran down the side of his face staining his white collar. He drunkenly tripped over the curb and grabbed the lamp post to steady himself.

Seeing the young negro, the big man, still carrying his now empty bottle, screamed, "You drunk nigger! What you tryin' to do, kill our kids? What the hell you doin' around here anyhow?"

The still dazed driver said nothing.

"You hear me nigger? I ast you a question!" There was a short pause then. "Well why don't you answer me you black bastard?" demanded the big man getting very loud.

"I — I'm very sorry —."

"He's sorry! Did you hear that? The sonobitch is sorry. Fat lot that would a done if you'da killed one of our kids," he chided. "Are we gonna let this black bastard get away with it?" he screamed to his neighbors.

"Hell no!" yelled someone in the crowd.

"Kill the bastard!" screamed someone else.

Hate, like molten lava, spilled through the crowd. The once just curious people had become a mindless mob. A bottle exploded through the already damaged windshield of the car. A mace-like fist caught the negro in the side of the face sending him spiraling into the crowd where someone smashed a bottle over his head. As the young man sank to his knees, a heavy boot caught him under the chin, leaving open his neck. A police siren sounded suddenly, and the mob fled back to their homes, leaving the broken and bleeding man dying beside his battered car.

The street is quiet now. Only the distant sounds of traffic and the voice of the policemen invade the summer air. The street lights, with one exception, still cast their feeble light on the tired old houses. The two men on the corner still stand talking quietly. The shorter of the two is heard to say:

"See how it is my friend? If we wait long enough this country will destroy itself."

THE GOLDEN

TRILOGY OF THE

THE IDOL

Setting: A bare stage, dimly lit except for main center area. There is a raised platform about four feet square to stage right—on the platform is a plain armless straight chair on which the idol will be seated. A rather ornate gilt chalice will be used occasionally.

Characters: Priest one—the elder of the two priests. He may be any type of adult male. He is dressed in plain black suit or robes with no collar. At the beginning of the play he is indulgent toward the younger, but his patience grows thin. He will accept anything—and seek nothing.

Priest two—a boy of no more than twenty, he is handsome and lively. He is dressed, like his elder, in black. He tries to simulate the other priest's solemnity—not succeeding very well. At the end of the play he is dead serious.

Pious woman—A mature woman—she may even be elderly. She is slender and graceful and wears no make-up or jewelry. She is dressed in a long sleeveless dress of some light color and wears a light shawl of another color either over her head or around her shoulders.

The Idol—A heavy male of indeterminate age. His hair is short and he is dressed in a dark garment which resembles a bathing suit—which is what it is. He wears a heavy chain around his neck.

THE IDOL

(Pious woman is kneeling, head bowed, in front of the Idol. The priests enter stage left, and march in solemn procession towards the Idol chanting.)

Priests: For the moon art high
O'er the temple's spire
The sun doth dry
The grass for fire
Wrapped in wind's cool shroud
Diety's sogs do bark
Of life eternal—endowed.

Priest one: Good day, pious woman.

Priest two: Good day.

Pious woman: Good day, Sire. (She stands)

Priest one: (Impatiently to two) Kneel, idiot! (He kneels). (To the woman). He is young, but he will learn.

Pious woman: To abandon life to the Idol, yes—he will learn.

Priest one: (Rhetorically) The sacrifice of the dieties: renunciation of the worldly pleasures for thought and devotion.

Pious woman: But better not to think too much. . . .

Priest one: Indeed not—nor abstain from any sin too quickly.

Pious woman: One should wait until one is old, and the pleasures are fewer, before sacrificing all of them. (They contemplate the youth who is still kneeling.)

Priest one: The people have had a good year: a good harvest and a victory in battle.

Pious woman: All the better to praise the Idol in thankfulness for.

Priest one: As soon as the orgies are over.

Pious woman: Yes, as soon as they are too tired to eat and the women are all pregnant—they will come.

Priest one: To pray . . .

Pious woman: To pray for more to drink and repent having drunk all they had.

Priest one: The old ones, though, they are too scared to fight or rejoice—too scared to fight for their own immortal sins.

Pious woman: And the children: they go into battle for their elders just to be told. . . .

Priest one: If they live through it. . . .

Pious woman: That they are too young for sin.

Priest one: People are so particular in separating their sins. . . .

Pious woman: Keeping the best ones for themselves. . . .

Priest one: Piety. . . .

IDLE GOD

By W. E. Rowley

(Priest two is still kneeling, but he is looking at the Idol, frowning.)

Priest two: (Standing) Sire?

Priest one: Yes?

Priest two: Sire, the Idol . . . it is the God we worship, not the Idol, and yet it is the Idol we offer homage to . . . but faith to God—or homage to God—and faith in the Idol as the symbol of God . . . but . . .

Priest one: (Alarmed) Boy, Quiet! (He looks around to see if anyone heard.)

Pious woman: My boy, question nothing—put faith in whatever is put before you.

Priest one: You give faith in exchange for strength.

Priest two: But the Idol. . .

Priest one: The Idol is the tangible reminder of God. The people, the masses, sometimes—impiously—doubt that which they cannot see—they can see the Idol, so they put their faith in it.

Pious woman: (Looking heavenward) Faith. . .

Priest two: In God!!!

Priest one: Hold your tongue!

Pious woman: . . . In the Idol (sentimentally). It is a splendid Idol—A man, strong in the strength of youth. It never grows old because it is made of stone and jewels.

Priest one: To be like it you must give up the world's pleasures.

Pious woman: (Reminding him) But not too quickly!

Priest one: . . . But not too quickly . . . in order to gain strength.

Pious woman: (They are practically singing now) Strength in faith.

Priest one: Faith in the Idol . . . who is the symbol of God. . .

Pious woman: Who is the giver of all strength! (The boy, rather dazed, turns and kneels before the Idol—he stares at it, mouth open.)

Priest one: (To pious woman) He will learn.

Pious woman: But not too quickly!

Priest one: He will sacrifice. . .

Priest two: (Bursting out, he goes over to them) Sin!

Pious woman: (Startled) Faith!

Priest one: Strength (He shouts angrily and strides off, stage left.)

Pious woman: (Goes over to boy, puts her arm around him) My son.

Priest two: (Arguing with himself) We are the Priests of the Idol—We are to serve the people, we sacrifice ourselves so that the people will be taught to have faith—Faith to have strength. Strength in Faith in the Diety—in the Idol—for the Diety . . . we were created. . .

Pious woman: (Hastily, and rather angrily) Created for the Idol! (She goes and kneels, head bowed.)

Priest one: (Enters stage left) Boy, get the torches—it's growing dark. The people will be coming.

Priest two: (Angrily) To the Idol.

Priest one: The harvest was good and the battle victorious—offerings!

Priest two: (Bitterly) For the Idol.

Priest one: (Looking at him curiously) What's eating you?

Priest two: (Turning on the elder in a fury) I'll tell you what's eating me: Nothing; the nothingness of a carved statue—the nothing of the empty space surrounding one small planet and each small person.

Priest one: (In fear) Strength.

Priest two: Strength in themselves and in each other.

Priest one: (Covering up his ears; shouting) Shut up.

Priest two: Faith! Faith in themselves and each other.

Priest one: Leave, leave, leave!

Priest two: (Running across stage, calling) People! People! (Pious woman and Priest one go to the Idol).

The Idol: Beware Strength.

Pious woman and Priest one: (Reciting) Beware the strength.

The Idol: Beware the wisdom.

Pious woman and Priest one: Beware the wisdom.

THE GOD

Setting: A stage completely bare except for a low platform in the center. It should not be too highly lit.

Characters: The Traveler—a man of any race, age or type, dressed in ragged clothes in browns and yellows. He carries a very beat-up suitcase, a small parcel wrapped in brown paper, and a heavy brown overcoat.

The Pilgrim—A man of any race, age or type, dressed in ragged clothes in grays and blues. He carries an overflowing shopping bag, a cardboard box bound with rope, and a very worn old hat.

The Archangel—A rather washed-out looking female of indeterminate age with longish straight hair. She is wearing a long robe of some kind of rough fabric in white or near-white. She's wearing sneakers. She has a rather high, very infectious laugh.

Satan Incarnate—A smooth gentleman in a black suit and cape. An evil bastard.

THE GOD

(Curtain opens. The Traveler is sitting on the edge of a platform at stage center eating his lunch which is spread out on the brown paper on his knees. The Pilgrim enters stage right.)

Traveler: Greetings, Pilgrim!

Pilgrim: Salutations, Traveler—where you headed?

Traveler: Me? Oh I'm bound for eternity.

Pilgrim: Aye? Then you'll be headed west (Points stage left).

Traveler: West! I'm headed East. All know eternity is toward the rising sun.

Pilgrim: The SETTING sun, you mean. Headed that way myself. We might travel together.

Traveler: But we're headed in opposite directions!

Pilgrim: We're headed to the same place, though, so it don't make much difference.

Traveler: Aye (They sit and mull this over, still eating).

Pilgrim: How long ye been traveling?

Traveler: Oh, a lifetime, maybe a little longer.

Pilgrim: For meself—I just got started.

Traveler: How far you come?

Pilgrim: Well, I'd set down on this stage and was about to commence when you come by.

Traveler: You've got a long way to go.

Pilgrim: How far?

Traveler: I can't say as I rightly know. A good piece.
(They sit and mull this over a bit.)

Traveler: Why're you going?

Pilgrim: Hmmm? Going where?

Traveler: Eternity!

Pilgrim: Oh yes, eternity! Don't rightly know. How about you.

Traveler: Oh, people said that is where we're all headed anyhow so I thought I'd get an early start.

Pilgrim: Hmmm. Then you're not seeking nothing?

Traveler: I am seeking nothing.

Pilgrim: That's what I said. For meself I'm seeking eternal contentment.

Traveler: Thought you "didn't rightly know" why you was going.

Pilgrim: It just occurred to me.

Traveler: A vision, sorta.

Pilgrim: Yeah. (They sit and mull this over.)

Traveler: What do you reckon eternal contentment is?

Pilgrim: Damned if I know!

Traveler: Reckon it's sorta not having nothing to do all day but sit around talking.

Pilgrim: Yeah, I figure that's just about what it is! (They sit and mull this over.)

Traveler: Reckon you'd be allowed to do the things you ain't allowed to do on earth?

Pilgrim: You wanna cigarette? (Offers him a cigarette from a fancy cigarette case. The Traveler takes out a large cigarette holder.)

Traveler: Like (puff, puff) smoking?

Pilgrim: And stuff. Ya, I reckon.

Traveler: Ya know, I was just thinking, maybe eternity's where you don't WANT that kind of stuff no more.

Pilgrim: (Starts violently): Then I don't wanna go! (Archangel has entered stage center and is standing behind them.)

Archangel: You're already there stupid. (The Traveler and the Pilgrim jump up, violently startled.)

Traveler: Where'd you come from?

Archangel: I'm the Archangel, I'm all around you. (They look around suspiciously, stop and look back at her.)

Pilgrim: This is eternity.

Archangel: That's it.

Pilgrim: But how'd I get here?

Archangel: You were born here.

Pilgrim: This is eternity?

Archangel: You read me loud and clear.

Pilgrim: I don't like it! (The Traveler and he set about gathering up their baggage, no small task)

Archangel: (Priggishly) And just where do you think you're going?

Traveler: Any place but here.

Archangel: There IS no place else.

Pilgrim: (Practically crying) Lemme outa here!

Archangel: (Matter of factly) There's nothing before (she points out toward the audience) and nothing after (she points toward the back of the stage.)

(The Traveler and the Pilgrim have gathered up their effects and are hacking away, apprehensively toward stage right.)

Traveler: I'll take nothing over this!

Archangel: (Laughs, and laughs, and laughs until she's practically crying.)

(The Traveler and Pilgrim turn and run off stage right.)

Satan: (Enters stage center and sits down next to Archangel.) What's so funny?

Archangel: (Looks at him, feebly points to where the Traveler and the Pilgrim disappeared, breaks out laughing again.)

Traveler and Pilgrim: (Enter stage right shouting at each other.)

Traveler: I told you it was the other way.

Pilgrim: Well how in the hell was I to know?

Traveler: Well, get going!

Pilgrim: All right, all right already. (They exit stage left.)

Satan: (Looking after them) Who was that? (Archangel giggles helplessly.) As Satan Incarnate I demand to know!

Archangel: (Ho, ho, ho) Two dolts (Ha, ha) who think (he, he, he) that they can find (giggle) something besides eternity (she breaks down completely.)

Satan: (Looks in the direction in which the Traveler and the Pilgrim existed last with evident interest and exits after them—laughing.)

THE IDLE GOD

Setting: A bare stage, dimly lit except for a more strongly illuminated area slightly to stage left. A plain wooden straight chair is in the right portion of the well lit area. A small table is in a corresponding position on the left portion of the stage. On the table are a rather disorderly pile of papers. A highly ornamented upright cross, encrusted with gilt and hright stones, acts as a paperweight. It contrasts strongly with the crudity of the furniture.

Characters: God; a male of any age, size, shape or character—it is totally unimportant. He is dressed in darkish gray





or brown suit and a plain shirt of gray or brown buttoned at the neck with no tie, dark shoes and socks and no jewelry except for a large ring of the same style of the cross—very showy.

Man: A young male of handsome build and features wearing dark slacks and shoes and a white sport shirt open at the neck and sleeves rolled up. He is wearing a large wrist watch.

Heaven: An elderly male of any type. He is dressed in black and has white hair. He wears some type of glasses.

Sex: A pretty girl in a plain light gray or tan dress and flat shoes.

THE IDLE GOD

Heaven: (Entering from the darkness upper stage center. He clears his throat and recites

Rejoice

Rejoice

The world is sad

Dance

The world is mad

Laugh

Death is near

Sing

There is fear

God is gone

And man is dying

Life is gone

And man is crying

Rejoice

The end is near

God (has entered stage left and is now standing to Heaven's left slightly upstage. He is watching him intensely.) Oh shut up.

Heaven: (Starts) Yessir.

God: I am bored! (He watches the effect of this statement on Heaven, getting none he turns and sits down in the chair.) I am so bored that I'll cry! (to Heaven) Oh shut up! You know very well I'm not going to cry. (Long pause) There is no god! (He eyes Heaven.) Well? (He shrugs.) Man has no proof that God exists. (He watches Heaven.) I am God, I should know whether I exist or not! (Slumping back in the chair.) I must exist—if I didn't exist why would they venerate me? You wouldn't venerate something that you didn't know existed, would you? (He is growing very annoyed. He starts pacing the stage.) I am the creator, if I don't exist I'll create myself and then I'll exist!

Man: (Appearing near Heaven, watching him closely.) You better not—you might botch it. You botched up earth, you know.

God: (Taking man's presence for granted although Heaven is visibly startled.) Who are you to decide whether I botched it or not?

Man: (They are arguing with growing heat.) I am Earth—and you botched!

God: EARTH . . .

Man: "MAN."

God: MAN . . . will do as I damn well please. You're late.

Heaven: (He has sat down in the chair in bewilderment.) Rejoice!

God and Man: Shut-up!

Man: (to God) What do you mean, "I'm late?"

God: You were destined to come here, you were destined to come here at an appointed time, and I was destined to say: "You are late."

Man: (Goes over to the chair, waving Heaven out of the way, sits down.) Ordained by whom?

God: What?

Man: What!

God: Me.

Man: Oh.

Heaven: Rejoice! (Man and God both swivel towards him. He calmly rolls up his papers and exits stage center.)

God: (Assuming a stance for oratory by the table.) I created all and I shall destroy all. . . .

Man: When?

God: None of your Goddam business!

Man: (Sarcastically) Sorry!

God: Ahem. . . .

Man: (Addressing himself and the audience) You know, many on Earth, Preachers, Politicians, and pornographers, mostly, say that God created the world perfect, and man perfect, but that man screwed up himself *and* the world.

God: It's a lie. I made both of you the way you are and ordained how you would be—I created the beauty of the emerald forest, of sapphire lakes; the horror of flaming holocaust and cursing wind; the love of a tender child and a strong mother.

Man: (Reverently) Then it is true, you *are* both God the creator of all that is good and Satan the perpetrator of evil. . . .

God: Don't get nasty! (He sits down heavily in the chair.) Sex! (Sex appears from stage right. Heaven appears from stage left.)

God: Well?

Man: Well?

Heaven: Rejoice (he is ignored.)

God: All is ordained: birth, growth, love, lust, death. Death!

Man: And you watch over a world, a universe, of beings. You ordain the path for each—and judge each?

God: Don't be silly! It's all written down on these papers. (He swings his arm to indicate the papers and knocks the cross off the table.)

Man: There are so few papers. (He speaks quietly and slowly.)

God: Of course. The same thing keeps happening over and over. Perhaps a bit more quickly, perhaps in greater numbers and more . . . grossly (he laughs) but I was rushed.

Man: (Slowly, bitterly, he looks at each of the players: Sex, Heaven, and then God) Then all this, everything, everything everywhere, you (to God), or I—no one (indicating Heaven and Sex) can do anything—nothing. (He begins to laugh.) Yoú, God Almighty, tied by your own proclamation of destiny . . . on your sheets of paper. And you, nor anyone else, can do a damned thing about it!

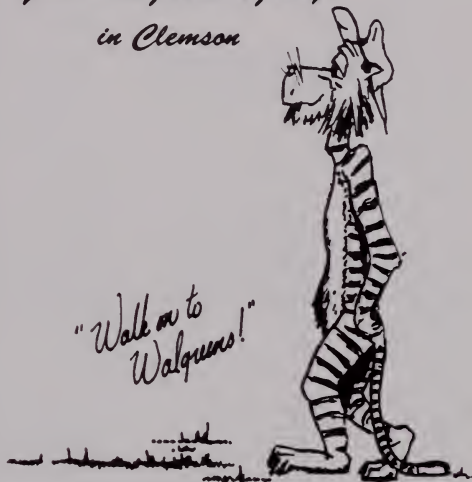
God: Drop dead! (Man drops dead, heavily overturning the table and papers. God sits on the chair majestically. Sex remains kneeling at stage center.)

Heaven: Rejoice!

ALEXANDER'S

DRUG STORE

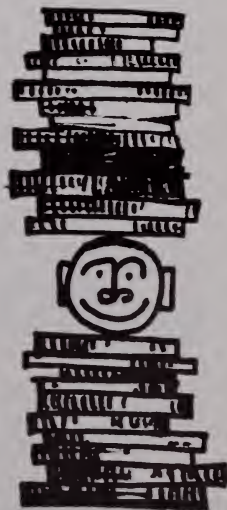
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MANSIONS

continued from page 10

a twig snapped. Pulling his pistol he pointed it toward the sound, his finger tightened. Kamu stepped out.

"So you are awake at last."

"Where is everyone? Have they gone ahead?"

"They have returned to the village. We will climb alone."

"Alone? How can we carry enough food and equipment to last to the top and back?" He got up, "That is a mountain you know!"

"We have no need for equipment and a few days food is not much." With this, Kamu turned and re-entered the brush.

Sam stood, hesitant, unable to think. Was he at the mercy of a madman? A mountain like this couldn't be climbed without equipment. But neither could he find his way across the savanna. He picked up his sleeping rug and followed.

At the base of a ridge, Kamu gave Sam a small package of food, enough for two days at most. "We will not need more," he said. All day they climbed along the ridge. At each rest Kamu looked upward at the summit. Some force seemed to have possessed him. They talked little. Sam had never climbed as high without a rope. At each step he felt as if he might plunge downward into death's clutching fingers, but some power compelled him to follow Kamu higher, ever higher.

With the approach of evening, Kamu stopped the assault just short of an ice fall. Sam collapsed against a rock and lay, unable to move. Kamu spread the sleeping rugs, sat on his, and started to eat. "It is hard to climb to the top," he said, looking out over the plain toward the jungle. "One must work to enter the house of the gods."

Sam, who had now recovered some of his strength, sat heavily on his rug. "What makes you think gods live here? It is just another place, another damn place."

"No, my friend. This is not just another place. These towers and ridges are the spires and walls of a great mansion. I know, believe me, this is a mansion fit for gods. Could a man build this? No! No man can build like this. No man ever will. They will never be able to desecrate it. This is a mansion in the sky."

"If this is only for gods, why have you brought me here?"

"It is getting late. Soon it will be cold. Eat now. We will talk tomorrow on the summit."

Sam was too tired to argue. He ate in silence. It was so strange to be cold.

He hadn't been cold since he had left London, he forgot how many years ago. As he lay back to sleep, he became aware of the silence. After years of insects and animals moving in the night, the silence frightened him. He had to get away for awhile. This place was getting him down. He remembered what Kamu had said about his being a foreigner. Could he have been right? After all these years he was still an outsider, a foreigner.

With the sun, they began their climb. Onward, ever higher, Kamu leading; Sam stumbling heavily behind. They stopped at midday under an out-cropping and ate.

"Why have you brought me here, Kamu? What do you want to gain by delaying? Progress will come here, just like it has spread over the whole world."

"I know; I cannot stop progress. I have tried, but still men come up the river."

"Then why have you brought me here?"

"To kill you."

"To what?" Sam reached for his pistol. It was gone.

"I removed it last night. I did not want to be shot."

"Kamu, you must be crazy. We were friends once. You cannot kill me."

"You are right, Sam. We were friends. I cannot kill you. If I could I would have done it in the village. No, I cannot kill you nor can I stop progress. I have failed my people but I will not fail myself. We shall die on this mountain. We shall die in the hands of the gods."

"You're crazy. Do you think I am just going to stand here and die? It will be one or the other of us."

"I have said that I would not kill you, I will not. You are free to go . . ."

"Free to go? I can't get down off this mountain alone."

"I know, I know. Shall we climb?"

Kamu started climbing laboriously around the overhang. He looked back to see Sam starting down. "I hope in a way he makes it," he thought. Near evening he reached the top. It was a small table-like mound of snow. He climbed onto it and looked at the earth spread before him.

Slowly he turned completely around. In all directions the earth reached into distant purple. Trees grew, rivers flowed, birds sang.

In the west the sun sank quietly. The earth was preparing for rest. They had arrived, "I'm sorry, Sam," he said, "I'm sorry."

WOLFE

continued from page 23

ton Basso. Hamilton was up there at Pisgah Park.

Well, Scott was pale but he was looking fine. He brought out a quart bottle of either Gilley's or Gordon's dry gin, and he said, "Tom, I want you and Fred to have a drink."

Well, they didn't. I know that Tom and I were the only ones drinking. I know that a little later on, in the New York Times, some writers claimed that they came, and that Scott said we had drunk it all. That Scott was drunk, too. We had quite a little crossfire about that.

But we opened the bottle, and I think Tom and I drank about a third of it. We talked with Scott for a couple of hours. One particular thing was Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, which had been out only a few months. I said, "Scott, have you read Mrs. Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*?" He said, "Yes, Fred. I have. I read it in about two hours and a half. I didn't find but about two good paragraphs in it."

I said, "Well maybe you didn't, but I wish to God that you or Tom could write one that would sweep the country like her book is doing." And he said, "Tom, have you read it?" and he is quoted by someone else who came in as saying, "No, it's too damn big." And you know, Tom wrote big himself.

Now Tom said, "Scott, I've got a copy of it in my suitcase. I haven't gotten to it, but I'm going to read it right away."

When we left, he handed it to me, and said, "Fred, I'm going to present this one to you." So I carried it with me.

And we went up into Pisgah Forest, and spent about two hours with Hamilton Basso. We had a couple of little drinks out of it and it was down to a third. And, much to my dislike and consternation, Tom said, "Well, Ham, we're going to leave this one with you." Well, I didn't like that, because I wanted to take it with me. But that's where we left it.

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for those who
think young



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TOMORROW

Continued from page 17

The launch swerved sharply to the left, poised precariously on its side, then flopped down on the water as we shot across the rapids and turned up toward the lodge. The current was fast, and it was like riding on a washboard. The trees along the bank hung wet with rain. Turning the curve of the river, I could see two groups of natives on each side of the river in front of the lodge. Both banks were lined with dug-out canoes from the huts along the river and the colony. Mario cut the motor, and we scraped to a stop against the bank. "We were crossing from here to the other side when the canoe turned over. I was in the front and jumped out on the bank, but Delgado went in there, where it's knee deep. I grabbed my machete, but he couldn't reach it. The gravel gave way beneath his feet, and he just started walking back. He never said a word; he didn't . . ." Roman broke off in a sob.

"Where did he go down?"

"Right there." A rock plunked into the water indicating the spot. Manfred, Mario, and I went to the other bank in the launch and made a hand chain with some of the native boys. The current was too swift to hold hands. The current swept me to the other bank. I felt along the steep bank by treading water and stepping on rocks. I dived under the water, but it was black before I could reach bottom. The water lapped against the sides of the bank and made gurgling, belching noises as it slapped into the holes of the rock cliff.

Up the river I could hear Mario yelling, "Diego!" I had drifted some distance, but was still close enough for him to see my waving arms.

The launch pulled along side me. I climbed in and huddled under the how for protection from the stinging rain and cold wind.

"Any luck?"

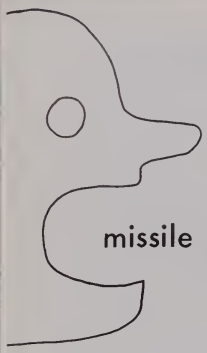
"No, nothing. We're calling it off till tomorrow; it's no use taking chances in this weather."

Three days later Delgado's body came to the top about a mile below the lodge. A native boy poled his canoe down the river at sunset with Delgado tied under the arms to the bow, and stopped on the opposite bank. I stood on the overhanging bank and looked at Delgado lying swollen, face down in his river. The police inspector came up from the colony and made his report, then my friend was gone.

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CLEMSON RING



missile gap, arms race, mega-deaths, fall out, overkill, cold war, arms

BY DAVE HENRY

During the last few decades, politicians and militicians have coined a vast conglomeration of semantic encroachments on the King's English. These coinages are so outlandish that even a patient lexicographer would be driven to drink if he attempted to enter them in his dictionary.

These barbarous attackers of proper English have invented words that have no meaning, defined these words with definitions that are ambiguous, and then used words in the definitions that they haven't as yet gotten around to coining. Out of this colossal hodgepodge of chaos, the versatile CHRONICLE research staff (of one) has endeavored to define a few of the more elementary terms as a special service to our readers.

Our National Defense program has given birth to two rather interesting examples of semantic liberties, "Pentagon Jargon," and "McNamara-ease." The latter is somewhat akin to the Brooklyn variety but much less intelligible, and it depends more for its uniqueness on the coinage than on the mispronunciation of words. The former is a language unto itself.

First we'll consider the RACE TO THE MOON, sometimes referred to as the MOON RACE. The participants in this contest are the NAUT family, ASTRO and COSMO. They ride around in MERCURY CAPSULES which are considerably swifter than a '49 Ford equipped with checker pillows, mud flaps, coon tail, and high speed hub caps. The MERC's are pitted against the NIK's; SPUT, MUT and MOON. Of course, since this is a race, sooner or later, one or the other is bound to get ahead, and this creates a MISSLE GAP, which has similar consequences as Chaucer's gap-toothed maiden—anyway, everybody gets real emotional. MISSLE GAP is also used to describe the distance between the missiles at Cape Kennedy.

Another interesting race to watch is the ARMS RACE, which contrary to public opinion, is not similar to a foot race. Before the ARMS RACE begins, however, all the ground and air rules are discussed at a SUMMIT MEETING. The race is concerned with things like MEGADEATHS, MASSIVE RETALIATIONS, and FALLOUTS. To take these terms up in the order mentioned; when the bad guys decide they have a favorable lead, the race begins. It starts with the inconspicuous pushing of a button. The good guys then retaliate by saying, "A-OK . . . 4, 3, 2, 1." The immediate result is MEGA-DEATHS (lots of people are atomized), then OVERKILLS (people who are already dead are killed again, this time for keeps). The combined result of mega-deaths and overkills is called MASSIVE RETALIATION. And the end result of massive retaliation is called FALLOUT (a more rigorous definition of this term will be deleted since there wouldn't be anybody left to experience this).

Of course some protective measures have been taken to attempt to prevent the running of this race. For instance two new types of war have been invented; LIMITED and COLD. A LIMITED war means the two belligerents find a neutral arena and fight like hell until the contest becomes too expensive. Then everybody meets at the summit just like before the arms race began. COLD war is an irregular affair where one side ships wheat and vodka to the other side. (Wouldn't it be ironic if someone got tight on the vodka and pushed the button that started the arms race?)

Understanding militarisms is mere child's play when compared to the task of making sense out of political idiotisms. The translation of the following passage is left as an exercise for the student of politics and for anybody else who's foolish enough to try.

Left is right, and right is left. Fair is foul, and foul is fair. And fowl is chicken. Sure it is. Barry is right (but the liberals claim he's wrong) except with respect to Birchers, then he's left. And Rocky's party is right, but he is left and so was his first wife. It's fair that Negroes pay taxes; it's foul that the Supreme Court lets them go to white schools. It's foul that the United States makes a profit off the canal; it's fair that we pour millions into the Panamanian economy. Left is fair, and right is foul. Fair is right, and foul is left. And on, and on, and on.

Thusly we have disposed of most of the more elemental terms. And (hic) we'll regress into a few (hic) of the more complex (hic) terms . . . er . . . ter mon ol o . . . er . . . (hic) termonologies (there, hic). But first (hic)—Will ya please pass the gin!

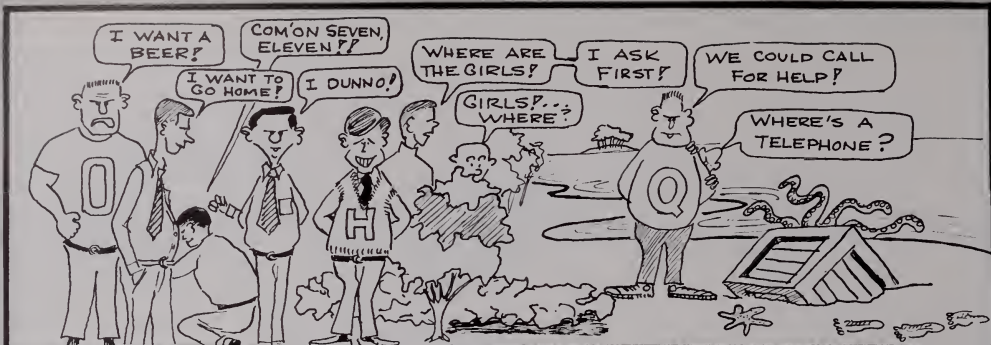
LORD OF THE PHI'S



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GROUP OF COLLEGE STUDENTS RETURNING TO THEIR 'HALLS OF IVY' ABOARD A SLEEK, MODERN JETLINER, SURROUNDED BY ALL THE LUXURIES OF CIVILIZATION AND ESPECIALLY MIXED DRINKS.



.... WHETHER BY FATE OR SOME OTHER ABOMINABLE TYPE FORCE (?) THEIR SLEEK MODERN MACHINE FAILED AND SENT THEM PLUMMETING DOWN INTO THE WILDS OF AN ISLAND PARADISE, AWAY FROM THE ESSENCES OF CIVILIZATION.



THE SURVIVORS GATHERED ON THE BEACH, AND TRUE TO THE INTELLECTUAL ATMOSPHERE. THAT COLLEGE CREATES, EACH HAD SOME TRULY INTELLIGENT OFFERING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM THAT THE SUDDEN DISASTER HAD CREATED



. . . AMONG THE GROUP WERE RANDY AND PETER, REPRESENTING TWO TYPES OF COLLEGE MEN, THE ALL AMERICAN BOY TYPE AND EQUALLY AS IMPORTANT BUT NOT AS POPULAR STUDIOS TYPE.



. TWO OTHERS, AND TWO MORE TYPES ARE PERSONIFIED IN JOE AND "RAM". JOE IS PRETTY EASY TO PEG IN ANY CROWD AND RAM'S SIZE MAKES HIS POSITION AT THE COLLEGE CLEAR. JOE AND RAM ARE BROTHERS; FRAT THAT IS



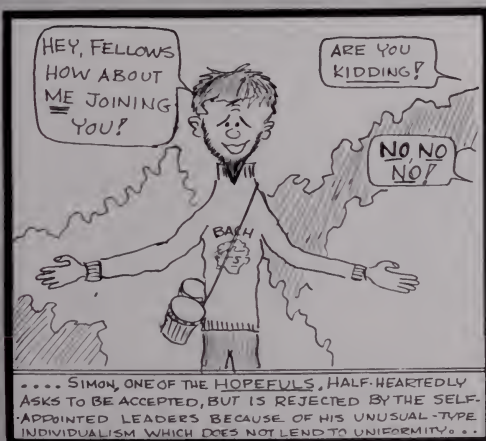
THE TWO FACTIONS, REPRESENTED IN THESE FOUR, BATTLE FOR CONTROL OF THE MASS, AND A FRIENDLY DEBATE BEGINS. RANDY WANTS THE GROUP TO STAY AS A UNIT AND WORK FOR SURVIVAL, JOE RANTS THAT SURVIVAL IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT WORK, SO WHY NOT HAVE A GOOD TIME AS A "SOCIAL FRATERNITY"?



RANDY MAKES ONE LAST PLEA FOR JOE TO LISTEN TO REASON, WHILE PETER AND RAM HOLD DISCOURSE ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF SITUATIONS AT HAND. UNFORTUNATELY, RANDY'S PLEA'S FALL ON DEAF EARS AND THE GROUP RUNS OFF TO JOIN JOE AND RAM AS THEY ORGANIZE A PRIMITIVE RUSH WEEK....



THE MEMBERS GATHER AND LAUNCH THEIR 'FRAT' IN GOOD STYLE WITH THE PROSPECTIVE INITIATES JOINING IN A FRENZIED DANCE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE STANDARD RUSH WEEK ACTIVITIES. THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS FOR THIS PRE-NATAL GROUP IS AN IDENTIFYING UNIFORM.



... SIMON, ONE OF THE HOPEFULS, HALF-HEARTEDLY ASKS TO BE ACCEPTED, BUT IS REJECTED BY THE SELF-APPOINTED LEADERS BECAUSE OF HIS UNUSUAL-TYPE INDIVIDUALISM WHICH DOES NOT LEND TO UNIFORMITY...



... REJECTION IN THIS PARTICULAR GAME IS CALLED "YE OLDE BLACKBALL", AND ROGER SEES THAT SIMON GETS THE SHAFT IN THE WORST WAY.



..... AFTER A UNIFORM IS DECIDED UPON, THE MEMBERS ENGAGE IN A PIG HUNT TO SUPPLY THE FOOD FOR THE ORGASTIC REVELRY THEY CALL THEIR FIRST SOCIAL. THE HUNT IS THE EPITOME OF ORGANIZED EFFORT AS THE HUNTER-PHI'S SCOUR THE FOREST.....



..... AT LAST THEIR QUARRY IS CORNERED AND THE PHI'S LEAP UPON IT WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT. AFTER MUCH ADO THE PIG SUCCUMBS TO SUPERIOR NUMBERS(?) AND IS HAULED TO THE SCENE OF THE FEAST.....



THE PHI'S HAVE ONE MORE PROBLEM: FIRE. ITS TOO MUCH TROUBLE TO START ONE OF THEIR OWN, SO THEY DECIDE TO STEAL THE FIRE FROM THE NON-PHI'S RANDY & PETER.....



..... FINALLY THE PHI'S FIRST SOCIAL(?) IS LAUNCHED IN GRAND STYLE, AND IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THEIR ENVIRONMENT IS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN BENEATH A FOG(?) OF MERRIMENT AND GOOD CLEAN FUN. AFTER THE FUN(?) WEARS OFF THE PHI'S WILL RETIRE TO THEIR NEW LODGINGS, THE FEAT CAVE(?) (APPROPRIATE, NONETHELESS)



...THE CAVE WAS CUT INTO A PROMONTORY OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE ISLAND. NATURALLY, AN EXPRESSION OF STATUS WAS NECESSARY TO ARTICULATE ITS APPEARANCE AND GIVE ITS OCCUPANTS THAT SECURE FEELING.....



... RANDY + PETER APPROACH THE CAMP OF CONFORMITY IN ONE LAST ATTEMPT TO CONVINCE THEM OF THE NEED OF WORKING TOGETHER TO BE RESCUED. THE PHI'S SET UPON THE TWO LAST INDIVIDUALS AND PETER IS LOST, AS RANDY MAKES A



WILD DASH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. HE HIDES IN THE JUNGLE ONLY TO BE FLUSHED WHEN THE PHI'S SET IN ON FIRE. RANDY BREAKS THROUGH THE JUNGLE IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE BEACH WITH THE PHI'S CLOSE BEHIND.



RANDY, GASPING FOR BREATH, BARELY OUTDISTANCES THE 'UNIFORM MOB' IN REACHING THE BEACH. COMPLETELY WINDED RANDY COLLAPSES ON THE BEACH AND WAITS FOR THE SAVAGES TO DESCEND UPON HIM.....



... SUDDENLY THE PHI-TYPE SAVAGES COME TO A SCREECHING HALT IN THE FACE OF INCREASED ODDS. THUS WITH ADVENT OF AUTHORITY (?), IN THE FORM OF LAW + ORDER, RANDY, THE INDIVIDUAL, AND ESSENCE OF CIVILIZATION IS SAVED....

GOT

A

DIME?



TAKE

IT

TO

HARPER'S

5 & 10

CLEMSON & SENECA

PATTER
continued from page 18

Twain's book *Life on the Mississippi* originally appeared in the "Atlantic" in serial form.

The last part of the nineteenth century was a period of revolutionary change in America for industrialization was being introduced into all corners of the country. Americans traveled further and more frequently than ever before. They began to participate in many leisure time activities and took more interest in political and sociological problems. Generally speaking, Americans were becoming acutely aware of the world around them. The "Atlantic", however, continued its genteel way, seemingly afraid to launch itself into the mainstream of American life. Consequently circulation fell until it reached an all time low in 1897 of seven thousand.

The tide turned, however, when the magazine began to delve into the sociological and political problems of the day during the editorships of Walter H. Page and Bliss Perry (these two men headed the magazine from 1898 to 1909). This policy of coming to grips with every facet of life was carried forward and greatly extended by Ellery Sedgewick and by the current editor—Edward Weeks.

Today the "Atlantic" is still publishing essays, short stories, and poetry by good American authors. For example, in the February, 1964 issue, the "Atlantic" had three pages of poetry by several young poets as well as several other poems that were used as fillers. This same issue also carried short stories by Allan Seager and Mauro Senesi and an excerpt from a forthcoming book by Alan Moorehead. The magazine also carries reports and articles on vital problems and subjects of our time. For instance, in the December, 1963, issue, "Atlantic" ran a forty-three page feature on Berlin. The March issue of this year carried a sixty-five page supplement on Mexico.

A resolve that Ellery Sedgewick once made for the "Atlantic" is a very good description of what this magazine is today: "... resolved that the 'Atlantic' should face the whole of life, its riddles, its adventures; the critical questions of the day, the problems of the human heart; and that no subject should be taboo if it were discussed with urbanity."

The "Atlantic" is today an American institution because it has captured and contained those two most important intangibles that are the basis of our 'American philosophy,' and these are individuality and material success. —BUDDY BRYAN.



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HELLO

WELL here we go again ready to begin another year, and what better way to begin than with another issue of the award winning CHRONICLE. You old timers who have followed the progress of the magazine over the last few years will notice a few changes, but not many. In the last three years the CHRONICLE has been selected best magazine in the state three times and last year won the coveted "All American" award, one of two awarded in our class on the national level. We really don't think we should change a great deal. The CHRONICLE is your magazine, paid for by your student activities fee; so if there's something you don't like, we would like to know about it.

In this issue Larry Joe Payne again provides us with lead fiction. His "Spero Meliora" is sure to entertain you as well as test your Latin. Also in the fiction department, you'll find "The Dream," a short story by Tom Salmons, and a tongue-in-cheek short play by a newcomer to the CHRONICLE, Frank Pearce. You'll also find Frank's work in evidence on the poetry page.

Lecherous old Dave Henry, CHRONICLE Feature Editor, has compiled three, (count 'em) three girlie features. There's a guide to South Carolina's Girls Schools, a pictorial on some of the more attractive local girls, and for the already homesick yankees (homesick southerners may look too) our Gentlemen's Choice is, for the first time, from the north country. Platt and Scruggs round out the feature section with three pages that are certain to please the bluegrass music fans. David Milling's book review encompasses a discussion of the theater of the absurd as well as clever poetic summaries of each of Ferlinghetti's seven new plays.

Then there's Dirty Durwood, up to his usual mischief, with his comic strip and "The Other Side of Poetry," both of which are guaranteed to make you laugh, cry, or at least get mad. Add an editorial, which we hope you'll read, and you have the September CHRONICLE.



EYE BY JUDY MEDLOCK HAND BY DAVE HENRY

CHRONICLE WANTS YOU

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 17 AND 87 we're offering you the chance of a life time. A chance to be rich and famous and all that. An independent research facility reports that 66.6% of old CHRONICLE editors drive sports cars (the other one drives a candy truck). If you type, write, draw, take pictures, play a forty-seven string zither or anything like that, come by our executive office located on the West side, ground level, of the Geology Building. We almost guarantee you'll be rich and famous.

CONNING THE PROFESSOR

"Grades are your means of getting into graduate school; your means of keeping your parents happy; your means of avoiding the army," says a student publication of the University of California at Berkeley. But, it also adds with great candor and wit another much more effectual statement: "Do not give the professor reason to suppose that your interest is in the grade. You must always act like an interested intellectual, no matter what your motive may be."

In this statement, one may find the true core of a college education in the U. S. although it does contrast sharply with the impressions of many college presidents throughout the nation. Though this statement does absolutely nothing but sum up the art of conning the college prof for higher grades, it succeeds in bringing to light a sick art that grows more feverish each year as more collegians compete for more degrees at ever more crowded campuses. In fact, the art has become so advanced that even school-children are advised by their how-to-study manuals to "Study Your Teacher" and advise: "You have to work with people all your life; start making a **science** of it."

And a science it is, for gone are the days when a sweet young thing could sigh, "Ah'll do **anything** to get a good grade" and come up with nothing short of an A every time. But, in our day and age, the art of conning for grades has become much more discreet and the short-skirt bit is quite likely to be quite useless for **most** girls. Quite symbolic of the attitude of professors toward this type of "conning" is found in the fact that many meet it with such terse statements as "try studying" or with such drastic actions as a Michigan State pro-

fessor took last fall by ordering all girls to sit to the rear of the room to eliminate ALL temptation for the old short-skirt conning for grades.

Still, the con man does not begin to give up for there is most certainly more than one way to the heart of a professor and his **GRADE BOOK**. One of the most effective methods used by the modern con artist is that of the impersonation of the passionate learner. No matter how hard he may try, every professor has at least one weakness which is common to all in his profession; his constant yearning for the beaming face of a passionate learner in the sea of yawning faces to which he grows so accustomed. The skillful con man will move in fast on the day of the first lecture and endear his name to the heart of the professor. After that, says a Princeton honor student who must be quite skilled in the art of conning grades, one need only "sit in the first two rows of the lecture room and maintain continuous eye contact with the lecturer. Make him glad he's looking at you. Give him that receptive gaze, which **IMPLIES** amazement at his genius and quiet excitement at the information being transmitted."

The great degree of advancement that the con artists have made in the past few years is illustrated in the finding that the University of Michigan, fraternity houses are not only stocked with the ever-present exams but also with a new form of grade-aider known as "teacher psych-outs"—folders compiled by A-students on the likes and dislikes of a particular professor. Information of this type allows the con man to lug around the prof's favorite magazine or to read up on and discuss his favorite books. If this fails, says a recent Michigan graduate, there is always the "welfare approach" of pretend-

continued on page 31



FRESHMEN ONLY:

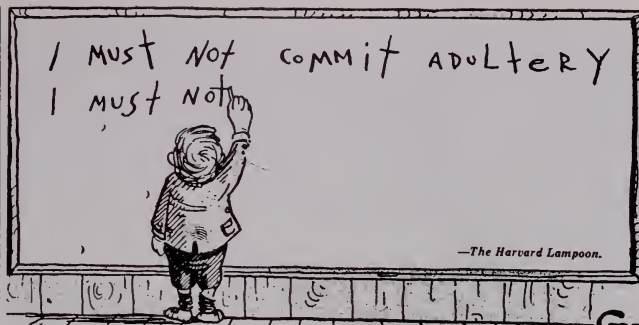
As a Clemson freshman you have had many decisions to make: what to major in, what courses to take, which girl to ask to Rat Hop, and what to do with that precious leisure time you have. Let us first agree that our primary purpose at Clemson is academic, the pursuit of learning, BUT to coin a trite phrase, "All work and no play will soon change old Joe College into a werewolf." Everyone will agree that leisure time is a must and, if properly planned, can supplement as well as provide relief from the "well rounded education."

The University annually sponsors a lecture and concert series. For only the price of one night's bull-session you can hear noted speakers discuss their field, or listen to one of the many music concerts. Various departments, schools, and students sponsor other groups of a more restricted nature. For example, the Modern Language Club and the School of Architecture sponsor a film series. A film membership in either is very reasonable and entitles the member to see four or five excellent movies per semester. The Calhoun Literary Society encourages creative writing and sponsors a book-reading program among its members. The Calhoun Forensic Society, a newly organized Clemson group, is now debating with much success. The Clemson Little Theater and a proposed student drama group provide a home for thespians. For the technically inclined, groups like the Nutonian Society, schedule lectures in the fields of physics, mathematics, and engineering.

If you are interested in some physical diversion and find yourself too small for football and too impatient to wait for a tennis court, Clemson is adding to its minor sports program every year. The newly organized polo team hopes to compete for the first time this year as does the soccer team. The fencing team will begin its fourth season this year, and the rifle team which is relatively new at Clemson is already nationally ranked.

Of course I haven't mentioned all of the extracurricular activities available. There are many more, and Clemson is growing with leaps and bounds. It will be to your advantage, and Clemson's, if you decide to affiliate yourself with one of these groups, be it fencing, debate, or a general protest march.

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LETTERS



Dear Sir:

Your magazine is a disgrace to South Carolina. Me and my friends here at Middle Wesleyan College located at Middle, South Carolina, (in case you have not heard of our fine school.) Not only are the jokes of the lowest denominator but the pictures you print of fine young girls of the sovereign state of South Carolina are a disgrace. Really a disgrace. And the stories you print. They are a disgrace. And the cartoons. They are a disgrace. And the poems. They are a disgrace. Like I said before. Your magazine is a disgrace. And I show it to all my friends here. They read it and they say it is a disgrace. It is a disgrace.

Hilda Sthump
Middle Wesleyan College
Middle South Carolina

Dear Sir:

I' was just wondering why your magazine has none of the fine and out standing writing of John Cercan. He is a very, very fine young writer. His English professors in college all said he had talent. Yes it was mighty disappointing to find that your magazine has none of the fine writings of John Cercan. Everybody I have talked to has asked, "When is John Cercan going to be published." Yes it is mighty sad.

Sincerely,
John Cercan
Outer Clemson

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Chronicle

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Chronicle



OUR COVER: It takes all kinds of stuff to fill up a red "O"; Fiction, poetry, features, girls, jokes, and maybe even a little hot air. Our cover artist gives his impression of how this happens.

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UNFAIR ARGUMENTS WITH EXISTENCE

BY LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

Lawrence Ferlinghetti was born in Yonkers, New York in 1919. He received an A.B. degree from the University of North Carolina and an M.A. from Columbia University. After Navy service in World War II, he "emptied wastebaskets at Time" for a while and then lived in Paris (1947-1951) where he received a Doctorat de l'Universite from the Sorbonne. On his return to the United States he went to San Francisco where he and Peter D. Martin founded the first all-paperbound bookstore in the country, City Lights. Under its imprint, Ferlinghetti began publishing the Pocket Poets Series which includes work by William Carlos Williams, Allen Ginsberg, Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Rexroth, Denise Levertov, Gregory Corso, as well as his own collection of poems entitled **Pictures of the Gone World**.

EXISTENTIALISM IN THE THEATER UNFAIR ARGUMENTS WITH EXISTENCE by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

"Johnny Nolen has a patch on his ass . . ."

It is with such rollicking unabashed poetry (from which the above was extracted) that we usually associate the name of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, or with the probing sensitivity of some of his less frivolous lines. His novel, **Her**, is an intriguing study in impressionistic writing. Here he uses a narrative method by which one enters more and more deeply into the hero's consciousness. Some (his publishers) have suggested that this style may prove as important as Joyce's interior monologue. The closest parallel here, however, seems to be his demand placed on the reader for interpretation.

Being widely read, Mr. Ferlinghetti has given his own dimension to eclectic writing. It is almost impossible to read any portion of his works without finding some familiar phrase or reference he has extracted from boundless sources and employed with new meaning in the careful art of his lines. Occasionally he indulges in sheer name-dropping.

Why the author of such popular poetry (**A Coney Island of the Mind** has sold 35,000 copies since its publication in 1958) would turn to the media of the theater is anybody's

guess; but perhaps the shift represents Mr. Ferlinghetti's own evaluation of his previous work. He is, however, making no bid for greatness with his first offering in this genre. At present his plays are little more than experiments (one has been produced) in a "new" theater, and to quote the author, "—with still a long way to go."

Lawrence Ferlinghetti is by no means the first writer to choose the theater as a means of extending his self-expression. In fact, the controversial French philosopher, Jean-Paul Sartre, is sometimes given credit for prompting a whole new theater with his existentialist melodramas. Sartre is occupied with a philosophy that is immediately involved in the peculiar confusions that beset our generation in all aspects of its civilization. The chief effort of his work is to face the implications for personal action in a universe without purpose. He is interpreted as saying that, "Man can assume his acts and his life while fully aware of the world's absurdity." And what is this new theater? Why, **Theater of the Absurd**, of course.

Since Sartre, practically any playwright who castigates man and his peculiar institutions has been classified as belonging to a new theater. And if he succeeds in portraying man as quite a doom-laden and depressing character, he may be considered a candidate for the **Theater of the Absurd**. But usually not until the playwright has mastered a truly negative view of life, a defeatist celebration of emptiness and despair, is he classified among the more outstanding cynics—Beckett, Genet, Ionesco, Pinter, and Simpson to name a few. (Ironically, Sartre himself is omitted from the list because he examines absurdity with "hope.") More interesting is how these plays convey the absurdity of our existence. According to Martin Esslin, author of **Theater of the Absurd**, "Only plays which combine anti-literary devaluation and confusion of language seem to belong."

The languages of gesture and symbol have always been the means by which theater reached its audience. To negate them or obscure them in an attempt to show futility or impossibility of communication is

to depict chaos with further chaos. Many of the plays show man throwing up his hands and babbling cascades of inverted cliches. The result has been that some have declared a new poetry in the theater by the **non sequiturs** of Beckett and the wordfalls of Ionesco. At the same time, others have charged another art fraud in the ambiguities and repetitions of Samuel Beckett's **Waiting for Godot** and linguistic gabble in Eugene Ionesco's **The Bald Soprano**—comparable to abstract painting. Defenders agree, but don't call it a fraud, saying that intellectual midgets can scarcely be expected to understand anything so sophisticated!

Of the playwrights who attack man, his illusions, cliches, and worn out values of our society, there are many who prefer **not** to be classified among the "Absurdist." Such other terms as Avant Garde and Experimental Theater, or just plain New Theater have been substituted. These terms apply to a theater that allows more "hope" for all mankind. The message in general is that all social ills must be faced, not effaced or defaced, all is not necessarily in vain, and that man has the ability to overcome disasters, both natural and of his own making.

The seven plays are short variations on similar themes and in combinations of two or three, they might comprise an evening's intellectual gamble. What a joy to furrow our brows and contemplate the curious symbols, imagery, and third meanings independent of what the plays may separately say! (Mr. Ferlinghetti may well contemplate us at this point.) In his sparse notes on the plays, we are told that they move progressively from the representational toward a purely non-objective theater. In order, they bear these titles:

The Soldiers of No Country
Three Thousand Red Ants
The Alligation
The Victims of Amnesia
Motherlode
The Customs Collector in Baggy Pants
The Nose of Sisyphus

If I may be allowed the rambling freedom of thought and punctuation
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FLATT AND SCRUGGS

Guitar pickin' Lester Flatt and banjo pluckin' Earl Scruggs introduced Clemson University to some real foot'stompin', finger-snappin', ole fashion folk music.

In sharp contrast to the commercialized "folk" music currently in vogue, the Blue Grass music played by Flatt and Scruggs is the authentic folk music of this country. Ever since the "folksmanship" groups began paying more money to Uncle Sam than they pocketed, it has been as rare as a forty-seven string zither player (Frab Lambkin of Pizzicato, Tennessee) to find a group that knows the difference between commercial folk and authentic folk music. And when it comes to authentic folk music, Flatt and Scruggs, backed by the Foggy Mountain Boys, are rated among the finest anywhere.

Admittedly, not a few sophisticated collegiates went to the concert with cynical expectations—but the odds are that these same people left that afternoon, if not rabid proponents of Bluegrass music, at least with some appreciation of the quality of the performance that they had just witnessed.







"... Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand..." Revelation

"O tempora! O mores! I tell you, John, this world shall not go on this way. It's ridiculous, the mockery man has made of the human race. All men are rogues, and I tell you it shall one day cease. This mockery cannot permanently exist. By God, non libet."

"Odi profanum vulgus. You are old, Christo. I too am old, yet I know that I don't fear death; so let us be joyful and enjoy this life. Look at the youth around you, around all of us. It's not only the

youth, it's the whole defiant modern race. Look at the spirit they have. Be sensible, Christo. *Dei gratia.*"

"Sensible! Sensible indeed. I am sensible. I do not want man to enjoy life at my expense. But I am old. No, don't apologize. I am very old, older than all who have come before me and older than all who shall come after me. That's really an absurdity. Ha, the way I'm feeling now I doubt that there shall ever be anyone after today. The human race has doomed itself to hell, I tell you. And the cynical thing about it is that they are enjoying every damned minute of it. Look at the swine!"

"Christo, you are an intelligent

man. You are strong yet, but your face shows signs of worry. Your voice, once as powerful as a thousand trumpets, is no longer the same. You do not sparkle, and there's not the compassion in you that was once your soul of existence. Only your white hair and beard sparkle now. You are intelligent, but a worrier. There's nothing quite as bad as an intelligent worrier. Why should you worry about the human race. Have you not worried long enough? Why should you give a damn about the vulgar vultures? Have not they fed off you long enough? Have they not attached themselves to you as leeches to a dead carcass? Leeches who are al-



ILLUSTRATION BY C. FLOYD III

SPERO MELIORA

By
Larry Joe Payne

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Larry Joe Payne

ways searching for something to attach themselves to, only to leave you when there is a fatter carcass at hand?

"Christo, I have been faithful to you. I have served you well. I am destined to serve you, but let us forget the human race and enjoy ourselves. Let us drink the wine and forget the leeches."

"Yes, it would be easy to forget the matter, but I cannot. It's really impossible to forget the human race, leeches they may be. Oh, it would be quite easy to forget them, perhaps destroy them all and create a new race. Oh, not an intelligent race, mind you. That was one of the mistakes I made the last time."

"You look serious, Christo. But do I not perceive a smile on your tired old glorious face?"

"I smile ironically."

"One of the mistakes? What was the other one?"

"Yes, one of the mistakes. The other I suppose was the creation of woman. I tell you, that was a blunder. Only a sentimental old fool would have done it. I should have known better than to tempt man with a beautiful creature such as woman. Eternal damnation was the result."

"Yes, now that you mention it, you did make a sorry mess out of it with woman. But was there any

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SPERO MELIORA

continued from page 11

other way? Perhaps you could have left the savagery out of man."

"No, to have left the savagery out of man would have meant killing man before he was created. Only the savages can survive. Perhaps if I had created a sexless race it would have been better. Look at the surroundings we are in right now. Sickening, I tell you. Sickening!"

"It is sickening to you and me, but look how these modern men and women enjoy it. This is a new generation, Christo. The new, rebellious generation."

"And the damned generation too. No, John, this generation is like every other gluttonous generation. Every time a new evil generation has made itself more sinister, more vulgar, more bastardly, you have called it a new rebellious generation. I tell you, as long as man continues to live, he will only continue to increase his lustful and lecherous ways. Individualism, they call it. It's a farce, that's what it is."

"Where do you suppose man stumbled and fell?" questioned John.

"Stumbled and fell?"

"You laugh again, Christo."

"Stumbled and fell. By God, he not only stumbled and fell, but the delirious idiot got up and began running. Running, I tell you, and he's been running ever since. The pious fraud doesn't know where he's running to, but he's too scared of his own shadow to slow down. I tell you, he's got to be stopped. Stopped!"

"You are excited, Christo. Your face shows it. If only you knew how unbecoming your fiery-red face appears."

The patrons, mostly college students, dressed in the appropriate village attire of beards, long, un-groomed hair, sloppy sweat-shirts, tight pants, and ragged tennis-pumps, looked at this strange old man with a note of contempt and indifference. "How dare that old bastard to come in here and gawk at us. The son-of-a-bitch is probably one of those damned do-gooders from up at the mission," remarked a ragged young man to his unattractive mistress.

"Please control yourself, Christo. You know it is bad for you," begged John.

"Perhaps you are right, but I tell you man has got to stop this crazy rush he's in. He's becoming too intelligent and too indifferent. He's becoming lazy. His sentimentality is

becoming indifferent to all feelings for his fellow man. He's becoming a lazy heathen intellect."

"*Laborare est orare*," said John.

"To labor is to pray, work is worship. Yes, you're right, and that's why none of them are engaged in work," replied Christo. "*Labor omnia vincit*," he continued. "Man needs less intelligence and more physical labor. No, not exactly labor in the strict physical sense, but he needs less automation. I tell you the damned monster machines have turned man's feelings to stone. He has grown to treat his fellow men as if they too were machines. There's no real love-thy-neighbor in the soul. Too much idle time for thinking of materialistic value. Too much time to think of sin."

"Sin?" questioned John.

"Yes, sin. I suppose I should have made man free from sin, but if I had done that, then there would have been no need for me."

"You're right . . ."

"You see, John, I care about man only because I have to feel needed. It makes an old man sad to feel that he is no longer needed. What perplexes me most in that modern man is striving ahead without me. He's really doing a first class job of getting along without my services."

"Without your services?" questioned John. "That's quite incorrect, I would think."

"You mean *magna est veritas, et prevalebit*?" questioned Christo.

"Precisely. Of course love is the only truth."

"Not by human law. By human law it is false. Man has distorted love. He has sought it for lustful and selfish purposes. By my law love is the only truth, but by human law—no," said Christo.

"Did I hear someone mention immoral and selfish purposes?" questioned Devlin, approaching the two saintly men. "Immoral and selfish purposes, just my type of meal, gentlemen."

"Well, I'll be damned if it's not the devil himself," cried Christo looking sadly at his old friend and enemy.

"*Nosce te ipsum*," quipped Devlin as he laughed.

"Know thyself. Indeed! *Nemo me impune la cessit*, raged Christo rising from his chair and shaking his fist at Devlin.

"No one assails you with impunity except man," replied Devlin, as he pulled a chair up to the table and sat down. "Simmer down, Christo. You're creating a scene.

Such a bad example you're setting for the young ones."

"The young ones be damned to the many dogs," cried Christo, full of rage.

The young people in the cafe only ignored the white-haired old man. "Must be some damned lunatic Classic," remarked one of the young men as he scorned the old man.

"John, you should not let Christo become so excited. It's rather bad for him, but good for me. Helps my cause, you know," laughed Devlin.

"I should think you are getting along quite nicely without my helping you," said Christo sarcastically.

"You're quite right, Christo. Quite right. In fact, I had hoped to enlist your help in getting me out of a jam."

"Help you out of a mess! Ha, you take me for the son of a jester?" shouted Christo.

"Say what you may, but I do need your help. Of course, I should be willing to pay for it."

"Me help you? You very jolly damned well know that it would be a cold day in hell before I would help you!" snapped Christo.

"Why Christo, I'm rather disappointed in you. Such an over used metaphor coming from you. That's rot, and for you to say it is even worse."

Christo blushed and silently wished he had not uttered the metaphor. "What kind of help are you so humbly seeking that you should put yourself at my mercy?" asked Christo.

"No one said anything about 'mercy,'" replied Devlin. "You are forgetting that I am not man. In fact, the help that I am seeking has been caused by your noble personage. However, I must say I never expected you to employ the rather uncouth tactics you have used. An embarrassing situation you have cast me in."

"Embarrassing?" questioned Christo.

"Yes, embarrassing, not to mention the way in which you did it. It's really unethical, and I should contact the Good-Evil Guild about it," replied Devlin.

"Unethical, hell!" yelled Christo. "Anything I do is ethical. It's the foul human race that is unethical."

"Precisely, but who do you think created the human race? You see, Christo, *facilis est descensus avari*. That is why I am in a tight spot. Not to mention the mockery those swine are making of me."

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WHERE TO FIND 'EM

A Primer on

South Carolina Girls Schools by Dave Henry



It's September, and all roads lead to Clemson University. YEA! And here we are.

Gone are those blissful, quizless days of summertime. Gone are those quickly spent weekly paychecks. Gone are those beachy week-ends filled with liberal quantities of surf, sand, suds, and sex. Gone are those objects of your attentions, reflections, and possibly, affections. But where the hell did they go?

Of course a few couldn't resist the temptation, and followed us into the

shadows of the Blue Ridge—a very few, which by the way, are treated in considerable detail elsewhere in this issue.

But despair not. Clemson men have the world from which to find their amorous entanglements for the season. We "need no introduction" and are welcomed with puckered lips where ever we choose to wander. But for the sake of limiting this article to a reasonable length, we have endeavored to mention the concentrations of college-type girls schools that have in the past been most frequented by Clemson men.

Swinging on the northern leg of our mythical tour of the state, ANDERSON COLLEGE, that hot-bed of intellectual stimulation in nearby Anderson is the first stop.

To give you a brief idea of what to expect—"Anderson College believes Christian education comes to pass as well trained Christian teachers instruct Christian students in an atmosphere of reverence for Christian truths." To that we add our humble AMEN. Continuing . . . "Anderson College for the last 50 years has been known as a small Christian college." AH HA! And there you have the crux of the matter. After excluding smoking, drinking, and dancing, the 300 girls there are not as tempting a target as would first appear. With all its drawbacks, its proximity is an obvious virtue and procuring a few phone numbers shouldn't tax anybody's ingenuity. There is also a nursing home in Anderson. And after digesting that dubious bit of information, you're on your own.

Continuing through the world famous "Bible Belt," the next town of any consequence is Greenville which is the home of the two—count 'em, TWO, "universities," FURMAN and BOB JONES. Furman is being considered with respect to its 600 coeds. As for Bob Jones, well, let it be sufficient to say that it probably isn't the most fruitful field of endeavor for the average Clemson man. Even for the abnormal one, finding something datable there would be an unprecedented accomplishment. Digressing . . .

Furman can justifiably claim the title of the most beautiful campus in

the state, with their dining hall being one of its most prominent show-places—especially when compared with the trough hall here at Bovine U. Being a bi-sexual institution, you can expect some competition from local horses, but nothing, I trust, you'll find insurmountable.

Bob Jones claims to be the "World's Most Unusual University," and it is. The aim of the place is to combat all agnostic, pagan, and so-called scientific adulterations of the Gospel by giving special emphasis to the Bible, Christian education, missions, evangelism, pastoral training, theology, and on and on and on. It is proud to be known as a Fundamentalist in its position. To reinforce its aims, teachings, and doctrines, it has an abundant supply of rules and regulations. For those of you who enjoy a challenge, here it is. And then there's Greenville's nursing home.

Now, over the buckle of that infamous belt, and another couple of miles down I-85, and on to Gaffney, home of LIMESTONE COLLEGE. With about 500 head to pick from, this is usually a lucrative stopping place. The Student Union is a convenient meeting place, and the lodge at "Lake Limestone" (some people prefer to call it a rock quarry) has about all the potential a self-respecting Tiger, worthy of his tail, could ask for.

Back to that irreplaceable I-85 and another modest investment in petroleum products will bring you to an oasis of 725 girls, (pardon me) gentlewomen, of CONVERSE COLLEGE in Spartanburg. Converse is a private (expensive) liberal arts institution, and it's a literal nava of cultural activities, especially in the media of music. You'll find that it's not difficult to time, inadvertently or otherwise, your date to coincide with one of the multitudinous concerts, lectures, plays, ad infinitum—of course, to some Clemson men that may be a deterrent rather than an inducement; if such be the case, follow your nose (or whatever comes first) right down I-85.

And now for a brief moment of thanksgiving—being master of your car, thank "whatever gods may be," for that incomparable highway, I-85.

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SPERO MELIORA

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"Precisely what in hell's name do you mean?" asked Christo mockingly.

"You mean to sit there *ex cathedra* and ask that impertinent question?"

"I damn well do!"

"Very well then, I shall explain all. You see, Christo, I need your help because my cup runneth over. There's no more room for your blunder in my house. You made a mistake, a damn capulating blunder, with man and then turned your wrath upon me for it. You have made me keeper of your fool blunder. You are quite selfish in that you have chosen to keep the best for yourself. Oh, I can't say that I envy you for keeping the best because I really couldn't put up with those idiots; but yet I wish you would start a new campaign to win more souls. I tell you, those intelligent souls are driving me to pray. The mockery they make of me, not to mention you. I keep telling them that I'll have no part of their slanderous talk against a member of the profession of which we so humbly serve."

"Speaking of rot," interrupted Christo, "You're not doing too badly yourself."

"I'm serious. If you can't believe in man, then listen to me for heaven's sake; and I might add for hell's sake. Yes, you have sent so many of those intelligents down my way that I no longer have room for the good-old-fashioned sinner. Those are the ones who fear me, but these intellectuals. God!"

"Yes?" answered Christo.

"Figuratively speaking," blushed Devlin.

"Excuse me, of course. Well, what do you propose I do? Do you have a suggestion? Believe me, I would like to help this damned modern race."

"Exactly," answered Devlin. "You see, you have already admitted that they are all to be forced on me. Well, I really don't want them all. These rebellious fools tell me that you and I don't exist. They actually believe it, and I'm beginning to think they are right. I'm at my wit's end as to what to do. You must help me. Haven't I been cooperative in the past. Didn't I agree to take the bad ones after you cast me out of Heaven? But now, yes now, they have turned out to be too bad. It's this new breed. This damned generation as you so aptly put it. *'Credat*

Judaes Apella.' That's what the new breed tells me."

"Yes, I should say they do! I pity you, Devlin. I even feel sorry for you; but I cannot save you, although I suppose I can help you. But how?"

"I'm glad you asked me that. I
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WHERE TO FIND 'EM

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Conveniently located on the other side of the state; easily accessible to anyone possessing a VW, unlimited bankroll, or charge card in someone else's name; situated in that trying metropolis of Rock Hill; is our sister school—WINTHROP COLLEGE, a real honest-to-goodness Shangri-la for men, with no less than 2236 females. With such a lush field of opportunity, it is only reasonable to assume that a series of formidable barriers have been erected. They have. The majority of these appear in the guise of campus cops—a group of simple, intolerant, non-thinkers the like of which is hard to find this side of Clemson's own "Deputy Dog." We strongly suggest that if you plan to date at Winthrop, arrange to meet her at Tillman Hall (either one) and head for anyplace. Charlotte isn't far.

Resuming our journey, this time on its Eastern leg, we head for Heartsville (oops, Hartsville) and COKER COLLEGE, the smallest (but by no means the least) school considered in this survey. (The least is where the most isn't, or at least where it doesn't exist superabundantly; that being the case, the most is where it is; and since Coker isn't the least, then it's reasonable to assume, that it isn't there.) Anyway, Coker houses about 250 students and day-hops another 100, the summation of which is very tempting. Coker girls wouldn't think of taking a drink (which of course implies that they drink without thinking, or possibly that they don't think, or maybe they don't drink—in any case they obey the eleventh commandment, *Thou shalt not get caught*, she can get bounced for it. Florence and Darlington aren't far, and then there's Lake Robinson and a golf course. Try to avoid the campus parking lots, however; the administration frowns on it.

We'll resist going on to the sea (since only yankees seem to obtain sadistic glee from that type of thing)

and move inland to Columbia, the home of the only other bona fide university in the state, and secondly, but not necessarily so, COLUMBIA COLLEGE. "C Square" is a private, independent, church-related (obviously related to an independent church) liberal arts college for women. You can buy it for about \$3,597,000, if anybody's interested in buying a college. It has a two-fold purpose, "to free students from ignorance, and to give students freedom of action." Keeping that in mind, it shouldn't take a semantic wizard long to use those twofolds to his own advantage. There are about 675 fish in "C Square's" pond, so reeling a couple in shouldn't tax a Tiger.

And then there's the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA. Plenty of heads and almost every one of them is in constant contact with a very fowl breed of mankind, a gamecock—the very word has connotations of vulgarities. Of course no Tiger will stay cooped up in the chicken coop very long; we're not insatiable, contrary to local folklore. After thoroughly exploiting our sojourn in Columbia, it's time to complete the circle and head home. On the way we'll make two more stops.

Located exactly due west of someplace is Due West and ERSKINE COLLEGE with its 300 coeds. The new Watkins Student Center is the showplace of the campus and is a convenient meeting place. As far as recreational facilities go, for the unimaginative, there are free flicks on most weekends. For the imaginative, Lake Greenwood isn't far. A blanket . . . And all this can be yours at a mere 45 miles from Clemson.

And then there's LANDER COLLEGE in Greenwood. Ah yes, Lander; well the Roundtable is off limits, and it doesn't take long to tire of the Grill. The movies are a possibility, be it ever so glum. The most plausible course of action is to check out a head with "Mama B" and head for the hills, or the low country, or the mountains, or the ocean . . .

There you have it, a brief rundown on where the girls are. The mass exodus starts each and every Friday afternoon. Luck.



GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

CHRONICLE



BARBARA

"That our daughter
ace", Mount Ho
Choice. Barbara
as a model and
September's G.C



SCHILLING

ters may be as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a pal-
yoke's motto, seems to aptly describe September's Gentlemen's
a senior Art major at Mount Holyoke, spends her summers working
appeared in Look, Seventeen, and Mademoiselle before becoming





THE DREAM

BY TOM SALMONS

Ever drifting down the stream—
Linger in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?

Scott Thomas finished reading **Through the Looking Glass** to his two children and looked down at the twin pair of eyes looking up at him in anticipation of more to come.

"Is that all?" asked Cindy, that blond-haired, blue-eyed sometimes angel, who could wrap him around her little finger.

Gee, Daddy, did Alice really walk through the mirror into otherland?" Teddy piped in.

Teddy was Cindy's twin and held almost as much sway with his father as did his sister. Together they were his pride and joy. He looked at the two shining faces and thought how wonderful was the imagination of a child.

"Well, Teddy," he answered, "some grown-up men have said that reality is what you believe in strong enough, so I guess maybe she did. At least Mr. Carroll questioned that maybe it wasn't a dream."

"Who was Mr. Carroll?" asked Cindy.

"He was the man who wrote the story," answered her father.—"Now you two run along and play; daddy wants to finish HIS book."

The two bounced off their father's lap and ran toward their room chanting.

Scott watched the pair disappear into their room and smiled with satisfaction. To him, those two were the beginning and the end. They were his whole life. They were such wonderful kids he thought; no wonder he loved them like he did. He picked up his own book and began thumbing through to find his place. When at last he had found where he had left off before the kids had brought their book for him to read to them, he settled back and lost himself again in the story.

He had only covered about two chapters when Teddy came bounding out of his room to ask for a tape measure.

"What do you want with a tape measure?" he asked somewhat surprised.

"We are playing Alice," replied Teddy a little impatiently, "and we need it to place the pegs."

"Well I don't know if we have a tape measure. Won't a yardstick do?" he asked of his son.

"Oh, no," replied Ted with a child's faultless logic, "it says in the story that the queen used a ribbon marked in inches to place the pegs."

"Then we will just have to find you a tape measure," laughed his father.

Scott searched through the various drawers and cabinets till he found the sewing basket. "Here we are," he said, producing a slightly worn tape.

Teddy grabbed the tape and ran back into his room. Scott returned to his chair and picked up his book.

"I wonder what the little monkeys are up to," he thought. "I think I'll just take a peek," he said to himself as he laid his book aside. As he approached their room, he could hear the pair talking in low tones. He stopped at the door to watch. The children had stacked their blocks in five piles one yard apart, starting with one pile laid up against the big, full-length dressing mirror that covered one portion of the far wall.

"At the end of two yards," they chanted, "I shall give you your directions. At the end of three yards I shall repeat them. At the end of four, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of five, I shall go!"

With this said, they walked to the second pile, and Cindy said, "You will go to the 'land of the looking-glass.'" When they reached the third pile of blocks, Teddy said, "You will

go to the 'land of the looking-glass.'" As they reached the fourth pile, they both shouted, "Good-bye!", and at the split-second they reached the fifth pile, the mirror rippled like a pool of mercury, and they disappeared.

For a moment Scott didn't realize what had happened. Then he went charging headlong into the mirror.

"What happened?" asked the policeman picking up one of the shards of glass.

"I don't know," answered the landlady. "I was cleaning in the hall when I hears a crash from Mr. Thomas's apartment. When he didn't answer my call at the door, I let myself into the apartment."

"You found him like this?" he asked, brushing some more of the broken glass aside with his night-stick.

"When I comes into the bedroom, I finds him layin' there all bloody and the mirror all broken and all. So I calls you."

Just then the ambulance crew came charging through the open front door of the apartment.

"In here!" he called—"I don't know if he'll live, but he is all yours," he said as he ushered the landlady into the other room.

"Can I go now?" she asked.

"Just a few more questions," he replied. "Where are the children?"

"What children?" she asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Mr. Thomas's kids," he answered. "I found blocks and a children's book next to him on the floor, and then there were some children's things in the room. Doesn't he have any kids?" he said frowning.

"He doesn't even have a wife!" was the reply. "His wife died five years ago giving birth to still-born twins. He ain't got any kids or wife either, poor man."

Illustration by Ted Taylor

THE DRINK IS BITTER

I'm an old man, and my heart is
old. And my soul is tired, and my rest
is before me.

I did what I could, tried what I
could not. The vision that was before
me is faded into the hairs that shade
my eyes and buried in the years that
line my brow.

My hands, once firm, now tremble, and
my sleep quavers at the unknown.

My voice fails me in the darkness.
I cannot see the path before me, and
there is no torch
that I can light.
The flame of my hope is dead.

Why did the years prolong the
struggle and add the cup that drained
me so?

Left me a hulk upon a derelict sea.
The spars cracked with the strain, and
my sails become remnants of stronger
years. The salt of life itself could not
sear the rawness of my wounds.

I was stripped and flayed, brought
before those that judge mankind in all
his weakness.

I was judged, and sentence passed.
The agony of my crime was the in-
nocence of faith and the hope of youth.

And the years passed, the sands
drifted, the leaves fell, and the youth
died upon my breast as my heart
cried out—

Why hast thou forsaken me?
I forgave them, but I could not for-
give myself.

The drink is bitter upon my
tongue, and the taste draws breath
from out of my lungs into an empty
world.

The Other Side of YRTƎOP

In keeping with the tradition established in years past, this year's editor in charge of the collection of trashy poetry, Dirty Dur, has amassed seven of the worst we've seen lately. If by chance you are one of those talented people who write bad poetry you are invited to submit the worst of it to be considered for publication.

She's a pretty little wench
Sitting there upon the bench
Looking very coy and shy
At every passing college guy.
Ah, such eyes
Concentric thighs.
It's too damned bad
She's bald.

stolen

A pretty young pig from York
With some very nice slices of pork,
Attempted to tame
A Tiger of fame
A now she is fearing the stork.

At last I've found the perfect girl
One could not ask for more
She's deaf and dumb and over-sexed
And owns a liquor store.

Mary had a little lamb
and he was black as soot.
And everywhere that Mary went
his sooty foot was put.

stolen

An indolent vicar of Bray
his roses allowed to decay;
His wife, more alert,
Bought a powerful squirt,
And said to her spouse, "Let us spray."

stolen

"Roll your shoulders; hold your breath
This picture shall foretell your death,"
The radiologist purred in my ear
As the roar of the machine aroused my fear.
I saw the product of the rays,

And prayed to God for a few more days
Nicotine and tars provided the fuel
For this twist of fate so harsh and cruel.

Damn R. J. Reynolds and Sir Walter, too!
May they boil forever in Satan's Stew.
Thinking of them, I smoke the flue-cured leaves,
And with every cough, my breast rocks and heaves.
As I upon my deathbed lie
Gasping the last ominous sigh
The Siren's voice sounds with the weeping willows
Cigars, Cigarettes, tiparillos.

Compliments of
John Tucker
Emory Tobacco Co.

There was a young lady named Uhr
Whose mind was so awfully pure
That she fainted away
In a bird store one day
When she saw some canary manure.
borrowed

CLEMSON GIRLS

With ever increasing frequency, the Clemson man isn't a man at all—"he's" a most attractive co-ed. Clemson's gentlewomen are certainly not as numerous as the Gentlemen may wish, but if they lack anything in numerical statistics, they definitely stack up well using any other statistical criteria.

So with bug-eyed pride, we present to you CLEMSON'S CO-EDS.

JOAN REAS—right

CYNTHIA BYRD—below





JANICE MOORE



LESSIE McENTIRE

LINDA HUFF





JANICE WILSON

MISHELLE BARNETT



WENDY BEERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GROAT MEDLOCK AND GARRISON

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE



**A SHORT PLAY
BY FRANK PEARCE**

SETTING: A street corner in Harlem with a lone street lamp. In the background is a rather somber building, evidently a police station; because "Precinct XIV" is chiseled into the stone archway over the door. The scene is bleak.

SCENE I: Eight members of the Salvation Army band enter stage left and assemble in a semi-circle about the street lamp. The first has a tuba, the second a clarinet, the third a tambourine, the fourth a trombone, the fifth a bass drum with "Jesus Saves" painted on it, the sixth has a pair of cymbals, the seventh a cornet, and the eighth a guitar. The guitar player is the leader.

LEADER: Brothers, we're here to bring light into the blackness of Harlem. Let's ask for guidance before we begin our crusade. (All remove hats and bow heads) Oh, Lord, we're here on Thy work to glorify Thy name, to gather the strays from Your flock. Be with us, we petition Thee, as we demonstrate Thy love for the brotherhood of all men. Amen. (all: Amen) Our first number is "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" Begin. (Band starts to play)

FROM stage right enter ten neatly dressed men in white suits and red skull caps. They all wear armbands with LIMUSM printed on them. They march to the front of the band, and the first marcher speaks. His name is Zulu II.

ZULU: Hey, man. What's dis "I am" you talking bout? I been on de lam plenty, but all de blood I ever wash was off.

BAND LEADER: We're here to wash you in the blood of His redeeming grace.

ZULU: You get one specka blood on dis suit and I will remove dat git-fiddle from round yohr stomach and place it round yohr ears. What's dis fuss about?

LEADER: We're here in the Lord's work.

ZULU: Hey, man, dis is Malcolm's territory and you better tell yohr man to get you work elsewhere. We got dis route scouted.

LEADER: Only the Lord's word moves us.

ZULU: Well, look man, I mean you better git word to him to speak. Malcolm don't like no monkey business what ain't his own. You dig me?

LEADER: I dig for your eternal soul to bring you to the life everlasting.

ZULU: You definitely do not dig me. What I am sayin' is **git!**

BASS DRUMMER: We have no quarrel. We came to promote peace and to aid our fellow man.

ZULU: If dere is any peace promoted

round heh—we does it. Malcolm give us dis beat. Nex time we has a party we'll give you boys a ring. Now blow dis scene instead them horns.

LEADER: We seek only to blow the seeds of salvation into the blackness of your souls.

ZULU: Da black . . . ? Look man, dat was it! Discrimination, which is breaking de law and is not legal. (To man behind him) Obsidian, go into dis station and git a officer of da law to come hold up justice. (man leaves)

LEADER: We break no laws and fear no man. Our souls are in His hand.

ZULU: I don't know how soles is sellin', but dey ain't worth much round heh. (Officer comes out of building.)

OFFICER: What's going on here, Zulu?

ZULU: Well, sir, dis bunch has been standing about raving about some head man and a blood bath. Me and de fellows wit me was interested and asked dem a few questions. That's when they hurl some epithats at us, and we sent for you. We got rites, and we demands them.

OFFICER: We can't do anything to this band Zulu. (to band) You boys move along, now. Right smart, now.

ZULU: Move along! (Band starts to leave) Move . . . ? Malcolm gone know bout dis — in a minute! (LIMUSMS exit)

SCENE II

Same place—that night. 300 Limusms are mobbing the police station in a frenzy. Strange chants fill the air, while some members cross their arms and look east. All of them look hopped-up—one way or another. Inside the building, the chief is peering tensely from a window. Behind him stands a tall man in a white robe with a gold "X" embroidered across his chest.

CHIEF: Look, Malcolm, I know you have rights, but what can I do now?

MALCOLM: Chief I only ask, never tell. The decision is yours. But my boys' actions depend on yours.

CHIEF: Don't threaten me. (Malcolm moves to the window and makes a furtive sign to the mob outside. The roaring outside picks up tremendously. He turns back to them.)

MALCOLM: What is this talk of threats? All I want is your cooperation. Do I get any, or do I get any?

CHIEF: (Pale and shaken.) What will it take to send this mob away?

MALCOLM: Arrest the violators who flaunted our rights on a public street, insulted and belittled us. Justice must be served.

continued on page 30

1964

LBJ
64

AuH₂O
64

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IN ASSOCIATION WITH

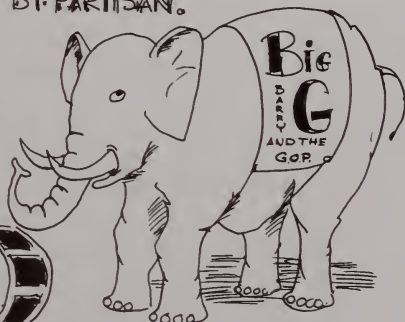
THE CHRONICLE
PRESENTS

MY FIRST BOOK OF POLITICS

BARE
FOR
PRES.

OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP
WORRYING AND BELIEVE THAT
NEWSMEN ARE BI-PARTISAN.

RALPH
FOR
V.P.



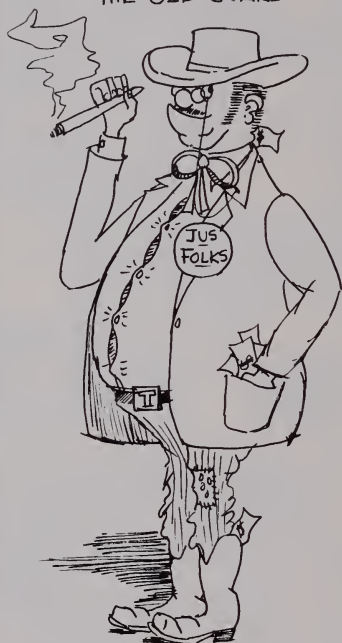
WHOM
DO YOU
HAVE THE
NERVE
TO BELIEVE

DB.
STINSON
64

VOTE (SUPPORT WALLACE) BUT VOTE

I. A POLITICIAN

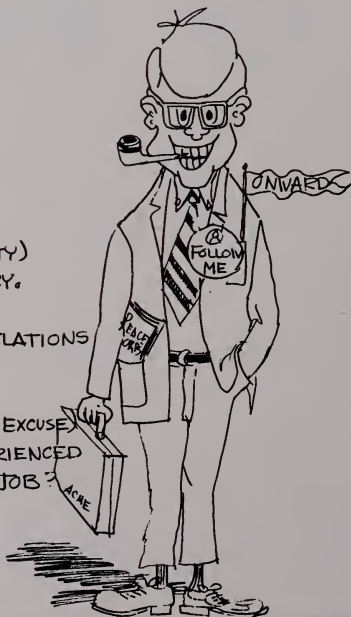
(TYPE A)
THE OLD GUARD



SEE THE SENATOR
HE HAS SENORITY
THAT MEANS HE IS OLD
HE IS IMPORTANT TO THE PARTY
HE KEEPS HIS STATE IN LINE
HE ALSO EDUCATES THE OTHER SENATORS
HE READS TO THEM
HE READS THE DICTIONARY
AND COOKBOOKS
EVEN TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES
SO YOU CAN SEE
HE IS VERY USEFUL.

II. A POLITICIAN

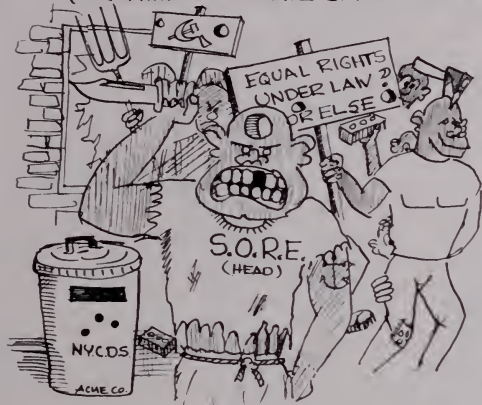
(TYPE B)
THE NEW FRONTIER



SEE THE BUREACRAT.
(DO NOT READ THAT WORD, IT IS A NASTY)
HE RUNS A NEW FEDERAL AGENCY.
HE IS A DIRECTOR.
HIS AGENCY WORKS TO IMPROVE RELATIONS
BETWEEN CATS AND DOGS
ISN'T THAT HUMANE
(READ THAT WORD, IT IS A GOOD EXCUSE)
HOW DID SUCH A YOUNG, INEXPERIENCED
MAN, GET SUCH AN IMPORTANT JOB?
EASY?
HE ALWAYS SAYS, YES.

III. PRESSURE GROUPS

(OR MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY.)



A POLITICIAN IS PRESSURED.
PRESSURE! PRESSURE!
PRESSURE!

PEOPLE WHO DO THIS ARE
CALLED PRESSURE GROUPS.
THIS IS ALSO CALLED COLLECTIVE
BARGINING.

THE PRESSURE GROUP COLLECTS
A BLOC VOTE,
AND THE POLITICIANS
BARGIN FOR IT.
REMEMBER:
THEY ARE DEMONSTRATORS
NOT A MOB.

IV. POLITICAL CONVENTIONS

(OR EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY, FOR WHAT?)



CONVENTIONS ARE SO FUN,
AND FOR ALMOST EVERYONE.
THEY GO TO PICK THE MAN
THEY HOPE WILL RUN THE LAND.
EACH PICKS THE MAN HE LIKES
AND MANY DO IT WHILE THEY'RE
TIGHT.

* ANY RESEMBLANCE TO
A FRIEND OR FOE IS
HIGHLY POSSIBLE.

V. THE UNEMPLOYED

(OR, FREDDIE THE FREELOADER)

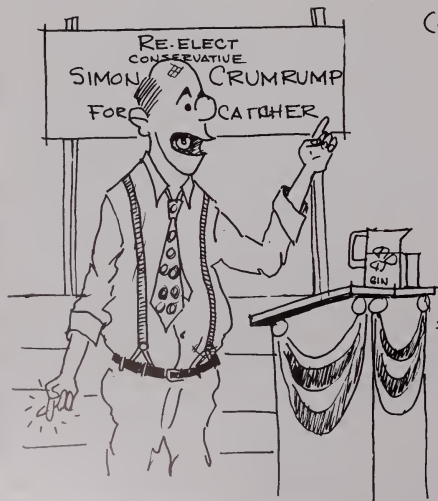


GIVE US LORD *
OUR WEEKLY DOLE (?)
AND EVEN MORE
WHEN WE GROW OLD,
AND BLESS THE MAN
THE LEADER OF THE LAND
WHO WILL KEEP THOSE CHECKS
A-COMING IN,
I'M NOT A DOPE
HE'LL GET OUR VOTE.

* NOT INTENDED TO OFFEND
ANY SUPREME COURT MEMBERS

VI. CAMPAIGN PROMISES

(OR, SPEAKING OF FORKED TONGUES)

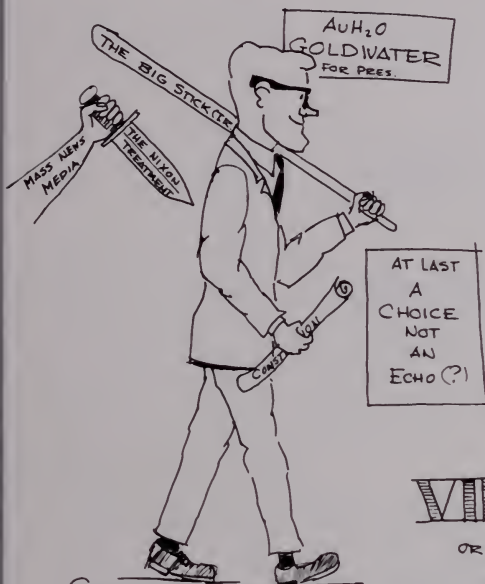


PROMISES, PROMISES
THAT'S ALL THE CAMPAIGNS ARE
OUR POLITICIAN FRIEND
JUST MAKES THEM BY THE DOZEN
AND HE'LL BE SURE
TO KEEP IT
IF 'N YOU'RE HIS COUSIN. (BARF?)

* (EVER WONDER, HOW
THEY GET AWAY WITH IT.
THEY HAVE A SYSTEM
THE ONE-PARTY SYSTEM.)

VII. A CONSERVATIVE

(OR, HAS THE SUPREME COURT EVER READ THE CONSTITUTION?)



SEE THE CONSERVATIVE ?

(NOW WASH YOUR MOUTH WITH SOAP.)

HE IS AN EXTREMIST

BECAUSE HE BELIEVES IN SILLY THINGS
LIKE THE CONSTITUTION

AND AMERICA FIRST

HE IS A PATRIOT

(THAT IS OUT OF STYLE)

IT'S TOO BAD THE FOUNDERS OF OUR
COUNTRY,

GOT MIXED UP WITH EXTREMIST
GROUPS,

LIKE THE MINUTEMEN.

VIII. A LIBERAL

OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING
AND LOVE THE REDS.

SEE THE LIBERAL?

HE IS A GOOD GUY.

HE IS A HUMANITARIAN.

THAT MEANS HE WOULD SELL OUT.

HIS MOTHER,

TO HELP THE UNDERPRIVILEGED. (?)

HE BELIEVES IN GOOD THINGS

LIKE THE U.N..

AND SOCIALISM.

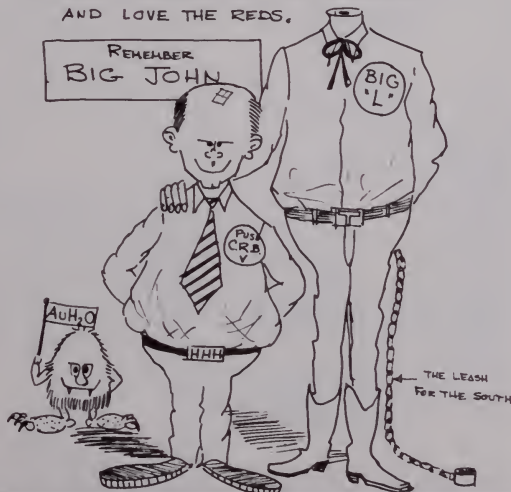
AND MEDICARE.

A LIBERAL HATES RIGHTISTS

HE IS OPPOSED TO THE RIGHT.

YOU KNOW WHAT THE OPPOSITE

OF RIGHT IS ?



GOT

A

DIME?



TAKE
IT
TO

HARPER'S

5 & 10

CLEMSON & SENECA

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

continued from page 24

CHIEF: Malcolm, we can't arrest the Salvation Army. We just can't do it. MALCOLM: Well, Chief, from the looks of things, I'd say you definitely have a problem outside. Good night. (Malcolm moves to leave.)

CHIEF: What about that mob?

MALCOLM: Your problem, Chief. My hands are tied.

CHIEF: They'll tear this building apart if they get much worse.

MALCOLM: Your problem, Chief.

CHIEF: (Stares hard at Malcolm, then wilts.) Okay, Malcolm, I'll issue the warrants right now.

MALCOLM: Thank you, chief. We like to see equal justice for everybody dispersed with. (Malcolm turns to window and makes a furtive sign at the mob— instant silence. He makes a second sign, and the crowd is gone in 30 seconds.) Good night, Chief.

SCENE III

A cellblock in the city jail. From stage left come 8 naked men—singing hymns. Behind them comes a policeman pushing a cart containing a tuba, a clarinet, a tambourine, a trombone, a bass drum with "Jesus Saves" painted on it, a pair of cymbals, a cornet and a guitar. Behind him is a second policeman pushing a cart filled, evidently, with some sort of uniforms.

SCENE IV

The street corner next day. A troop of girl scouts is gathered about the street lamp selling cookies. From stage right enter ten neatly dressed men in white suits and red skull caps. They march to the front of the group of girl scouts, where the lead girl holds up a box of cookies to the leader of the group and says something to him. His name is Zulu II.

ZULU: Who you calling a choclat cracker?!!

UNFAIR ARGUMENTS WITH EXISTENCE

continued from page 6

that have characterized the earlier more impressionistic writings of Mr. Ferlinghetti, the plays inspired the following (move over, Cassius Marcellus Clay) from yours truly:

Life is not so bad

so long

as we long to live, it seems

Which is not always

Of course when days of war within, without

Come penetrate those lost years filled with Self

And Unless you have read a vol-

ume of collected trite plots, you may not have guessed that the woman is a virgin, one male is a man and the other is not. And our three, **The Soldiers of No Country**, don't seem any too happy about the whole situation, not even after Erma changes her status, and nothing gets too much better except maybe the plays.

● A parable teaches a lesson Or so they say

And it really doesn't matter if It doesn't

So long as you think it does

While reading **Three Thousand Red Ants**

Which eavesdrops on a couple In bed

Who seldom see eye to eye anymore Except maybe while looking through

Opposite ends of

Cracked binoculars

Which leads to some

Clever staging

And interesting dialogue

Unless perhaps your name is Kinsey

● And then we have degenerate America

Come tapping as a blind Indian

Who frees a six-foot Alligator

From the living room of a sick Old Maid

Only after she too is

Devoured by her obsession

Which proves just as fatal as your favorite classical flaw

And you won't find

Alligation defined by Webster

● And no one laughs at all As the pretty young

Victim of Amnesia

Gives birth to a glowing bulb

With electrical umbilical cord

Right there in her cheapotelroom for **LIGHT** symbolizes **HOPE**

Which is not an idea very dear

To the hearts of doom-drunk Playwrights

City Lights and otherwise patronize

Which just goes to show that our boy has

Other thoughts

Than many noughts for all mankind

And thee

Except the desk clerk is a fink.

● You may not understand

The Nose of Sisyphus

By Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Who May not have understood

The Myth of Sisyphus

By Albert Camus

But everything seems

More profound this way.

PATTER

continued from page 2

ing poverty by wearing "hand-pressed khaki pants" and dropping such remarks as "Ah, how much did you say that textbook was?"

With such methods as the preceding being combined with the old run-of-the-mill type of flattery and favors such as tape recording the lectures, pretending to shift one's major to a particular prof's field, inviting the wretch to speak at an event or to chaperone a party or really getting close to the prof through such things as baby sitting, the con man is practically assured of a good grade before he even begins his job on a prof.

Still, we have covered only half of the true professional con man, for a major requirement of the truly good con man is a range of good excuses. The number one excuse is that of infectious mononucleosis which is quite hard to diagnose, lasts for weeks at a time, and always seems to strike hardest at exam time for many con men have found it to be much easier to take an exam in the infirmary where one may have added conveniences such as one's notes under the mattress. However, it seems that the college professors appreciate the more original excuses. A certain Chicago professor notes the prevalence of "unspecified emotional disturbances," such as "the experience of a boy, discovering his roommate to be a homosexual, just wasn't able to study." Another up to date and just as original excuse, says the same professor, came from a boy who missed an exam and explained: "My roommate is going with a colored girl. Last night his father came to town to shoot the girl, and we were up all night barricading the door to keep him from her."

The last stand of the con man comes at exam time and this is the time when he must perfect his skill to its highest degree. Oddly enough, perhaps the best advice a con man

could have comes from a Prof. David Littlejohn, an assistant professor of English at Stanford.

In reference to exams, Littlejohn wrote: "Your only job is to keep me awake. How? By FACTS. Any kind, but do get them in. They are what we look for, as we skim our lynx eyes over every other page—a name, a place, an allusion, an object, a brand of deodorant, the titles of six poems in a row, even an oc-

casional date. Name at least the titles of every other book Hume ever wrote; don't say just medieval cathedrals—name nine. Think of a few specific examples of 'contemporary decadence,' like Natalie Wood."

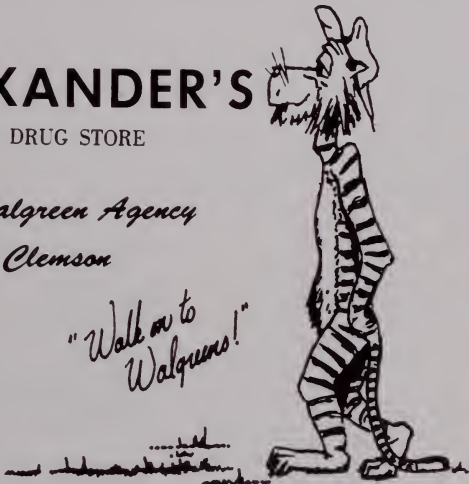
"Keep us entertained, keep us awake. Be bold, be personal, be witty, be chock-full of facts. I'm SURE you can do it without studying if you try. WE DID.

ALEXANDER'S

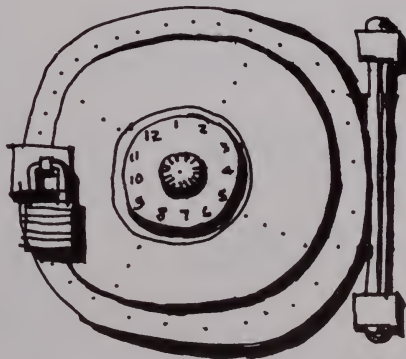
DRUG STORE

*Your Walgreen Agency
in Clemson*

*"Walk on to
Walgreens!"*



LET
US
KEEP
YOUR
EXTRA
MONEY



**FORT HILL FEDERAL SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION**

have a perfect solution. Yes, perfect. Why not send all the blasted intellects to heaven? It would be worse than hell up there for them. They would never forgive you for it and would torture themselves far worse than I can. They don't want to go to heaven and are all too glad to get into my hell. That's their real heaven, and they're deceiving you," he concluded.

"Deceiving me? How could they do such a thing? I'll not have it!" raged Christo. "**Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.**"

"Noble, noble indeed," replied John. "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall. Very noble, by God," he concluded, patting Christo on the back.

"Devlin, you rogue, why don't I destroy the whole odious bunch of the scoundrels and devote my time

and energy to the cockroaches? They'd be a damn bit more appreciative. Wouldn't it be better not to waste time on the intelligent idiots?" roared Christo.

"No, that would be the hard way to do things. That would require too much time and effort on your part . . ."

"Too much time and effort?" interrupted Christo. "It would take only a fraction of a second and hardly any blasted effort."

"All the same, I still think it would be too much time and effort. I think it would be better to let them destroy themselves. Oh, they'll do it quick enough without your help or mine. In fact, I haven't even been campaigning lately, and the numbers coming down to hell increase every day. I tell you, as long as two humans are thrown together they'll destroy themselves with greed."

"Yes, but I'll no longer be needed," whimpered Christo.

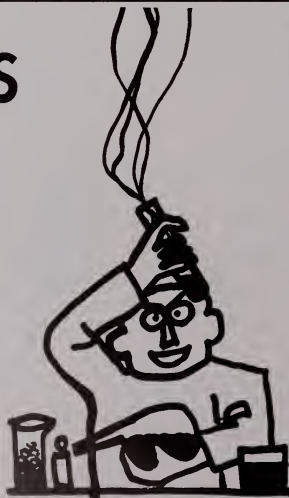


Two Barbers To Serve You

CLEMSON HOUSE BARBER SHOP

MARTIN'S DRUG STORE

Distributor
of the
Clemson Ring



"You're not needed now, not by modern man. '**Vox et praeterea nihil.**' That's all you are anyhow. At least that's what the fools tell me. Perhaps they are right. A voice and nothing more; sound but no sense. After all, what more are any of us?" asked Devlin.

"Woman; if only I had not made that blunder with Eve. **Varium et mutabile semper femina,**" he muttered.

"Then it's settled. You'll forget the fools?" asked Devlin.

"Yes, they can never change. It's even more than I can handle. It's an impossible job. I've tried for so long . . . so long," said Christo.

"Perhaps you are wrong in a way," said Devlin.

"In what way?" questioned Christo.

"Perhaps it would be better if you changed. Man has tried to change you. He created you and me because he needed something to control evil. He was stupid but has since acquired intelligence. Too much. No, he created us and lost his control over us. He's been trying to change you and me ever since," said Devlin.

"No!! You are grossly mistaken. **Adsum,**" he yelled, pounding the table to prove his point.

"True, you are here. But you are only here because man made it possible," said Devlin.

"I shall follow your advice, Devlin. I shall forget man, the son-of-a-bitch will destroy himself and us with him. I see now that it is better this way," he moaned. "But I will no longer be needed."

"Of course you will. The cockroaches will need you."

"Yes, the cockroaches will need me. I had almost forgotten."

"But Christo . . ." pleaded John.

"No John, it's better this way. You'll see. Let us talk of something more important and more pleasant. Let us talk of the cockroaches, for in cockroaches there is truth," said Christo. "**Spero meliora,**" he mumbled.

"Yes, yes, cockroaches," replied Devlin and John in unison.

At that moment a large cockroach crawled slowly across the floor and stopped under Christo's chair. Christo was unaware of the cockroach's presence as he shifted his feet. His foot came to rest heavily on the cockroach, squashed it leaving a yellow-bloody mess on the bottom of his shoe.

If the Chronicle makes
you mad, don't do this:

EMSON
CLL
Chronicle

ouch!

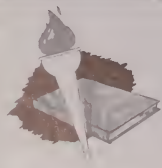
Ever try to make
four thousand
people happy? It
isn't easy. That's
why the Chronicle

is a variety magazine, something for everybody. Maybe we still
missed you. If we did we're sorry, but if you don't tell us about
it how will we ever know? Let us know when you're mad at us.
We'll cry a lot, but we'll try harder.

NEWSFOTO

PUBLISHING COMPANY

San Angelo, Texas



Winner of 10 different national yearbook awards

CLEMSON

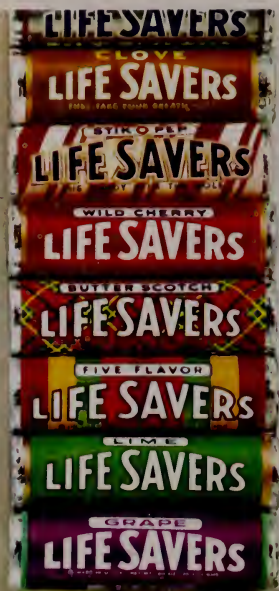
Chronicle

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WELCOME BACK
AGAIN ISSUE
JANUARY 1965

25¢





4 kinds of icy, spicy mints



...still only 5¢

HELLO

Well, yeah we finally did it, but not after deciding that the Christmas issue would really work better as a Welcome Back to Clemson Again issue. Please notice all the jokes this time. Lots of people asked us for them, and sure enough: almost a page of the cleanest ones we've ever seen. Then some people said they didn't like girls with straight blonde hair (not necessarily the opinion of the CHRONICLE staff or SEVENTEEN Magazine's fashion editors. The November issue of SEVENTEEN has an eight-page spread on Barbara and some skiing friends). Anyhow, we proudly call your attention to Miss Mary Nixon on page 17. Peter Davenport, editor-in-charge - of - finding - Gentlemen's-Choices, thinks you'll find Mary about fine as wine.

There's more smut, but we've got some good fiction too. Garland G. Gooden walked into the office one night and brought more short stories than we thought there were in the world. His **A Falling of Snow**, and **Beneath a Golden Sun** make up the majority of the section. Dwight Reynolds, also a new face in the CHRONICLE, is well represented on page 14. Steve Carter, senior senator, is our guest editorialist. This editorial deals with the rat system as it now stands at Clemson. We hope everyone will take the time to read with an open mind, and consider the pros and cons as presented by the author. Then Bill Grindley analyzes the new library, and Ashley Paulk's **Patter** discusses some of the problems involved with the creation of a university. Dave Milling's book review is written to be read without a dictionary this time. The subject, **In His Own Write**, is an awfully clever book written by one John Lennon (the Beatle). You'll probably have to admit there's a helluva lot of good stuff in this issue, but back to the smut. Bill Anderson, our new feature editor (all feature editors seem to be lecherous) has interviewed a real live belly dancer. Furthermore, she says she is one of six really authentic ones in the whole country. Everything else is stolen.



CHRONICLE WANTS YOU

Yep, we're still looking. All over the place too. Sometimes we look in the oddest places. If you're one of those people who we might find in an odd place, then you're probably our kinda person. If you can do anything at all you're right with us. Just you come on down to our odd little office in the Chronicle Building (formerly the Textile, then Physics, then Geology building) and do what ever it is you do.

IF WE DON'T HAVE IT, YOU DON'T NEED IT JUDGE KELLERS

Chronicle

EDITORIAL

Spirit, An Individual Experience By Steve Carter

Have you noticed the changing attitudes here at Clemson in the past few years? Those of you who have been here for more than one probably have. It's simple to see that we're living in an era different from that of a decade ago. At that time, Clemson was certainly going through the greatest transition prior to this time. What were the feelings of those directly affected with this change from a military to a non-military type of education? Regretful, anxious, selfish, to name only a few. But this change has been accepted in part. In part, it is my present concern.

Ah, Tradition, the wars that have been fought in the name of tradition. "An inherited culture," says Dan Webster. Inherited from what original source is the deciding factor which determines the merits or demerits of tradition. Sex is a worthwhile tradition which is "an inherited culture" from generations of cultural and non-cultural folk. So we deem sex a tradition worth clinging to and preserving in the future. Hanging by the neck until death, on the other hand, is a type of tradition that stimulates very little interest in today's society—a dead tradition.

Most assuredly, we of Clemson University have our inherited cultures that are an integral part of the education that we seek. The tradition of singing our Alma Mater with sober minds and a common emotion, the stimulating conversations during coffee breaks, the triumphs and failures of a young man with individual ideals evolving from a society of frustrated fragments are all part of an inherited culture. But what of the traditions that impede our progressiveness, such as remaining a military institution and thereby limiting the number and types of educational advantages available? We maturely dissolve them with optimism and anticipation that those who might be disenchanted for the moment may soon visualize the advantages of the alteration. Such a tradition that impedes our progressiveness is the current rat system.

Questionable is the length of time

that is required to father a tradition. Sex has been a part of society for the same length of time as man; hanging not quite so long. But if a decade arbitrarily makes a tradition, then our present rat system hardly qualifies. Contrary to the belief of a recent rat system advocate who expressed his views in the University newspaper, the game of Rats yelling in the dining hall is hardly six years old. During the days of regal military here at Clemson the only yelling that was allowed at the meals was a seldom and brief cheer led by the head captain about what the Tigers were probably going to do to that Saturday's opponent. There was no compelling of the Rats to stand up individually and yell for the selfish satisfaction of an upperclassmen's introverted ego. The Tigers won and lost games then as they do now. No course of human nature has been altered by either approach. Oh, there is always rebuttal that for something to contribute to human nature it must be worthwhile for our society. In the length of time and space allotted for this personal expression of views I do not feel that I could adequately explain my views on that statement except to say that it is thought-provoking.

Looking at our present Freshman indoctrination program from a psychological point of view we can find arguments pro and con. Pro from those who advocate that what was good enough for me to be compelled to do is certainly good enough for my "inferior" to be exposed to. This is terribly close to the most asinine, illogical, and immature attitude that I have ever been introduced to. Right off there are going to be those who say that I'm a hater of tradition because I believe that my fellow man need not suffer the same idiosyncracies to which I was exposed. Not so at all; worthwhile traditions will prevail among an **educated society** of which we are a part, and I will carry my banner to see that these traditions are preserved.

There is the school of thought about the campus which feels the young freshman just out of high school must be "put in his place" before he can become a true Clemson gentleman. So we set about to cut his hair, place a beanie on his now bald head, and compel him to yell at any time and any place about our campus community. I'll be the first to agree that we receive at our University those young Freshmen who often have warped senses

continued on page 30

PATTER

BY ASHLEY PAULK

THE MAKING OF A UNIVERSITY

Have you ever stopped to consider all of the problems that are encompassed in the making of a university? Quite likely, you have not, for a university's mere existence tends to be taken for granted by the majority of people unless it should be an irate taxpayer grumbling about the use of his taxes for the establishment of a "party center" for high school graduates. Needless to say, those of you who have weathered your first year here at Clemson realize all too well that it is no party but is instead a long hard grind for an awfully meaningful and rewarding piece of sheepskin. Still, who or what really made the university from which you can attain such a wide range of degrees?

Although Clemson actually had its beginning with the original wish of Thomas Greene Clemson nearly eighty years ago, it has actually made its greatest progress within the last decade. After many years as a college, a title that implies being a quite different school than a university, Clemson dropped "college" from its name this past summer and attained the present name of Clemson University. But, was this just a change in name alone? I feel not, for with its present faculty, the many varied curriculums offered, and the size and growth rate of the school, the title of Clemson University, if anything, is somewhat overdue.

This progress of the last decade has not come about by chance either, but rather under the auspices of men like President Edwards, Dean Cox, and Dean Coakley. Through the efforts of these men and many others, a complex of schools has been established that anyone could quite proudly entitle a university. The establishment of these schools has required and continues to require a great deal of money—there is over eight million dollars worth of building alone in progress at this time—but still, the buildings and the equipment of a university are not the nucleus of a good university, for the true nucleus is found in the faculty itself. This is an area in which Clemson has made significant gains; for over the years the faculty has been constantly improved to such a degree that over 50% of the faculty now holds doctorates. This is a fairly high percentage for any

university and is definitely one of the factors which has helped to place Clemson in the numbers of the top engineering schools of the nation.

Scholastically, Clemson has definitely made immense gains in the last decade and appears to be lagging behind in very few aspects toward being a university in its entirety. One of these aspects, a non-academic one, but still very much a part of a true university, has quite recently been initiated at Clemson—co-education. This is more or less a social type of improvement, especially from the boys' point of view, but it is quite likely the area in which Clemson is being a uni-

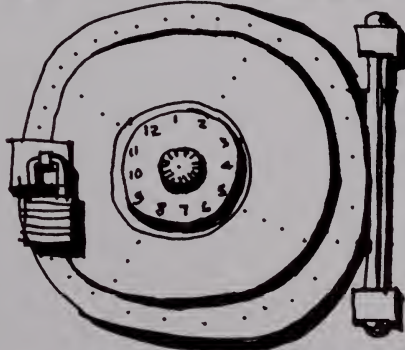
versity in every sense has the greatest room for improvement. However, this improvement is sure to come with the completion of more girls' dormitories.

The progress of Clemson of late has been and continues to be phenomenal, and although there have been mistakes, and complaints made by people about them—due mainly to the fact that hindsight is much easier than the foresight required in the planning of a university—the administration certainly deserves to be commended for shaping Clemson into what it is today—a university in the true sense of the word.

*check with us for
college girl needs*



GENIE SHOPPE



LET
US
KEEP
YOUR
EXTRA
MONEY

**FORT HILL FEDERAL SAVINGS
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION**

A PASSPORT TO SUCCESS

TAPS 1965

LETTERS

2186

Well, we've been waiting and waiting, but nobody will write us a letter. We really actually did get one but we lost it (no joke). It was from a Bob Jones girl who married a Clemson man. She didn't like the stuff Dave Henry said in "Where to Find 'Em." "Bob Jones girls are really nice," she says. After her letter we believe her. Besides, she's the only one who thought enough to write us a letter.

Then the problem arises, what to do with all this space. So we decided to show y'all some of the really cool letters other magazines get. And furthermore, if you don't write us a letter before next time, we are just going to have to leave this space blank. So there!

* * *

Yale Record, October 1962
To the Editor:

Whatever happened to Dwight Eisenhower, anyway? I just learned how to spell his name and now you never hear about him anymore. I suppose next thing you know they'll be getting rid of Nikita Khrushchev.

Florence Wee

To the Editor:

In your recent discussion on possible Republican candidates for President in 1964 you made several good points. HOWEVER, may I remind you that Romney is not yet a political figure of stature, Rockefeller is divorced and left-leaning, Nixon is politically dead, and the dark horses are really out of the picture. Who then, is the man to fit the bill in '64? Who is of sufficient integrity, who is adequately handsome, who is of immense stature, who is for the people, who is capable of handling the job brilliantly, who is more popular than Johnson, in short, who is Right? Think it over.

Senator Barry Goldwater

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Chronicle

JANUARY 1965

VOL. V, NO. 2

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Bill Anderson

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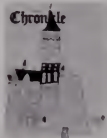
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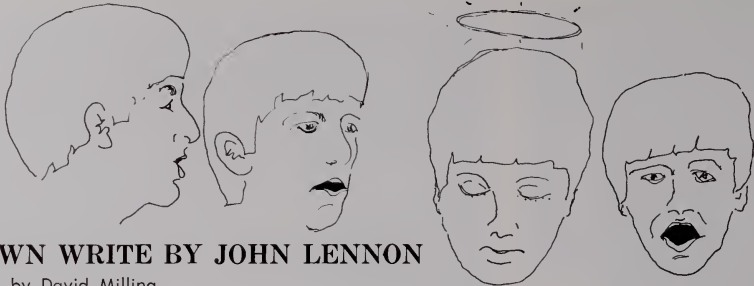
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Ashley Paulk

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OUR COVER: Mike Medlock. HRM IV's. (last year's editor), little sister Margaret Jane is a budding artist. What better place than the cover of the Chronicle to get a start. She's only six.

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Chronicle Review by David Milling

IN HIS OWN WRITE by John Lennon
Simon & Schuster \$2.50
Copyright 1964

Did you know that one of the Beatles has written a book? At least that is what Simon and Schuster would have us to believe, and it'll cost you two-fifty. It seems that Beatlemania is fine, but John Lennon asks that we consider him in his own right. He thereby gets away with his first pun—the title of his book is **IN HIS OWN WRITE**.

If you happen to go in for puns and worse, you will probably enjoy this book. It'll also help if you possess a rather sick sense of humor and happen to like the Beatles pretty much anyway. And you do, don't you? **IN HIS OWN WRITE** is a collection of short stories, poems, plays, and illustrations (Are you not familiar with the short illustration?), none of which is over three pages long.

The third selection in this book is a poem and happens to be a masterpiece in malevolent glee; we therefore present it complete. It is entitled **GOOD DOG NIGEL**, and if it fails to satisfy your taste for the macabre, don't go away, because it's only the beginning:

Arf, Arf, he goes, a merry sight,
Our little hairy friend,
Arf, Arf, upon the lampost bright
Arfing around the bend.
Nice dog! Goo boy,
Waggie tail and beg,
Clever Nigel, jump for joy
Because we're putting you to sleep
at three of the clock, Nigel.

There is even a brief illustration of Nigel and friends.

This is one of the very few selections in which Lennon does not employ his delightful spelling and phrasing eccentricities, a peculiar combination of British slang, old fashioned speech impediment, and contemporary ignorance. Consider his opening paragraph to **THE**

WRESTLING DOG:

"Once upon a tom in a far distant land far across the sea miles away from anyway over the hills as the crow barks 39 people lived miles away from anywhere on a little island on a distant land."

Or the following from **NO FLIES ON FRANK**:

"He journeyed downstairs crestfallen and defective—a great wait on his boulders—not ever his wife's battered face could raise a smile on poor Frank's head—who as you know had no flies on him. His wife, a former beauty queer, regarded him with a strange and burly look."

And for those of you who would be married in a wheelchair, there's a marvelous description of the wedding preparations from **NICELY, NICELY CLIVE**:

"To have and to harm . . . til death duty part . . . he knew it all off by hertz. Roger could visualise Anne in her flowing weddy drag, being wheeled up the aisle, smiling a blessing. He had butterfield in his stomace as he fastened his bough tie and brushed his hairs. 'I hope I'm doing the right thing,' he thought, looking in the mirror, 'Am I good enough for her?' Roger need not have worried because he was. 'Should I have flowers all round the spokes?' said Anne polishing her foot rest. 'Or should I keep it syble?' she continued looking down at her grain-haired Mother.

'Does it really matter?' repaid her Mother wearily wiping her sign. 'He won't be looking at your spokes anyway.' Anne smiled the smile of someone who's seen a few laughs.

Then luckily Anne's father came home from the sea and cancelled the husband."

It is in such lines as the last that Lennon can lay claim to noteworthy expressiveness. In a dozen words we have a remarkable portrait of Anne's father—a distinguished and discerning seaman of uncommon

Illustrated By David Milling

good sense! But so much for the more serious selections.

Perhaps the most appealing aspect of Lennon's nonsense is the straight face-writing with which he carries it off. The following conversation is from **SAD MICHAEL**:

"'Goodeven Michael,' the Polease-man speeg, but Michael did not answer for he was debb and duff and could not speeg.

'How's the wive, Michael' spoge the Polease-man.

'Shuttup about that!'

'I thought you were debb and duff and could not speak,' said the Polease-man.

'Now what am I going to do with all my debb and duff books?' said Michael, realising straight away that here was a problem to be reckoned with."

Also with this tone of sober detachment is the story of a **SURPRISE FOR LITTLE BOBBY**:

"It was Bobby's birthmark today and he got a surprise. His very fist was jopped off. (The war) and he got a birthday hook!

All his life Bobby had wanted his very own hook; and now on his 39th birthday his pwayers had been answered. The only trouble was they had sent him a left hook and ebery dobbey knows that it were Bobby's right fist that was missing as it were.

What to do was not the only problem: Anyway he jopped off his lest hand and it fitted like a glove. Maybe next year he will get a right hook, who knows?"

Also worth mention is the self portrait of **THE MOLDY, MOLDY MAN**, far too introverted to represent our young author, Lennon:

*I'm a moldy moldy man
I'm moldy thru and thru
I'm a moldy, moldy man
You would not think it true
I'm moldy til my eyeballs
I'm moldy til my toe
I will not dance, I shy balls
I'm such a humble Joe.*

**Now Chronicle is number one.
When you think of college
magazines you naturally think
of us.**



Chronicle hasn't
always been num-
ber one. For a
while we were
only number
two and then
people didn't
think of us very
much. Some

people even thought the red "O" was a sex symbol. But
not since we're number one. Now everybody thinks
about us and almost everybody knows that the red "O"
is only our way of abbreviating Chronicle. Spell it out or
abbreviate it, doesn't matter, just do one or the other.



You threw it on **who?**

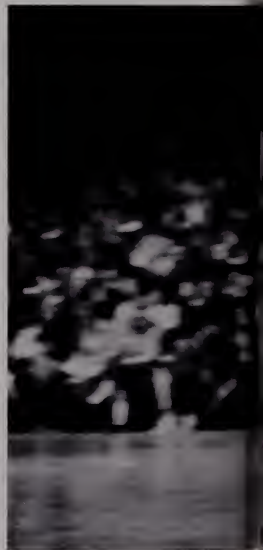


And now for my next number . . .



Darling, it really is a tick!

FROM O



The cheerleader dropped her

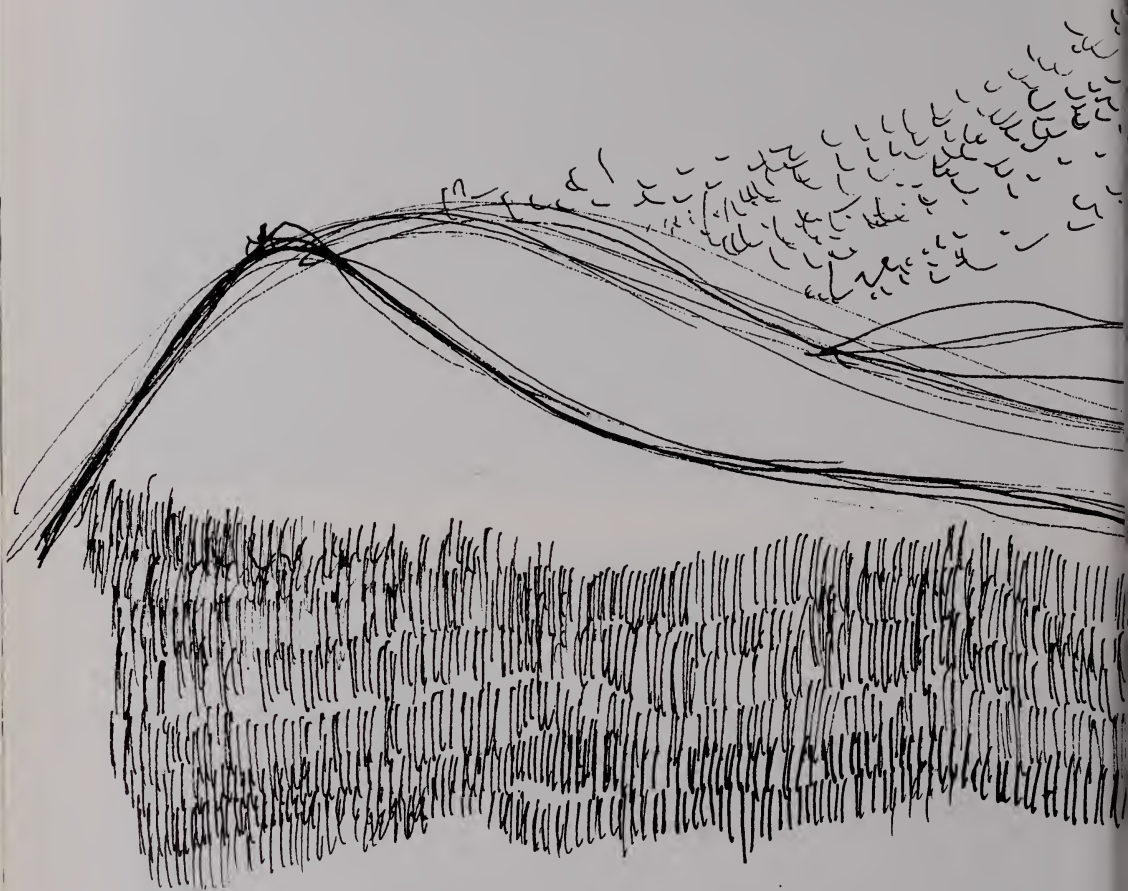


You really **do** have a gold tooth!

FF THE FLOOR



What?!



I got out of class at 8:30 and strolled back to the dorms. The sun was up high and the air was hot. Instead of going to the room I walked downstairs to check my mail box. It was empty. The first mail delivery wasn't for two hours anyway. I bought a newspaper from a vending machine and went into the canteen and had some coffee while I read it. Then I rolled it up and stuck it under my arm and went to the room.

The room was dark and hot and it smelled somewhat like bacon and eggs that had been sitting for a while. The sweatshirts hung on the wall hooks slightly musty from use.

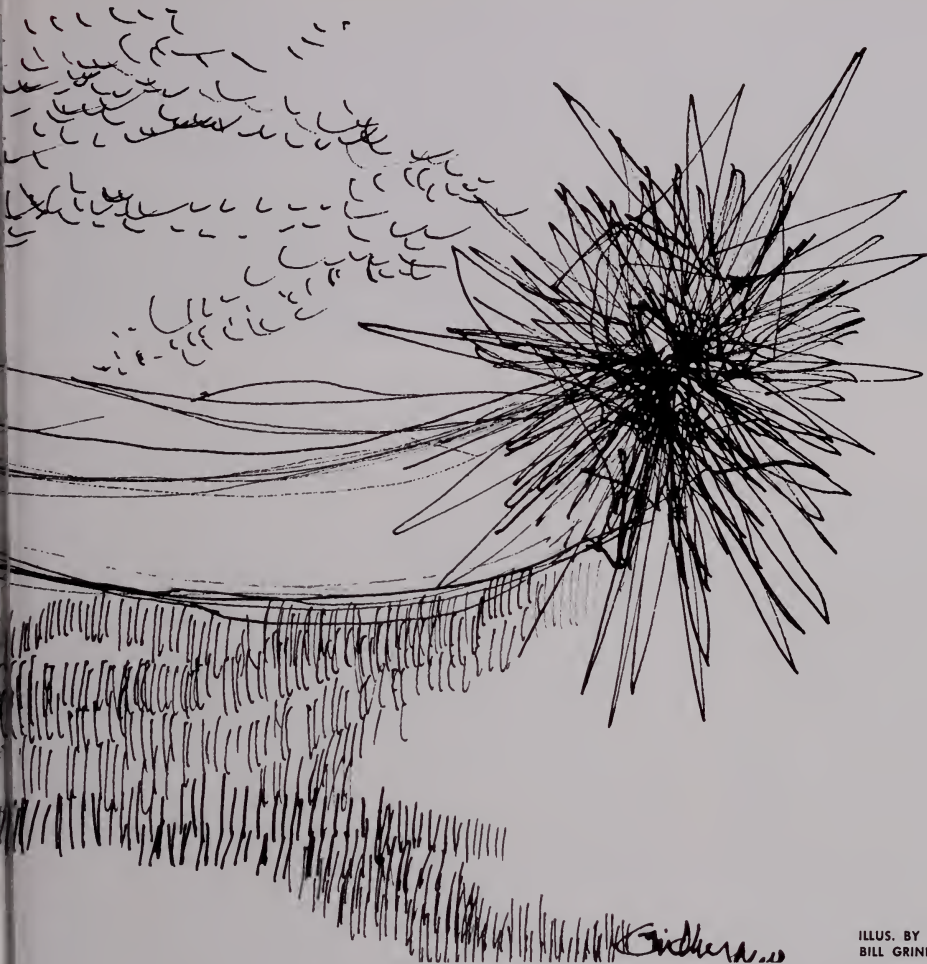
I did not turn on the light or open the blinds. I washed my face in cold water and looked into the dark mirror to examine my beard. The little blond hairs were about an eighth of an inch long and those on the window side glowed a little from the light coming in through the closed blinds.

I undressed and put on some shorts and went to the bathroom. I had found my checkbook missing the day before, so I phoned my bank long distance and told them to stop payment on the checks dated after the day before.

I came back in and sat at the table, turning on the desk lamp. A

moth flew onto the table and I pushed the blinds apart and flicked him out the window. I drew some graphs for trigonometry and wrote three letters and then I took out my notebook. I began to read over some of the short stories and sketches, marking the ones I was going to submit to the magazine. I lit a cigarette as I read and flicked the ashes into the garbage can.

When the time came I went down and checked the post office box again. He was just putting the letters in so I waited a minute and smoked another cigarette. I received a letter from home and another from my girl. I also got a hometown news-



ILLUS. BY
BILL GRINDLEY

A FALLING OF SNOW

BY GARLAND G. GOODEN

paper and a personal letter from the editor of a magazine saying that they had liked my work and would be happy to receive several more stories for publication.

I read the mail and the newspaper and then threw it away. At twelve thirty I went down to the cafeteria and got in line to eat dinner. I sat down at a table on the far side of the room and ate and then I took out a pencil and some paper and wrote some notes I had been

thinking of for a story. I smoked a cigarette and took my tray up to the moving belt and walked out. The sun was hot and I had on a t-shirt. I headed down to the Y.M.C.A. and met Pete and we shot a few games of pool.

On the way back to the dorm I walked across the field and into the shade trees along the walk. I met

Kay beside the Chemistry building and she stopped me.

"Are you still going this weekend?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What about our date?"

"I told you we had to break it unless you want to come along."

"You know I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"I have a class tomorrow."

continued on page 12

A FALLING OF SNOW

continued from page 11

"Cut it. You won't miss that much."

"I can't. We're supposed to have a test."

"What time is the class over?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"I could arrange it with Johnson to take off at twelve."

"I don't know. I've never been before."

"I'll teach you. It won't take you long to learn."

"Can I let you know tomorrow?"

"Tonight. I have to tell Danny."

"All right. I'll meet you for supper."

"O. K."

I started to kiss her but changed my mind. I looked down at her a moment and she turned and walked in the direction of the girl's dorm. The light falling through the big trees around the walk was yellow and the shadows were dark green. They touched her back as she walked like so many pieces of yellow and green racing down her skirt and falling to the ground, unmoving when they reached it.

I turned and went to the dorm and climbed the stairs to my room. My roommate had already gone home for the week-end. I took off my shirt and inclined the fan to hit me as I lay down on the bed.

I woke up about two hours later. I washed my face and picked up some library books that would be due the next day. The sun was down farther but it was still hot and humid. I was sweating as I walked to the library. I checked the books in and looked at a few magazines, and then I lit a cigarette and started back for the dorm. When I got there I went into the lounge and sat on a sofa. The television was blaring and a lot of people were sitting around it in the half dark.

I sat down by Bob. He was reading an article about parachuting in a science magazine.

"Hi."

"Hello Bob, Watcha know?"

"Hey, you really oughta read this article. It's pretty damn good."

"Let me have it when you get through."

I looked at a Post and he handed me the magazine. I read it through. It was an article on free fall with photographs taken from the national meet. The magazine was two months old.

"Is that pretty much fun?" he asked.

"Yeah."

I was reading and then I looked up at him.

"Why don't you join the club. We're jumping next Sunday."

"Ah, I don't know. How much is it?"

"Ten for the lessons and first jump, then ten more for five static lines. After that, it's three a jump."

"What's a static line?"

I was reading again.

"Huh? Oh, it's a long line they attach to the eyelets on your back-pack. All you do is jump and the cord pulls your chute open."

"Oh, yeah."

I left after I had read the article. It was very good. I saw Danny in the bookstore as I passed. I motioned to him and he waved that he would be out in a minute. I lit a cigarette and he bought something and came out, reaching into his pocket for his own cigarettes. I lit it for him.

"What's up?"

"Would you mind taking off at twelve instead of ten tomorrow?"

"Why?"

"Kay may be coming with us."

"No kidding? Hey, I think I'll get Martha to come. Yeah, it'll be all right with me if it's all right with the airport schedule. I doubt if any airliners will be landing on our huge strip."

"All right. I'll let you know after supper. You gonna be at Dan's?"

"Yeah, probably."

"We'll shoot some pool."

"O.K."

I went back to my room and took out the typewriter and placed it on the table. My notes were in my pocket and I read them over and started to write. It wasn't very easy

going at first because no ideas came up, but after I got into the background things began to set themselves straight. I smoked as I wrote, using a paper cup with water in it for an ash tray.

I finished five pages and the sun was beginning to go down. I got up and looked into the mirror. My beard was not growing so fast now. After it gets to a certain length, it gets used to the idea of not being cut and doesn't grow as fast. I washed my hands and went downstairs for supper. I sat down at a table with my tray and after a while I saw Kay come in. She waved and got her tray and came and sat with me. Her blond hair hung down her neck and touched her shoulders on the sides.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" I asked.

"I want to ask you some things first."

"Such as."

"Where am I going to sleep?"

"Danny and I have two rooms reserved. We'll double up."

"What'll I use for equipment?"

"You can rent it at the place. It's not too expensive. Or you can use Danny's when he's not. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Danny's asking Martha to go along."

"Really? Is she going?"

"I don't know. We'll probably see him in a while."

Pete and Mike came and sat at the other end of the table.

"Hey, you wanta go to High Falls tomorrow?" Pete asked.

"I can't. I'm leaving tomorrow at twelve."

"Where you going?"

"Up in the mountains."

"No kidding? What for?"

"Skiing."

"How you going?"

"Danny's flying."

Danny and Martha walked into the cafeteria and saw us. They waved. They sat on the other side of Mike and Pete.

"Well?" I asked.

continued on page 24



CRITICISM ON A NEW ADDITION:

A glance over the shoulder

by Bill Windley

A university needs a library; ours was inadequate; therefore we needed a new one. All of this is fairly obvious to anyone who has watched the old facility expand to its limit and then become inadequate. Simply put: What is being done should have been done long before it became critical.

The library committee, in conjunction with the former Harvard librarian Metcalf, drew up a program for facilities. This plan accounted for the needs of students using the facility as they now do, and as they shall use the library building in the future. This assumes the limited curriculum of the present university will be maintained, which will help in keeping the number of volumes to some reasonable limit. This program, long under study, helped to define certain spatial requirements, such as spaces for reading, study, or reference work. It also helped to focus on specific items such as the South Carolina Room, and the Thomas Greene Clemson collection, items of specific interest and rarity.

The program crystallized, the next problem is to establish a site for this proposed structure. It was realized that the center of the campus was shifting away from Tillman Hall toward the southeast. This has been the site for the majority of the postwar buildings. This realization, plus the knowledge of how the library needed to be used helped to place it in its present site. It was felt that this was the crossing point of interaction between various Schools, and the spot most convenient for students to drop off or pick up a book while transversing from one building to another. It is also the middle ground for the men's and women's proposed campi, making it

even more convenient for use after classes or in the evening. This means the library takes on the responsibility of a social center, a common meeting place in the center of the campus, walked through, around, and entered into if to be used by any member of the student body.

Parking facilities were originally included in the Physics, Math, English complex and are intended to be adequate for both buildings. Overlooking the library is the women's cafeteria, near the site of the present infirmary, once part of the future expansion plan.

Post mortem criticism is somewhat redundant, but there are a few points which need reevaluation; if they are impossible to remedy. The question of placement in the center of existing schools should have been backed by more powerful evidence. Just how much traffic is there between the P&A Building and the Chemistry building; the Chemical Engineering building and Long Hall; between Olin Hall and the Agricultural Engineering school and between the School of Architecture and the Physics building? Why should the specialized collections of libraries within the schools become property of the main library complex? Doesn't it seem more logical to carry on work of a specific nature within a school; so that the student may refer directly to a more intimate and personally used library? Of what value is the ability to drop off a book on the way to class if the same journey must be made later to pick up another? If this site is the center of the future campus, why then wasn't a provision made for some sort of Student Union within the library complex itself? Is it not redundant to

base a decision on the social criteria for siting and then deny the more urgent need of a social-academic center?

The placement of the library in terms of sensitivity towards natural site conditions is a dismal and utter failure. Here on this broad and rolling site, potentially one of the most beautiful campuses in America, we must flatten the ground, knock down all the trees, and create a large hill of oozing red clay. A quick glance at the sketch in the present library shows the most unlearned that the site so selected is the former site of the spring house to the Calhoun Mansion. This simply means that it was where a rock outcropping gave off water from an underground stream, and that since it is one of the lowest elevations on the present academic campus it is the natural dumping place for all the rainwater runoff during the long rainy season. The inherent engineering problems of placing a massive building over an underground spring and the problems of hydrostatic head during long wet seasons are fantastic and financially phenomenal.

The actual building is nostalgically classical with a peristyle of massive concrete arches encircling are inset glass boxes in which all functions have been arranged. It is proud, almost to the point of being forbidding and successfully fulfills the quality of being a symbol. It is a radical departure, perhaps justified, from the basic brick with white lintels of the indigenous campus building. Its imposing monumentality, reinforced by the planned esplanade and pool before it will reinforce the fact that it is built for books and the almighty power of knowledge; and not for people.



GOOD TUESDAY GOOD MAIDEN

BY DWIGHT REYNOLDS

Lightning flashed startlingly, giving the landscape an instantaneous eerie effect by throwing the shadows of the trees on the reflecting sheets of rain. The accompanying thunder clap gave a final assertion that the serenity and warmth which had been the morning was broken now.

Richard and Peggy were running now in a futile attempt to avoid the frenzied fingers of the rain which had already saturated their clothing. They almost collided into the old but dry cabin beside which they had, not ten minutes ago, found the final sample to complete their list of botanical specimens.

Fortunately, the members of the deer hunting clubs who owned the cabin always left the deserted log structure open during the off-season. There were two paneless windows and a large fireplace with a stack of wood near the hearth, nothing to lock a door over.

Entering, Richard noticed the basket of plants he was still carrying, although they were badly battered now. Peggy followed his gaze as she entered.

"Oh, throw them out. They're all ruined."

Richard had not heard her and continued to stare at the dilapidated flora. When he spoke, his voice was somewhat higher pitched than his normal tone and he spoke too quickly.

"Where did it come from? Everything was so peaceful; then out of nowhere—dark, bam, crash! I'll catch pneumonia again; I know I will. I had it last spring, remember? I can't stand the cold, and I'm getting a chill."

He looked up to see if Peggy was listening. She apparently was not as she had taken a seated position on the opposite side of the door jamb from where he was standing, leaning against the wall. He kept his eyes on her as he crouched, sliding his back along the roughly hewn logs.

Peggy was not the kind of girl that a guy wasn't proud to be with, although looking at her wasn't likely to make him want to run over the countryside ringing bells or anything. Her face was nothing special, one way or another; it just seemed to blend with the rest of her appearance. Her body was strangely interesting, though, at least it was to Richard. She had what could neither be a good figure, nor was she skinny. But, it seemed to Richard that she was overly condensed, that she had too much filling for the amount of covering her body had, almost if she would, if cut, not bleed but explode.

He had been dating her for quite some time now, just over two years. That fact seemed slightly depressing to Peggy's Mother, who had recently begun a campaign of hint-dropping. Richard didn't really think marriage was a bad idea but when he was with Peggy he never thought about it, and as near as he could tell, neither did Peggy.

But now Richard's train of thought was broken by a genuine fit of chills. His rain-drenched clothes had triggered his unusual hypersensitivity to cold and driven his jaws to trembling spastically. The coldness spread from his arms and back to his stomach, making him bend over

continued on page 16

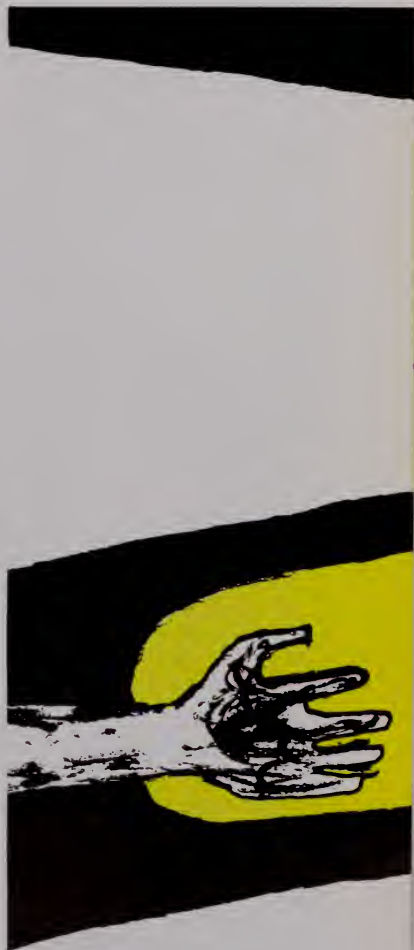


ILLUSTRATION BY C. FLOYD III

GOOD TUESDAY GOOD MAIDEN

continued from page 15

as he shut out everything but the chills.

Peggy noticed and came quickly to stand beside him. She removed the light windbreaker which she had been wearing and wrung it out as best she could before draping it over Richard's quaking shoulders. Then she collected some cardboard boxes and started a fire with Richard's cigarette lighter which he rarely used, but liked to carry.

Once the fire was crackling proudly, she returned to Richard, and capitalizing on her moment of glory, completed his submission by cuddling his head to her breast and cooing softly to him as a mother might do with a sick child. She was relentless in her comforting; while Richard might have attempted to pull himself free, Peggy showed no sign of weakening.

In complete submission, tears wetted his eyes and began to flow down his cheeks. He made no sound, but wept silently. Finally, he broke the quiet which Peggy had thoroughly enjoyed. His voice seemed firmer now even though he could not quell the tears.

"Guys should never cry, never. I cried before though. I remember; there was a storm—I was only six, but I remember—much worse than this one. I was scared."

"It must have been late autumn because the oil heating was going full blast and that's what did it. The furnace exploded, knocking me down, and the floor became warm before I saw the flames. 'Daddy help me! The fire!' My screams and the others hurt my ears, but he wouldn't help me. He never came. Then she was there, pulling me away—'Mama, Mama, he didn't come!' "

"Then we were outside and the fire lit up the whole block and the screaming didn't make my ears ring anymore 'Hush, baby, he can't come anymore, he's gone away.'"

Then she pulled me to her and I could feel her tears on my face."

"But I was too young to know, too small to . . ."

Peggy had pushed him away and made a scrambling leap into a corner, from which she pointed shakily toward the window as she gasped Richard's name.

Richard, forced to return from a world of his own and still suffering from his chill, turned his head in that direction and saw what was frightening Peggy. Leaning against the paneless window, sniffing the air and grunting deeply, with his big head stuck in the window, was a large brown bear.

Richard suddenly stood upright. And, before he knew what he was about, he was outside the cabin in the rain, racing nimbly toward the bear's side of the cabin. Rounding the corner of the cabin, he hit the trash can at full speed. He landed in a pile of beer cans, catsup bottles and cardboard boxes.

Richard had never thought about what he was going to do when he faced the bear, but as he disentangled himself from the rubbish, he saw the bear beating a slow retreat toward the wetter but quieter woods.

As Richard walked back to the cabin door, he was aware that he had done a valiant thing—perhaps the first and last he would ever do in his entire life.

Richard entered the cabin and removed Peggy's jacket which had managed to cling to him throughout the adventure. He noticed that he was no longer shaking and that he actually felt warm inside as he wrung out the jacket. He walked silently over to Peggy who was now crouching on the floor near the fire.

Her back heaved with the half-sob, half-sigh climax of a good cry. Richard thought that it was surprising that Peggy had shown even this moment of weakness, but he reveled in it now that their positions were changed.

He gently laid the little jacket over her shoulders.



Chap.
YALE "RECORD"



GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

MARY FRANCES NIXON

January's G. C. is a local product who makes her home in Starr, S. C. She is a graduate of Nancy Taylor School in Atlanta, Georgia where she is also a part-time free lance model. Before being beautiful for the Chronicle cameras she was selected Miss South Carolina in the Miss U. N. contest, Miss Anderson, and Miss South Carolina Merry Christmas!





PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF GROAT



*Numerically
speaking, if you
still need con-
vincing, Mary
describes herself
as being*

*20, 5-6, 120,
35½, 23, 36.*

How's That?



FOOTNOTE

Seen, but often unread, among the leaves of humanity
Is the fine print of faith.
Still, it is there, and
Those who cannot read, and
Those who would not,
Must mark it for future reference.

Frank Pearce

WARM CHILLS

Contemporaries continually dying
Around me as if I were
A friendly, forgiving plague
That causes and then forgives the passing.

John McCarter

BOTTLES

Tall . . . dark . . . slender bottles
smooth . . . short . . . crystal bottles . . .
standing in dark dusty corners of cold damp cellars
whispering to each other on the wind . . .
filled with sparkling liquid of
crumbling dreams and heartache,
of life . . . death . . .
covered with thin layers of time . . .
broken and empty . . .
their heart of memories flown out
and scattered in dust . . .
proud warriors who long ago left the
battlefield . . .
standing in dark rows to be gazed upon by eyes that
shine
in the dark
and understand not . . .
the many things seen . . . the many things done . . .
now collected here
to fade away . . .
their voices now hushed . . . now stilled . . .
remembering . . .
forgetting . . .
forgotten.
garland g. gooden, jr.

OSOP^{*}

We'll you local guys let us down again so we had to go abroad for the silly poetry. Lieuen Adkins, Dennis Dick, and Tony Bell of the Old Texas Ranger staff provide us with January's OSOP.

I never was a peaceful guy,
I'se always in a fight,
NOW I can be aggressive
And still be in the right!

In reckless youth I raced and sped
In souped-up hotrod cars;
NOW if some mutha gets ahead
He goes behind the bars!

I never was respectable
With dames or deans
But NOW that I'm a brass-hat bull,
They all respect—or else!

(last stanza sung slowly)

O Clemson! Sleep thee well tonight,
Be not by crim'nals harmed;
We cops will give 'em hell tonight—
We're good! We're tough! We're ARMED!

Dennis Dick
RANGER

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow
Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go
It followed her to school one day
And a big black dog raped it.

The Old Swimming Hole

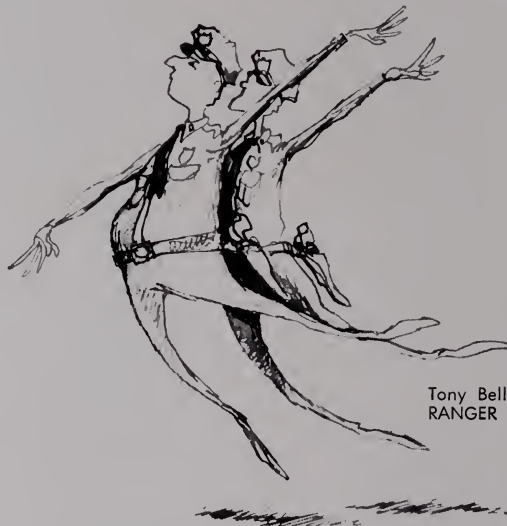
Did you ever go down to the old swimming hole
and lie on your back in the shade,
Or sit on the bank there and fish with a pole?
I didn't, 'cause I was afraid.

For as a small child I was firmly convinced
There were **things** in the old swimming hole.
Whenever I passed it I shuddered and winced
And feared for my wee little soul.

One day as I passed it at 6:21
A horrible figure was seen.
I bolted for home like a shot from a gun
And hid in the washing machine.

But I could not forever lie quaking with fright,
So my terror I managed to quell.
I returned with some nitro the following night,
Blew the old swimming hole all to hell.

Lieuen Adkins
RANGER



Tony Bell
RANGER

The Barefoot Boy

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan.
How'd he get so tan of cheek?
Using Man-Tan for a week.

Lieuen Adkins
RANGER

Percival Pifflewort

Percival Pifflewort, gentleman scholar,
Nature-lover of the first degree,
Ran through the meadow with a whoop and a holler,
All of his animal friends for to see.

Picked up a little mouse, put him in his pocket,
Picked up a toad and a June bug too;
Percival ran with the speed of a rocket
Down to the puddle where the bullfrogs grew.

Picked up a snake and a white goosey-gander,
Picked up a turtle, a frog, and a crow;
Picked up a rabbit and a red salamander—
Percival loved all his animals so.

Carried all of these and an armload of others
Back to his house at a galloping run.
Percival loved all his animal brothers,
Loved them so much that he ate every one.

Lieuen Adkins
RANGER

* Heretofore known as the Other Side of Poetry.



ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS RYAN

There is a field flowing down a slight incline where it mingles with the fringe of a green forest. The stately trees cast long shadows filled with intermittent flashes of early morning light. A foreign chill hangs in the air, edges through the clothing, and causes each individual to clamp his jaws together and draw up to himself.

You are lying on your back on a cot. There is a great rifling pain scorching down your back and your throat is hot and raw. The tent above filters the sunlight into a yellow wash that tints the vague objects about you.

You are dimly aware of the presence of someone beside the cot. You try very hard to see him but your eyes are tired and full of sweat. Everything is enveloped in this yellow dullness, this still haze which cannot be penetrated. On the man's arm is a patch bearing a cross of red. You cannot see it.

The ground is covered with mist which, as the morning progresses seeps back into the forest taking with it the night chill. The sun has become a thousand tiny pinholes of light edged with yellow in the tent roof. A dead heat has swept down and settled about the tent, twisting

and hovering in waves above the ground. It has brought sweat and flies. You are contained in this heat, lost in it, suffocating in it. The weight of lead is upon your chest and you try vainly to see, to move.

The grass is waving lightly in a small breeze out in the field. At the forest edge butterflies are coasting about singing lightly, without sound.

The shadowy ghost moves from the side of the cot, leaving a white cloth on your chest. Though you cannot see it, you can feel its whiteness covering the mouth which had spilled blood from your body.

The light above is yellow, and each time you try to move, a searing ball of red pain strikes your brain and the light flashes white and slowly fades back to yellow.

From another place, battle sounds float in the air, reduced to a dull rattle. You begin to listen to the quiet thud of your heart as it works, expecting that at any moment it will miss a beat, will stop.

Yours is a small world with a great god, and you suddenly find yourself praying to him, your mind silently crying out his name. With each stab of pain your brain

screams, and there is no sound but the heartbeat.

The tall trees wave almost invisibly.

A spasm seizes your throat. Your good lung explodes and a trickle of blood weaves down your cheek, mingles with sweat, and spreads into the cot. A fly drones past your ear and lights on your arm, but you cannot drive it away because your arm will not respond. You know that your spine is severed and a dark fear drives slivers of ice into your brain, deeper and deeper. There is a taste of salt in your mouth. Your eyes are wide and they stare at the yellow light and you feel your heart speed up. You try to rise, try to make sounds, and there is nothing but the red pain and the hoarse grating noise from your throat and the yellow light. Your lips quiver as they try to form words. The trees wave silently. The cloth on your chest is red. The butterflies flicker about the forest's edge. Your eyelids flutter. The sun is passing. The pain . . . The heat . . . The waving grass . . . The sound of battle . . . The heartbeat . . . Fear . . .

"Our Father . . ."

Yellow light . . . yellow light . . .

"Who art . . ."

BENEATH A GOLDEN SUN

By Garland G. Gooden

A FALLING OF SNOW

continued from page 12

"I talked her into it when she heard Kay was coming."

"Kay isn't coming," I said to pull a funny and make Kay make up her mind.

"What" and "How come?" and "Who says?" came from three different sides of the table.

"She hasn't made up her mind."

"Yes I have. I guess I'll go."

"Good. Come around at eleven thirty."

"That's when I get out of class."

"Have everything ready. Don't bring a lot of junk."

"You know better than that."

"I'm only kidding you."

After supper I walked Kay to her car and offered to ride with her to the girl's dorm. But I didn't go. I went upstairs and got my bathing suit and walked to the Y.M.C.A. Hardly anyone was there and I practiced a lot of diving. Paul, the life-guard, was sitting in a little room at the corner of the pool reading a magazine. When everybody left I swam up to the side of the pool and rested my head on my arms. Paul gave me a cigarette and we talked for a while. Then he came in and we dove a while until after closing time. Then we went and shot a few games of pool for a dime a game. After I left I walked down to Dan's and Danny was sitting with Cressler watching color television and drinking cokes.

"Ready to leave?" he asked as I sat down.

"I haven't packed anything yet. Are the skis on the plane?"

"Yeah. I went out and checked her today and she's ready to go."

"I'm glad the girls are going."

"Yeah. That oughta be fun."

"Does Kay know how to ski?" Cress asked.

"No. I'll have to teach her."

"Martha doesn't either," Danny said.

We had a cigarette and Danny and I left Cressler and walked back to the dorm. Danny helped me pack

some things and we went to the lounge. We watched television for about an hour and I left and I went to the room and wrote some more on the story. I was out of cigarettes so I walked down to the vending machine corner out on the court and bought some and a carton of milk. Then I went back up and finished four more pages and quit.

I undressed and put all my dirty clothes in a duffel bag and hung it on the wall hook. Then I went down to the shower room. It was empty and the window was open with a chilly breeze flowing in. I turned on the shower warm and washed off. After that I stood and let the hot water run down my back and chest. I hung my head back in it and it felt good in my hair. I turned it off and dried off and walked to the window in the cool breeze and looked out over the dark hillsides. I was on the eighth level and could see for a long way. Lights were running down the highway on the farthest hill and other lights showed up where there was nothing but forest during the day.

After a while I went back to the room and smoked and read a chapter of an Ernest Hemingway book. Then I brushed my teeth and turned the fan upward so that it would hit me and I turned off the lights and climbed into the upper bunk. I lay on the sheet with the spread down and thought for a while. Dim light was filtering through the closed blinds and I heard somebody walk past on the concrete three stories below my window. The building was on a hill and the eighth level on one side was only three stories on the other.

Pretty soon I was thinking about flying down the blue ice slopes on skis and I thought of the little resort in the mountains that not many people knew of. It was a beautiful spot with little cabins around the main building with a cliff at their backs and pine forests around them with snow lying among the trees and drooping the limbs down. From our cabin you could see the mountains as they reached around in a semicircle from our front to behind and cradled a wooded valley into themselves. Trees grew up the slopes and above the trees were snow banks that looked blue from the distance. Naked rocks stood straight and high above the banks and appeared shadowy when viewed from the telescopes. I thought of how

much fun Kay and I would have in this beautiful place.

And then the thought turned into a dream.

Day began. And with it came the sunlight. I woke very early and lay in the bunk watching the light grow on the walls and the ceiling. The blinds were closed and the light was gray. I had only slept about five hours. Finally, I got up and slid down to the floor and put on a pair of blue shorts. I cracked the blinds and looked out and down to the parking lot. Things were beginning to stir and a bird flew up and perched on the ledge outside my window. I watched him for a moment and then made a cracking noise with the blinds. He cocked his head to the side and looked up at the window and flew off.

I closed the blind back and put on my shoes without socks. The room was still rather dim so I switched on the light above the sink and looked in the mirror. I was still tired from just getting up and I stood for a long time leaning on the sink and looking at my beard and hair. I washed my face with cold water and didn't dry it. I turned and leaned backwards on the sink, the water dripping off my nose and down my hair onto my chest. It was very hard to stay awake.

I went down to the cafeteria and ate breakfast and came back up. I set my alarm for ten o'clock, took an aspirin, and got back in the bed with my clothes on.

I fell asleep on my back and dreamt that we were in the plane very high off the ground and there were clouds around us. The buzzing of the motor kept getting louder and louder and it got on my nerves. Slowly I realized that the buzzing was the alarm, so I woke up and turned it off. I got up and changed into long pants and brushed my teeth and combed my hair. I locked my door and went down two flights to Danny's room. Cress was there.

"You going to drive us to the strip?" I asked him.

"Yes."

I sat on Danny's bed and lit a cigarette.

"How many times does this trip make?" I asked him.

"The fourth, I think. It was so damn long ago the first time I'm starting to get them all mixed up."

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Ballet De Belly

CHRONICLE INTERVIEW
BY BILL ANDERSON III

Certainly even the gay Grecian muse Terpsichore would be startled by today's bold, authentic, art of belly dancing. Concisely termed by the French "danse du ventre," this so called "ballet de belly" is presumed to have developed in orgiastic cults of the fertility goddesses in the Near East.

True belly dancing is a controlled movement of muscles without moving the whole body. Usually performed by buxom ladies with slowly revolving (and nicely rounded) abdomens, the rhythmic sound inciting the muscular movements has been called "Richard Strauss music integrated with an Oscar Wilde theme."

Most successful of the belly dancers in this country during its early origination in western mining towns was Salome, whose "Dance of the Seven Veils" was sufficiently exciting to incite the miners to name a town after her. Among today's proud professional practitioners of the unencumbered muscled midriff dancers is olive-complexioned Jameela, who has graciously consented to an informal CHRONICLE interview.

Deep down in a dimly-lit corner in the Brookgreen Room of the Ocean Forest Hotel, a jet black-haired, cosmetic-covered, olive complexioned face stared this writer in the eye and in no uncertain terms declared, "Either you're born with it or you're not."

With slightly over fifteen years of experience under her belt (or belly to be precise), this boisterous, unabashed belly dancer declares, "Belly dancing is an art. It will never go out of style. It excites everybody. People seem to enjoy it more than any other dance simply because it is so different."

Proudly possessing the professional name of Jameela, the auda-

cious dancer avows herself as one of only six "original" belly dancers in the United States. Respectably termed "Arabian dancers," an "original" must be a native of Iraq, Cairo, Turkey, or Lebanon. Jameela was born in Baghdad, Iraq, and explains that Arabian dancing is the native dance of her country. "That's why it comes natural to me. I was born into it. I think I'm the only 'original' on the East Coast."

Although many Greeks and Italians bestow upon themselves Arabian names, they are not "originals," but usually take lessons and present an acceptable imitation. Most belly dancers are Moslems, although Jameela is Catholic.

Also a housewife and mother to three boys, Jameela considers her bold profession "very ideal." "It's a good occupation for a mother because it brings in good money. I make between \$400 and \$500 a week when I work at a night club. About half of the belly dancers are married and have children. Most have two or three kids. Shape?—it doesn't mean a thing. I've had three children and it hasn't gotten me out of shape."

Additional inquiry disproved any sisterly homogeneity between belly dancers and strippers. "Anybody can strip! Anybody! To hell with all the strippers! Belly dancers are try-

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A FALLING OF SNOW

continued from page 24

"You all packed?"

"Yes." Danny was from Florida.

"Hand me that ash tray. Thanks."

I flicked ashes. "Look here, Danny," I said, "how long have you had your license?"

"For flying? About a year and a half."

"Was it hard to get?"

"Not really."

"I want one. Of course I don't have a plane."

"The one I'm using is my Father's."

"I know."

"When are you coming back?" Cress asked Danny.

"Sunday night."

"You going to shack up with Martha?"

"I doubt it."

"How about you?" he asked me.

"I'm not planning anything."

At eleven o'clock we put the things in the trunk of Bix's car and went to the canteen to get something to drink.

"I got hold of two bottles of wine," Danny said.

"I've got some champagne and a half of scotch."

"How much champagne?"

"Two bottles."

"What kind is it? Import?"

"No. New York State."

"That's good enough."

"It's good stuff."

"There's an ice chest in the plane. We can use the ice machine at the lodge."

At eleven fifteen Cress drove us to the girl's dorm and we waited for Kay and Martha to get back from class. When they came, we put their things in with ours and started for the field. Danny's plane was beside the hangar. It was a single engine four seater. He got it in 1959.

We crammed all the bags into the little compartment and I took my typewriter into the cabin. Danny went into the tower for a while and we stood around and smoked. When he came out we said goodbye to Cressler and he went out the gate and stood by the car to watch. Danny and I sat up front for the first of the trip and the girls in the back. We taxied down the runway and lifted off very gently. He circled once and we could see Cressler very far below still by the car. The sun was

very bright and he headed north-northwest at about 2500 feet.

After an hour, Martha and I switched places and I sat beside Kay. I put my arm around her. There wasn't very much room.

I leaned over and brushed back her hair with my nose.

"Happy?"

She looked at me. "Yes."

Danny nosed the plane down and we came out of a cloud bank over the mountains. I had slept and I didn't know how long we had been up. Danny called the airport and Kay was asleep with her head on my shoulder. I kissed her on the forehead.

Danny landed on a private airstrip a few miles from the lodge. We hired a car and rode to the lodge in the back. Danny opened his suitcase and took out a bottle of wine. He broke the seal and opened it. Danny took a long swallow out of the bottle and handed it to me. The bottle was chilly because of the cold air and I drank three swallows. Then he corked it and put it back.

I paid the driver at the lodge while Danny and the girls went into the lodge. Danny registered and came outside with me. There weren't very many people at the lodge this early. The slopes had few runmarks in them. The chair lift was empty and stopped.

The snow was light and loosely packed. There were four inches under our feet. At the edge of the steps it was brown and slushy but over among the trees there was a crust over the top.

We went in and got our key and baggage and took it to the cabin. There was a pile of cut logs near the door with a layer of snow over them and inside was a smaller pile against the wall next to the fireplace. The windows were storm-proofed and the shades were down. Two cots were against another wall and a table and chairs stood in the center. Along the wall with the large window overlooking the valley was a sink and two cabinets hung above this. Nearby was a stove and next to this, a refrigerator. The floor was clean. The dust had been swept away and the cots had been prepared for sleeping.

I went back outside and took Kay's bags into her cabin. Danny took the ice chest and filled it with snow from the trees and we put the wine bottle and champagne bottle in it and set it on the floor by the sink. He put the other bottles in the

refrigerator and the scotch in the cabinet. I started the fire going and put on some big logs. Then I went out and brought in several more.

The sky was beginning to cloud over in the east and the sun was almost ready to go down. We all went to the restaurant and ate and I went out to the terrace to see if the snow was going to fall. I sat down in a wooden chair which was cold through my pants legs. I watched the stars blink out one by one as they were covered by the clouds and I lit a cigarette. Its smoke mixed with the carbon dioxide frosting from my breath and I bundled up in my sweater and jacket. A cold breeze blew across my face and I shivered.

I flipped the cigarette out into the snow and it smoked for a moment and turned damp. After a while the first flakes began to drift silently down. I sat there and my face was very cold and I was warm inside the sweater. A couple came out and walked down the steps into the dark past my cigarette.

Presently the snow fell harder and I got up and went back inside. Danny was talking about the time we flew up to Vermont for a week.

"Is it snowing?"

"Yes. Fairly hard."

"Why don't we go back to your cabin and play cards or something?"

"O. K."

The snow was falling even harder when we left. We went back to the cabin and sat around the table. The fire was going well and Danny poured wine into the glasses. We drank the bottle and the one of champagne and Danny and I began to drink scotch and water. I was very high but I could control myself. The champagne made me feel very dizzy and I concentrated on staying alert. I smoked a while and pretty soon I had a headache. I don't think it was from the alcohol. I lay down on a bunk with a drink and the others continued playing three handed bridge. I was humming a drinking song and Kay came over and sat on the bed beside me. She put her hand on my forehead and then on my cheek. Then she put her back to the wall and stretched her legs out on the bed beside me. I turned a bit and put my head on her thigh and she began to stroke my hair.

I woke up in the middle of the night. I couldn't see anything and then my eyes got used to the dark.

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BALLET DE BELLY

continued from page 25

ing to get rid of them. I will not perform in a night club if there is a stripper in the crowd. I want to perform with the talent. Most Arabian dancers feel the same as I do. Belly dancing is popular because there is an art to it, not just stripping. Many strippers have tried to be belly dancers, but they are only amateurs."

Jameela became a professional at the age of eighteen. Since then she has performed at such places as the Dunes in Las Vegas, the Port Said in Washington, D.C., the Tropicana in Greensboro, the Pecan Grove in Charlotte, and the Fountainsbleau in Miami. In the summer months she works with conventions at the Ocean Forest Hotel and has been living for eight years in Myrtle Beach. During the resort season's off season, she schedules winter engagements at night clubs in New Orleans and Greensboro. "I have about three agents. That's how I get booked. Three is all I need or I would work myself to death. Belly dancers are usually very much in demand. However, I don't take more than a two week booking at a night club since I don't like to be away from the kids very long."

"Why I'm a belly dancer? You have to enjoy night life and performing for people. I knew inside that I could make it. I enjoy night life, I love people, and I knew I could give them something they would enjoy. I love every minute of my performance. It's not just for money."

"No, people will never get tired of belly dancing. There is something about the dance that attracts men to it. It is not the sex. It's the costume, movement of the body, and the personality of the stage. Inhaling of the body and muscle movements make it much different from any other dance. It excites everybody—they seem to enjoy it more because it is so different."

"Who belly dancing appeals to? To all kinds of people. Naturally, it appeals to men more, but I have seen women enjoy it just as much. I've actually had more compliments from women than men."

"Yes, I put a real diamond in my belly button and use stage makeup on my face, but none on my body."

"Little Egypt? She's a cute performer and a very good one too."

Completing the last few quips concerning her proud profession, outspoken Jameela made it clear to a writer with blood-shot eyes that in show business "it depends on who you know." With this tersely stated, the unabashed belly dancer promptly abandoned the dimly-lit corner and departed, quickly vanishing from sight in the smoke-filled room.



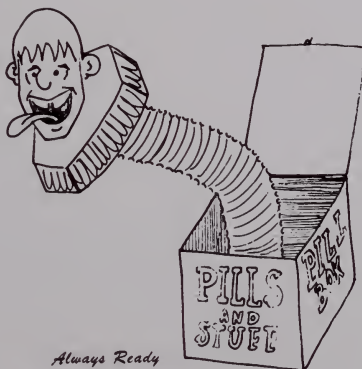
(Washington Column)

"He likes children."



SKELTONS

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DRUG STORE

Walgreen Agency in Clemson

A FALLING OF SNOW

continued from page 26

ness and things began to swim into view. The fire was nothing but a few smoking ashes and Danny was asleep in the other cot. It was quiet except for the wind blowing outside. I didn't want to sleep. I got up and my clothes were still on. I tiptoed over and opened the door. It squeaked a little and I stood and looked back over at Danny. He was still asleep. I went out and pulled the door to and walked over the fresh snow to the chair lift. The clouds were gone and the moon was out and full. There were not many stars. I looked at my watch and it was almost dawn. The sun would rise in about an hour and a half. I went back over and took my skis off the rack on the wall of the cabin and put them over my shoulder. Then I headed up the slope to the summit of the slope. It was very light and I could see in among the trees along the edge of the ski run.

My feet were warm inside my boots and I reached the top in half an hour.

The sky was turning yellow-gray in the East and I put the skis on my boots and pushed the spring binding down. Then I lashed the leather thongs about my ankles. The snow was blue in the light and I poled down the slope. I went down about half-way very fast and then I turned up into a side trail and headed down at an angle to the slope. The powdery snow hissed up in spray tails behind me and I crouched as I started down again. I jumped a rise and turned out of the straightaway up around a group of pines and came out again. I stopped about a third of the way back and looked up to the summit. The snow was turning whiter and the sky was clear of stars behind it. The moon had turned white and was running quickly from the sunlight. I went down again and began to make jump turns at the edge of the run.

Then I was down and I took the skis off and leaned them against the cabin. I went in and opened the other bottle of wine and drank some. Then I put it back and took off my clothes and got into the bed.

It was almost three hours later and the sun was high. Danny woke me and we went to the lounge and ate breakfast. Outside the snow was quietly white on the ground and the sun was bright against it. We took the chair lift to the top of the mountain and came down.

We put our skis in the cabin and

walked eastward over a spur of the mountain to the other side. From there the land spread away and the mountains circled around toward the East and then south. The slopes were covered with snow and pine trees and the sun produced sharp shadows against the rock above us. Below, the mountain dropped off and ran away to the valley and there was a brook gurgling out from beneath the snow blanket, forming a cold, clear waterfall at the cliff. On the other side we could see smoke rising straight up from among the trees.

We sat on a rock and rested our ski boots on a smooth stone beneath.

"I'm tempted not to go back."

"Me too," Danny said. "We'll have to come back one last time before the season's over."

"What are you going to do after we finish this year?" I asked him.

"I guess I'll get a job with my Father's firm in New York and then transfer to California and get married."

"Are you and Martha getting married?"

"I don't know. We talked about it. Just have to see how things work out."

"Pass me your lighter." I lit a cigarette and Danny did also. There was a silence while we smoked. Before we had finished, Danny asked me my plans.

"I think I'll write a novel if I keep publishing these stories. Probably go on to med school for four years. But that's so long. I'd like to get a good magazine job and correspond from France or Switzerland or some place like that."

I stuck my cigarette into the snow and covered it with my foot. We rose and walked a bit farther along the cliff and got back to the cabin about an hour later. We took Kay and Martha skiing and ate a late lunch.

In the evening Danny and Martha drove in a rented car to another resort for dinner. I stayed in the cabin and typed the rest of the story that I had been working on. The sun went down and when I finished it was about nine thirty. Danny and Martha had not returned and I guessed that Kay was asleep. I took a short walk and had a cigarette. Then I went in to check on Kay.

I opened her door as quietly as I could. The blinds were closed and the fire was flickering dimly. Kay was asleep in her bed and the cover was kicked off her. She wore nothing but her underclothes. I felt

a lonely heart leap down into my stomach and something tied a knot in my esophagus. I must have stood a long while looking at her peaceful tan body sleeping so beautifully. A cold breeze swept past me into the room and I crept over and placed some logs on the fire. Then I gently pulled the cover over her and began to leave. But I turned around again and kissed her on the forehead. I hadn't intended to wake her, but as I rose her eyes came open and she looked up at me. She did not smile, nor did she frown. I had never seen a look like that before. Her eyes were sleepy.

She whispered something that I could not hear and I leaned down to her. She kissed my ear and told me to get in bed with her.

I sat down on the bed and kissed her and took off my boots.

"Get undressed," she said.

I stood up and took off my sweater and ski pants and slipped in bed beside her in my underwear. I kissed her and her leg moved across mine. She kissed my shoulder and laid her head on my chest. Her hand slid across my waist and I put my hand up and smoothed her long hair.

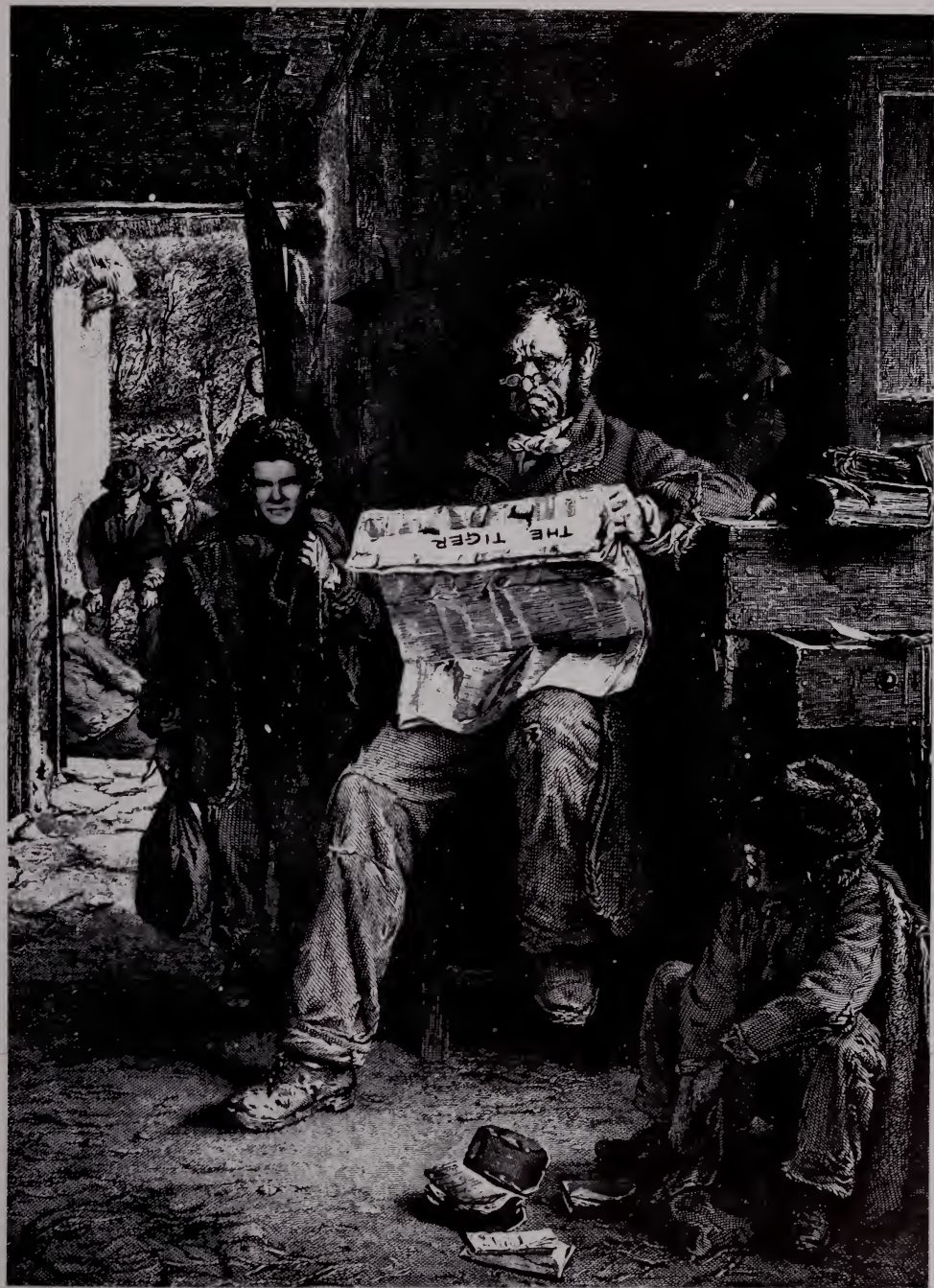
I looked up at the ceiling and my hand rubbed her back and she moaned a soft breath and I knew she was asleep.

I awoke and a yellow light was pushing in through the blinds. Kay had not moved. I slipped out from the bed and dressed and went to the cabin. Danny was sitting at the table drinking the wine and I sat with him and poured a glass full. We finished the bottle. Martha was asleep on the bed with the covers up to her shoulders. They were bare.

Danny and I skied for a while and went to the lounge and telephoned Cressler. When we got back I went in and sat on the bed with Kay. I kissed her cheek and she woke and looked at me. She smiled. I kissed her mouth and shoulders and got up and put out the fire. Kay dressed and we went and ate in the lounge.

That afternoon we left and flew back to the air strip. Cress was waiting for us.

The sun was going down as I unlocked the door of my room. I put everything away and then I put the story in a manila envelope and took it to the post office. When I came back I wrote a letter and went to shower. I came back and smoked and played solitaire for an hour. Then I set my alarm and went to bed.



"I send you to Clemson and you turn out this trash?"

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Reprinted from January 1903 Chronicle

SPIRIT, AN INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION

continued from page 2

of values developed out of a particularly popular high school career and that these young men do need to be taught a lesson of values; but something within me screams that shoving heads and forcing yells on these freshmen is not the most adequate nor by any means the most mature answer to this problem. If Clemson was still a military institution I would not so much as whisper a complaint of this system because harassment is an accepted military custom even in today's society. However, I must emphatically say again: we are not a military institution and we are not forced to conform to a militant type of education! Are we excluding all possibilities of encouraging a spark of individuality in a young freshman? With our present system, I often feel that we are. What confusion must filter through a freshman's mind about what a college education entails. Psychologically, are we helping to develop the best possible attitude about the pursuit of an education?

Now to the idea of spirit, the breath of life, which is a most important part of the discussion of our present rat system. Is this system really the best and most expedient way to produce esprit de corps in our student body? Of course here again there are conflicting views of what spirit is, just as there are conflicting views on tradition, and again I am most in favor of spirit and have not the first argument against spirit, per se. I am concerned, however, about the all-encompassing meaning we at Clemson have given the word spirit. Do the Tigers actually win more ball games because the Freshmen are forced to stand and yell in the dining hall? Does this truly represent school spirit? There is a complaint that if the Freshmen aren't compelled to stand and yell in the dining hall they will not be able to contribute in a positive manner to the contests. What, I ask, are pep rallies for? If Freshmen hear us enthusiastic upperclassmen displaying our love for school spirit at the first pep rally of the season, as most of us do, then they too will inherit the coherent spirit. With the I.Q. of most of the Freshmen entering Clemson now, I hardly think that learning the school cheers will be too great

continued next page

SPIRIT, AN INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSION

continued from previous page

a burden for any of them. Practice makes perfect, and organized cheerleader led practice at pep rallies will certainly achieve the perfection required to give moral support to the Tigers. But school is far more than yelling at athletic contests. School spirit is an inward pride when we see a new classroom building, library, or girl's dorm under construction or when we in conversation can boast of a member of the Clemson faculty having recently been awarded a Fulbright scholarship or of a recent graduate's successful endeavors in the world of reality. School spirit is speaking to everyone on the way to class, the sincere congratulations extended to a fellow student on his recently being elected to one of Clemson's honorary societies, or watching children's faces as they press their noses to car windows when they ride by our Homecoming displays. School spirit is the warm tingle inside as we wave our hands toward the Blue Ridge Mountains singing "O'er the mountains high," or seeing the proud expressions on the faces of our loved ones attending graduation as the Dean calls our name to step forward and receive a sheepskin that symbolizes years of work and waiting, or meeting a member of our graduating class by chance on the street many years following graduation and sharing together many fond memories. Do we really have to fear becoming a stereotyped university, as many seem to fear, if these eager to learn Freshmen see in our upperclassmen this genuine love for our school?

Tradition and school spirit: intangible and inanimate objects that are ours here at Clemson. Can't we realize that we are now a budding co-educational university offering the most varied educational opportunities ever offered here? Can we not as mature students realize that our major reason for being at Clemson is to better our minds through education in a long-range attempt to better the environments in which we will all live, love, and die, and that the pursuit of this education is best gone about with an open mind? Not with a mind that is closed to progress in any form if it dissolves something that contributes not in the least to our learning process.

I often ponder if next fall when

Freshmen enter Clemson if their heads weren't shaved and if they wore the caps for only a couple of weeks and enthusiastically attended the pep rallies where they were taught the cheers by energetic upperclassmen whether life wouldn't be just as livable as it was last fall and the ones preceding it, and when these Freshmen four years later walk across the stage and are handed their diplomas, whether they too will not carry with them a love for this

institution that we upperclassmen soon will carry as we graduate. So I conclude that school spirit is an individual experience, and if a young Freshman cannot contain himself any longer and rises in the dining hall, of his own accord, to release a form of this school spirit then let's congratulate his doing so, but let's not compel him to do so if that individual desire is not within him to express his love for this university in that particular manner.

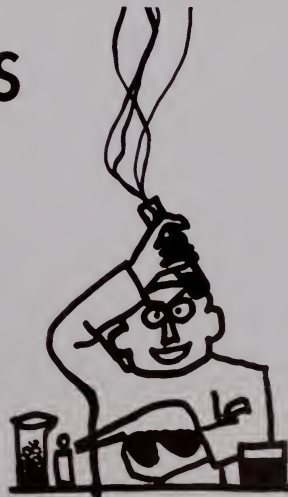
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GOOD HUMOR MAN

On his 21st birthday a Carolina student asked his mother: "I think it's about time that you told me whether I'm a man or a woman."

"Feel your face," she said.

"Oh my goodness, Mother," he exclaimed as he followed her instructions, "I'm a peach!"

--

Darkness was settling over the picturesque Scottish highlands, and three young American college girls who were enjoying the view from the top of the creaking stagecoach began to shiver in the evening breeze.

"I say!" called the driver to the passengers below, "is there a mackintosh down there large enough to keep three young ladies warm?"

"No," came the eager reply from inside. "But there's a MacPherson who's willing to try."

--

Overheard in a bus: "I hear that

your boyfriend graduates from law school in June. I suppose you'll be getting married then."

"Oh, no, not right away. I want him to practice for a year first."

--

A castaway on a deserted island pulled ashore a shipwrecked girl clinging to a barrel.

"How long have you been on this island?" asked the girl.

"Thirteen years," replied the man.

"All alone? Then you're going to have something you haven't had for thirteen years," sighed the girl.

"You mean there's beer in that barrel?"

--

Then there was the Indian Chief who installed electric lights in the tribal latrine, thus becoming the first Indian to wire ahead for a reservation.

--

"How about joining me in my apartment for a nightcap?" he whispered to his date.

"I'm afraid," said she, "that my awareness of your proclivities in the esoteric aspects of sexual behavior precludes you from any such confrontation."

"I don't get it," he replied.

"Exactly," said she.

--

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

"Sorry, sir, if I take any more ice,

that corpse in the baggage car isn't going to keep."

--

Scene: Clemson Dorms

Characters: Two roommates.

"Got a pen I can borrow?"

"Sure thing, ole lady."

"Some paper, too."

"Guess so."

"Going by the mailbox on your way out?"

"Yeah."

"Wait till I finish this letter."

"O.K."

"Lend me a stamp?"

"Yeah."

"What's your girl's address again?"

--

Ever notice the number of horseflies around when we have steak in the dining hall?

--

Where would people in hell tell someone to go?

--

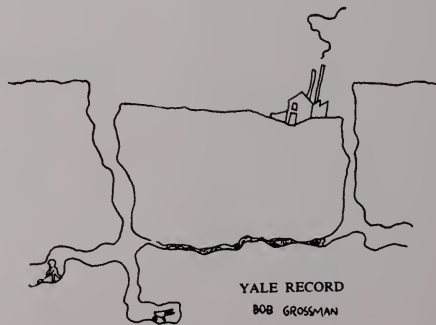
Marriage: Permanent institution for the temporarily insane.

--

"Do you mean you murdered that poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?" asked the Judge.

"Well," said the defendant, "three bucks here, three bucks there, it adds up."

The Coal Mine



YALE RECORD

BOB GROSSMAN

NEWSFOTO

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PLOWBLADE

Lots of people said they'd like to see more humor and satire in the Chronicle. We even had a letter to that effect. Somebody reminded us that humor and satire were both literary forms and that we really had neglected both areas. After pondering a while we decided that this was a legitimate complaint and that we really should do something about it. So we went around looking in corners and under logs for people who do this sorta thing because not just anybody can do good satire, and for a form for all this satire to take. Howie Fishbien thought we should do a sex magazine, Harold Folk a surfing mag and George Nelson voted for *Progressive Farmer*. After awhile we came upon the idea which resulted in the *Plowboy* you're reading and laughing at now we hope.

After a lot of talking and stuff we decided to do a satire on both *Playboy* and on some of the existing conditions in South Carolina which seem to point to the fact that somebody thinks people in our fair state aren't capable of deciding what they should read.

It's not all satire and humor though. We have our usual fiction section by our own local authors hidden under the guise of *Playboy*-type names. On page fifteen you'll find one of our best-ever pictorial features on Sebring.



CAR

Geoff Groat sorted through some two hundred and fifty color slides he took last year to select the fine action shots. Our G.C., or rather Plowmate, is appropriately a local girl. Note she established a precedent by allowing our photographers to photograph her completely nude. We found our old tape measure too short to accurately measure the appropriate dimensions. Just take our word for the fact that she is indeed well proportioned. The cover, Vargggg, and Plowmates Regurgitated were done by one of those people we found hiding under a log, Norman Withers. Norman is the shop

technician in the School of Architecture, a jack of all trades, and a professional-grade cartoonist. We used guys like Carl Floyd, Dennis Ryan and Rich Guerin for illustrations. And also under that log was often-censored and still frustrated Howie Fishbien who did most of the satirical copy work. Bill Anderson did a really terrific Fashion feature and some other stuff. And lots of other people helped.

We'd like to know how you like this effort. Maybe we'll try to do a parody issue every Spring. And I'll have to fill up the rest of this page with photos.



ERNEST HOMINGWAY



OUR STAFF

PLOWBOY



LOOK AROUND P. 23



SEBRING P. 15

The CHRONICLE is an official publication of Clemson University published about three times a year in September, January, and May. Address all correspondence to the CHRONICLE, Box 2186, Clemson, South Carolina. Student subscriptions are paid for through student activities fees. Other subscription rates: U.S. and possessions \$1.00 per year; Canada and Pan American Union Countries \$2.00; other foreign countries \$3.00. Entered as regular mail at Clemson, South Carolina (second class permit no longer pending thanks to South Carolina's seniority in the powerful post office committee). The editors assume no responsibility for the return of material, the opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, the faculty, the alumni, or the administration. Our national advertising representative is College Magazines, Incorporated, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York. Member: Associated College Press. Printed by offset in Texas. The editor accepts responsibility for all opinions in the world with the exception of those expressed by Howie Fishbein.

In the first place, I met a blonde, not bad, a little young maybe, but not bad. In the second place, I met a brunette and two more blondes. In the third place—well, the third place is one of those places I'd rather keep to myself. You probably wouldn't have liked it anyway. No, you'd have hated it. Nothing, really, to do.

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DAIL DIXON—editor-worrier

MARK MILLBOURN—words over two syllables

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DEAR PLOWBOY



ADDRESS OF PLOWBOY MAGAZINE
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VIVA VARGAS

Three cheers for your excellent magazine for having the guts to publish the Vargas drawing in your March issue.

M. L. King

You have a disgusting, left-wing, communist infiltrated, and dirty-minded magazine, not to mention that nigger-loving Vargas and his drawing in your March mag. Cancel my subscription immediately.

Gov. Wallace

SEX EDUCATION

The Board of Education in South Carolina is having a great deal of trouble with dropouts, some of which are due to pregnancies. While the board is concerned with the problem, it has done little to correct the sometimes obvious problem that seems to pop up periodically. The only solution to this problem of sexual ignorance is to provide sensible courses in sex education at the high school and college level. We must show the younger generation that sex itself is not "dirty"; but it is the attitude

towards sex that makes it dirty. Sex can be fun, and I might add, profitable.

Bobby Baker

Pickens, South Carolina

PIG PARTY

In answer to that South Carolina "Gentleman" expressing his opinion that "pig parties" are beneficial to society because they give otherwise dateless girls a chance to get out and have a good time: I agree with him completely.

Betty Coed

FROM THE PARENTS

Please cancel the subscription for Plowboy made by my son Henry. What kind of filth are you trying to pawn off on innocent, chaste, and virtuous children. I don't want this kind of crap in my house!

Mrs. Henry Miller

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I'm willing to bet that I'm the first guy who ever robbed the 4H Club treasury to get enough money for a Plowboy subscription. Hee, hee!

(name withheld)

(Howard Fishbein)



JUDGE KELLERS

EVERYTHING FOR
THE PLOWBOY

PLOWBOY AFTER HOURS



The howgs have been slopped; the day's plowing has ceased, and the rusty plow sits in the freshly turned earth; the mule has been bedded down for the night; over in the chicken house the chickens have gone to roost; night has set in on our little farm and the day's work is over. This, then, is the Plowboy after hours. A tall, lanky figure dressed in a freshly pressed pair of washed and worn overalls comes out of the house and gets in his pickup with the chopped and channeled rear bumper, the tied-on togs, the high-speed door handles, the Hudson tail lights, and the Henry J. hubs. Our clod-about-town flicks his cigarette onto the ground and grinds it out with the left heel of his old army combat boots, spits, kicks hell out of the lazy hound lying on the running board, slides onto the front seat, guns the motor three times, and releases the clutch on the fourth rev. The truck leaps forward into the night and backfires, sputters, and stalls. Again our clod-about-town guns the engine three times, letting the clutch fly back on the fourth rev, feels the back baldheaded racing tires resist the force of gravity and propel him forward. A smile begins to spread across his weather-beaten face as he looks to see how much rubber he got. The clod flicks on the radio, and tunes in WCKY because it is Saturday night and Grand Ole Opry time. Our Plowboy may be on his way to Bornway to see one of the big musical comedies or he may be going to see some art films (male only, please) or he may be on his way to the crossroads store to sit and sip on RC and talk about the latest literary trends among sixth grade grammar school drop-outs. Or he may be on his way to his Plowmate's house to enjoy a quiet evening listening to the latest Plowtrack recordings. But whatever he does, you can bet that he'll be home in time to help with the dawn chores.

BOOKS

Third Shift Affair by B.O.

Linthead is the new novel which has been acclaimed by third grade critics to be the most controversial love story released since the advent of the 25-cent paperback. This stork book tells of the illicit love affair of a first shift sweeper and his third shift loom fixer mistress, nymphomaniac wife of the second shift weaver. The affair is only terminated when the sweeper enrolls in a high school correspondence course to get his diploma at home, finally graduates, gets on welfare, and falls in love with the woman sent by the Poverty Corps to get him a job.

If you were one of the lucky ones that never got beyond the third grade, then you will enjoy Simple Simon's new novel, *See Spot Run*. The novel is written in verse and is about a boy, Dick, who chooses a girl, Jane, and dog, Spot. This story ends with Dick being executed.

How I Made a Million Dollars Through Form Subsidy and Welfare is the provocative title of the new informative book by R.C. (Rocking Chair) Jones. Mr. Jones describes how he spent his winters in Florida while getting a welfare check mailed to him each month and how he spent summers in the mountains while getting a farm subsidy check for the cotton and tobacco he didn't plant.

MOVIES

Making its fifth rerun on the Late-late Show tonight, will be a suspenseful mystery of how Ajax overcomes the white tornado. The Marlboro man discovers that he has contracted lung cancer, and goes out to commit suicide but is talked out of it by one of the "I'd rather fight than switch" girls who in turn convinces the Marlboro man to come up to her apartment. After seducing the lovely young maiden, the Marlboro man climbs into her iron lung and tries a Taryenton. Does she . . . or doesn't she have cavities? You'll see a small child toy with danger as he refuses to brush three times

daily. But the kid is right, why the hell should he brush three times when he only gets one meal a day? Meanwhile, the Marlboro man has discovered that he doesn't have to give up smoking because he can save the coupons on the back of Sir Walter Rowlegs and get him on iron lung. Thus, he and the Taryenton girl live happily ever after in their twin iron lungs.

THEATER

The title of Billy Graham Crocker's new play, a musical comedy which opens on Bornway, is *SEX AND SIN*, an hilarious presentation of a Christian Force. It stars the fiery young Coral Robertson in the role of the hell-fire and brimstone snake charmer-faith healer. You'll roll as you see Coral heal on eighty year old wheel chair victim who has been confined to his super-duper overdrive wheel chair for fifty years. But after touching the snake held by Robertson, the old man (played by Grandpo Ogg) gets up and walks ten steps before falling and breaking his neck.

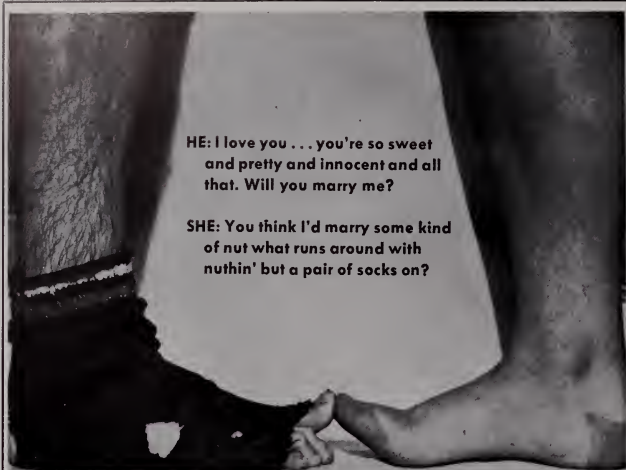
RECORDINGS

OUTHOUSE MELODIES (Willie Crescent-Moon—Outback Recordings) is the title of the new plowtrack that was recorded live at USC. Need we say any more about this weird record?

CHICKEN HOUSE (Red Hen, Yolkways Recordings), is a beautiful musical recorded after Red Hen laid her first egg. Hear such beautiful melodies as: Eggodus, Egg O My Heart, I'm Forever Laying Eggs, and many more.

ART

Art critics are raving about the new painting called "Chicken Scratchins" now on display at the crossroads hardware store. Grandpo Rumboldt got his old hen and her new brood of baby chicks together and let them scratch around on his convos splattered with ten different colors of oils. The painting will be on display at Doc's til the end of the week, at which time it will be hung on the back of the county gorboge truck.

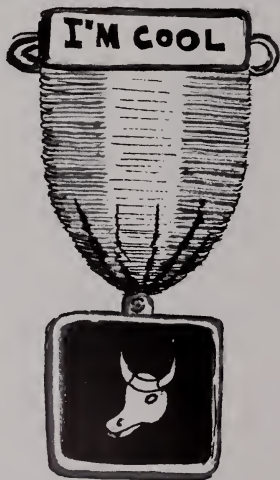


HE: I love you . . . you're so sweet
and pretty and innocent and all
that. Will you marry me?

SHE: You think I'd marry some kind
of nut what runs around with
nuthin' but a pair of socks on?

We: As all of the world's greatest philosophers, from Plato to Hefner, have said, the mark of a man is his clothes. And, as we all know, the most important piece of clothing is the sock. Some people think that SUITS are the most important, but they're wrong. For without socks, what could man blow his nose on when he is out of handkerchiefs? From 4.50.

The BOON-LOON "BILL COLLECTOR" BY ESQUIRT



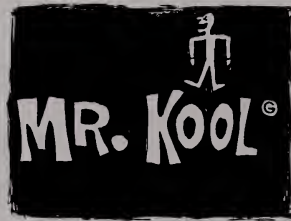
Be the first on your apartment block to own
real honest-to-Gracious
Buy twenty or thirty of them and pin them
all over your coat and pants and socks.
And your hat, too. And your cape and your
spats. You'll be so popular the girls
will simply trample you to death. We
Guarantee it. Completely to death.

Handsomely gift boxed.
\$10 ppd.
Shall we enclose a get well card in your name?
Send check or money order to:



Yon
Schwartz
has
a
**LONG
LEAN
LOOK.**
No
belts!
No
buttons!
No
fly!
It's
so
cool
I
can
hardly
stand
it.
They're
so
slim
you
have
to
**GREASE
THE
ANKLES!**

All this week's latest styles available
to 118.00. Hurry before fat legs come back
For that REAL slim look, paint your legs.





WHAT SORT OF KID READS PLOWBOY?

A young plowboy at that time in his life when Yak milk and tricycles have become necessary for admittance to our exclusive Plowboy Clubs.

Y'all advertisers out there better take account of the fact that our readers command at least 11/37ths of our nation's rutabaga crop, they got money.

It's a fact, our readers drink more Yak milk than 'most everybody else. Knobby wheel tricycle ownership among Plowboy readers is 50 times that of the national average. So all y'all should get them ol' ads into our office—cause we need the money; the landlord has given us our eviction notice. (Source: Plowboy Almanac of 1865 by Gum)

ADVERTISING OFFICES: CLEMSON • CLEMSON • CLEMSON

BY JACKSON



"Yeah, my
girl buys
all her
clothes at
Genies."

**GENIE
SHOPPE**
CLEMSON



TEXAS RANGER

THE PLOWBOY ADVISOR

I recently attended a social affair wearing just a white sheet and a pair of Weejuns. A best pal of mine told me I had cammitted a gauche faux pas. Did I really? G. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

It depends. What was the Grand Dragon wearing?

My girl friend (we are both students at a southern university) is always telling me that "she's not that kind of girl" whenever we find ourselves in fairly intimate situations. Is there any way I can convince her to become "that kind of girl?" You know, something soft and mushy I could whisper in her ear?—M.D.—Columbia, S. C.

Try whispering "stewed akra," or some other equally sexy rhetoric in her ear. If she doesn't come around after hearing that, we suggest you run like hell, because she'll probably start throwing up all over the place.

I just received a topless bathing suit from my boy friend as a birthday gift. Do you think he has something in mind? A. E., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Umm, he probably has a couple of things in mind.

Living on a farm, I have found it very difficult to entice my city-dwelling honey to spend some time, after a night on the tawn, at my place for a night-cap or two. I have pleaded, almost to the point of getting down on my knees, but it's always to no avail. How about a few tips on how I could remedy my sorrowful plight?—L.T., Big Creek, South Carolina.

Oh for shame, for shame. You have an evil mind, but so do we. Try the following lines of enticement on your little wench—"Come on out to my pad tonight honey, and I'll show you my collection of pornographic pictures" or "Come on my house, my house, I'ma gonna give you apple and pie" or as a last resort, try "look, we're going to my pad tonight."

Is it proper to wear tennis sneakers with an ascot? M.R., Clemson, South Carolina.

Obviously you're a cool man, and there are definite occasions when tennis sneakers and an ascot are the proper attire. Feel perfectly at home when wearing them at your old man's funeral, at your girl friend's public trial, even at a brass. But at most other times a pair of jockey shorts should be worn along with your ascot and tennis sneakers.

(By Howie Fishbein)

MY MOO

... A Most
Provocative Perfume!



the best from
the Left bank of
Lake Seneca

Purse size \$3.00
the rest is awfully
expensive

PLOWBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATE BOOK

BY PATRICK CHASTE

To avoid large throngs of fussy tourists, the last word in off season opulence and unique holstery is the Pixie Hotel in nearby Greenville, S.C. Certainly the continental cuisine, along with many tangy native dishes make this abode mandatory for the economic and fun-loving tourist.

Conveniently situated in downtown Greenville, a single room (all have double beds) in this luxurious lodging may be obtained for as little as \$3.50.

The plushly decorated lobby is frequently a center of activity as the popular hostel is often frequented by lawyers, businessmen, and an occasional Clemson student. In the evenings, a floor show may begin in the lobby, the only cover charge being a contribution to the "kitty." Nifty bargains may be obtained from the hotel's gift shop if you gain the salesgirl's attention properly.

It is a carefully contrived illusion of a dwelling capable of cashing in on L.B.J.'s poverty program—but don't let the outward appearance of the Pixie Hotel fool you. Unpretentious hotels are full of surprises. So for the sheer hell of it, as well as the economic \$3.50 per room attraction, why not spend an evening or week end in luxury at the Pixie? Prepare to be pampered.

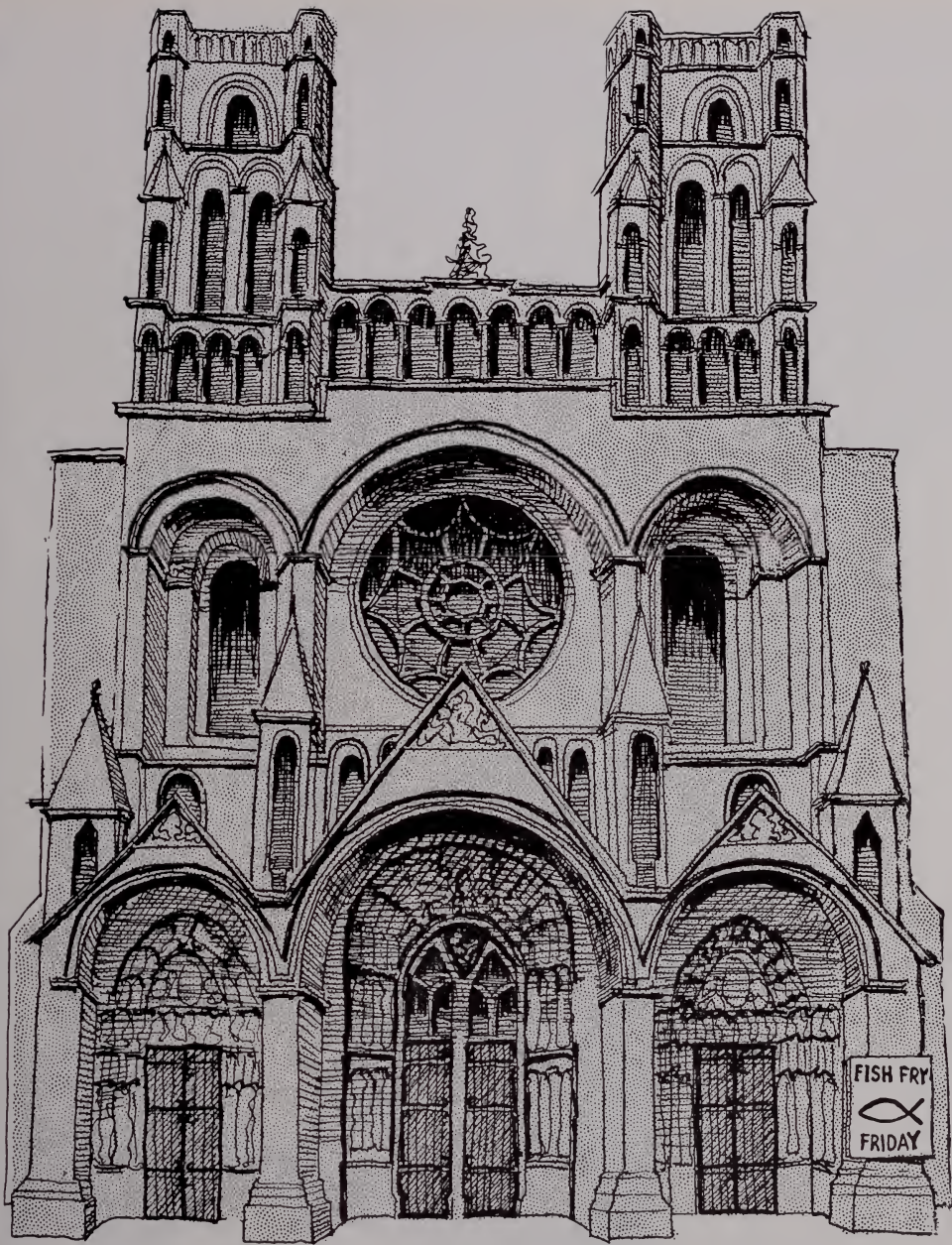
A springtime jaunt to the neighboring village of Anderson, S.C. is indeed a rewarding side trip well worth the time and effort. We recommend a Saturday evening or Sunday afternoon in this quaint village to spend at the famous El Morado parking lot adjacent to the renowned El Morado restaurant. For only here can be found S.C.'s answer to Jimmy Clark, Sterling Moss, Graham Hill, and the Grand Prix circuit. You'll see "greasers" in action as they "intellectually" and profanely discuss (sometimes violently and fatally) the latest styles in racing cushions, loud mufflers, racing stripes, and dice to hang from their rearview mirrors. We recommend that you

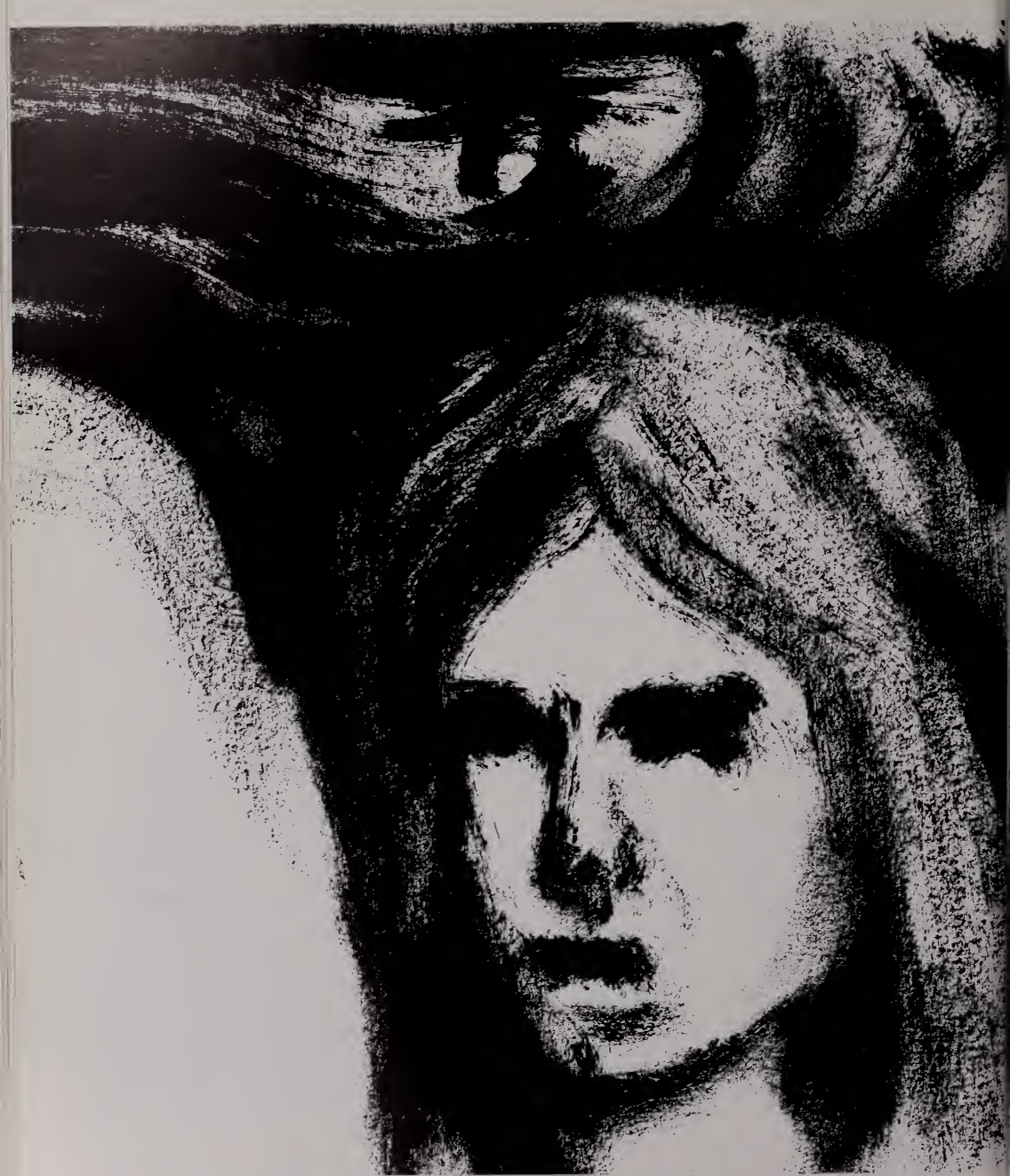
park safely off the track and observe the parade of hot rods, rednecks, and lint-heads who proudly tour by. Also a utopia for Royal Crown hairdressing and petroleum jelly manufacturers, the racers proudly display their coiffures.

If you're a careful observer and watch closely, you may see a "greaser" shoot a bird to another car with racing cushions. Then the excitement begins. The other car guns his engine and mad pursuit begins: screaming tires and profanity fill the parking lot as half-moon taps light up the area with sparks flying. Although this may never equal Sebring in the high speed category, an afternoon at the El Morado promises to be the wildest you've witnessed.

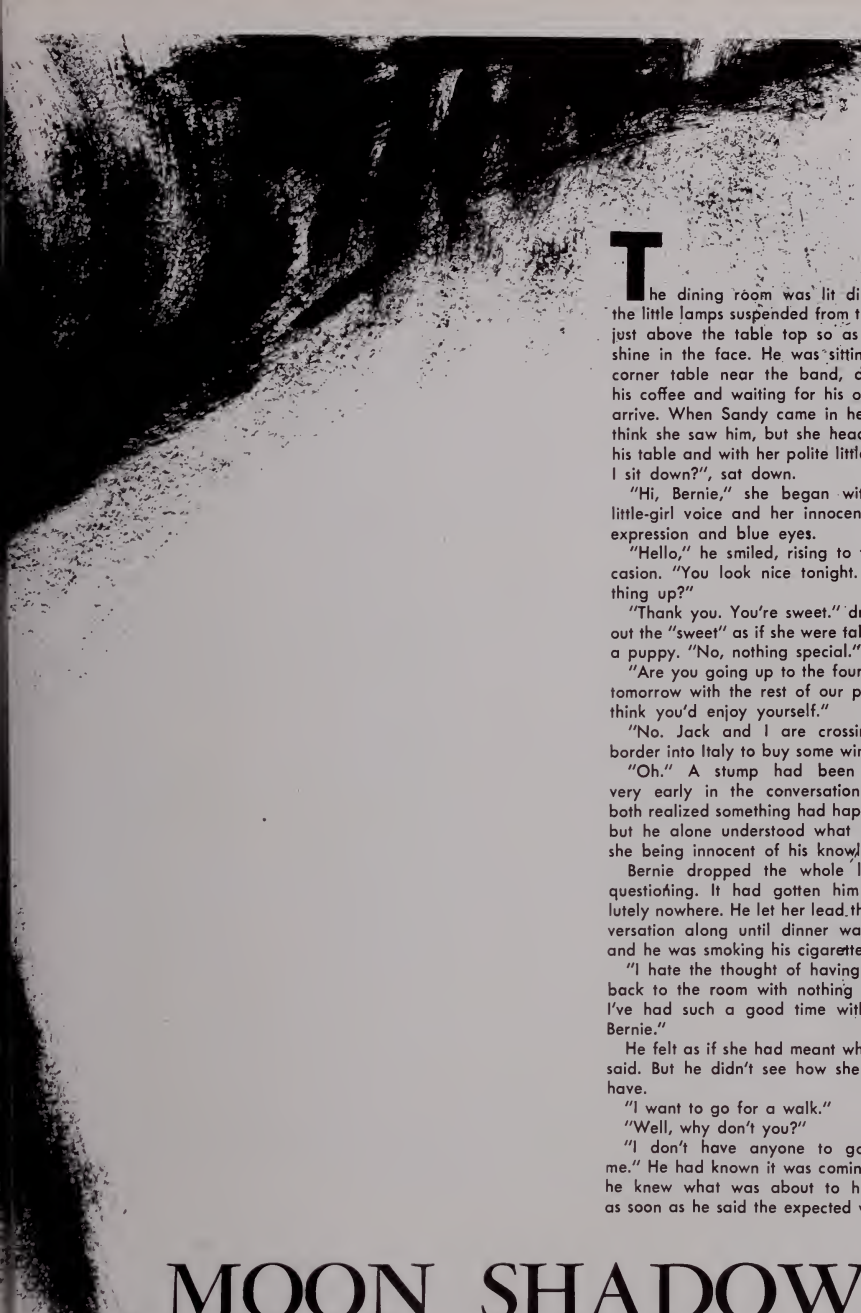
As a point of pertinent interest to the offbeat tourist class who hunger to visit Unusual places, *Plowboy* strongly recommends the World's most Unusual niche of all, Bob Jones University, in Greenville. Space could not permit an appropriate description, discussion, or discrimination against this uncommon conglomeration of individuals. But for an evening of excitement, load up with a case of booze, plenty of cigarettes, put on a KKK uniform, play a Hot Nuts album over the loudspeaker of your car, take along a few *Plowboys*, get half-lit, and go apply for admission. Your evening will be occupied. However, you may decide to duck the throngs in luxury for an evening jaunt to sample the fine dining of Bolton's (sometimes called Ralph's) restaurant. Located in Tigertown, Bolton's provides excellent dining for you and your date. An intellectual atmosphere is quickly created nightly by the college crowd with the assistance of Pabst Blue Ribbon Brewing Company. The friendly company and companionship will impress your date. (Unless some get too friendly and too compassionate and "snake" your date) Anyway, Clemson spirit(s) always prevails, and Bolton's remains one of the few true gatherings of the collegiate set during finals.

(By Bill Anderson III)





BW CARL FLOYD III



The dining room was lit dimly by the little lamps suspended from the wall just above the table top so as not to shine in the face. He was sitting in a corner table near the band, drinking his coffee and waiting for his order to arrive. When Sandy came in he didn't think she saw him, but she headed for his table and with her polite little "May I sit down?", sat down.

"Hi, Bernie," she began with that little-girl voice and her innocent baby expression and blue eyes.

"Hello," he smiled, rising to the occasion. "You look nice tonight. Something up?"

"Thank you. You're sweet." drawling out the "sweet" as if she were talking to a puppy. "No, nothing special."

"Are you going up to the fourth trail tomorrow with the rest of our party? I think you'd enjoy yourself."

"No. Jack and I are crossing the border into Italy to buy some wine."

"Oh." A stump had been struck very early in the conversation. They both realized something had happened, but he alone understood what it was, she being innocent of his knowledge.

Bernie dropped the whole line of questioning. It had gotten him absolutely nowhere. He let her lead the conversation along until dinner was over and he was smoking his cigarette.

"I hate the thought of having to go back to the room with nothing to do. I've had such a good time with you, Bernie."

He felt as if she had meant what she said. But he didn't see how she could have.

"I want to go for a walk."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I don't have anyone to go with me." He had known it was coming and he knew what was about to happen as soon as he said the expected words.

MOON SHADOWS

plowboy fiction by
ERNEST HEMINGWAY

He knew, and he did it just to have his knowledge confirmed.

"I'll go with you," he said, expectant.

"It's not the same, Bernie." There it was: what they were both waiting for. She had set him up, and he had walked willfully into it. The manner she had said it in was strange, and he couldn't tell whether she was saying something funny in a serious way, or something serious in a funny way. Anyway, it meant what it meant. There was now a line drawn between them. He could take a walk with her now. He could make love to her and even sleep with her, but it would "never be the same."

And so he ended up walking through the soft snow with her, her right arm crooked in his left, his hands in the pockets of his ski jacket. They walked up the slope from the lodge, making their own winding path among the silent pine trees. The snow was blue in the moonshadows of the black trees and it seemed as if they were walking among the great ebony pillars of some crystal night palace. The pale yellow globe of the moon hung luminously among the pine branches, with its child, the evening star close at hand. They reached the top of a ridge and began to follow it until it spread out into a smooth terrace, untouched by human print, hanging over the jeweled valley of the human happiness below, still as a cathedral.

The stillness tugged at Sandy, and, in her girlish way, she tried to destroy it, feeling through or in it some impending emotion which she didn't want to encounter. She took her arm from Bernie's and stooped to pick some of the snow, giggling lightly as she packed it. Bernie knew full well what she was doing, and he did not want to stop her. He stood as she pelted him with snow, lightly on the chest and legs.

"C'mon, Bernie. Play with me. Be a sport." The evasion of the inevitable, the unyielding feeling within each of them. Sandy, because she was afraid of it, Bernie, because he knew she was afraid of it and didn't want to frighten her. And there they were throwing snow at each other, enjoying it in a childish way, and yet knowing within themselves that it could not hold back the . . . the certain time, yes, that was it. The time that would come someday, somewhere, no matter how generally they spoke, how friend-to-friend-like they might seem . . .

Bernie threw, lightly, as Sandy raised her head from looking at the snow. It struck her face and she jumped

up. Bernie went to her on impulse and put his arms around her back, and she, her hands to her face, allowed her head to fall on his shoulder.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. That's a silly question to ask. You can't hurt me."

Her still vigilant yet feeble attempts at humor.

"What will Jack say?" he goaded softly, not wanting to hurt her, but to bring it out into the open. "Here we are alone on the hill and I've got my arms around you and you've got your head on my shoulder. What will he think?"

"He probably wouldn't think anything. Even if he knew. He's been getting mad at me lately."

"You mean he doesn't love you?"

"No."

Bernie looked down at her and when she was conscious of his looking, she raised her head to see his face. He kissed her mouth and her eyes and her cheeks and put his chin against her hair. She allowed herself to be held, her eyes closed, her hands against his chest. She almost wanted it to go on, she almost wanted to kiss him again and put her arms around him and love him.

Bernie realized the uselessness of it and drew away.

"Why don't you let me love you?" he asked honestly and without emotion, wanting only to know the answer, the fault in his body or mind that was the cause of his failure.

"Oh, Bernie, please don't ask me that. It just isn't the same."

He had fallen again, this time innocently. Or had he? He didn't think that it was the same as before, although she still meant it. The line was still there between them, unbroken, untransgressed, unviolated. Only attacked by a little tenderness.

Bernie was embarrassed now. He didn't know why except that he felt defeated . . . defeated by an opponent that didn't even have to be present, didn't even have to compete, to feel, to love as he did. The unfairness of the contest showed him now helpless he was in the struggle, and the weakness realized in himself he now thought was showing through and he was embarrassed by it.

"Yeah, I see," Bernie began to flush, and he turned to walk away.

"Aren't you going to walk me back?"

Bernie faced her. The moonlight was on her face, and his was in the shadow. He was serious by his voice, she by her expression.

"What do you want from me?" Ber-

nie asked earnestly. He knew he shouldn't, he knew he was weakening himself before her, showing his hurt to her so that she could triumph over him and relish his defeat. "Do you enjoy hurting people like me? Do you think it's funny to twist up poor dumb fools and throw their lives in the garbage can? I hope you've gotten a good laugh out of me. I didn't like the ride, but I stayed on as long as I could because I wanted you. Go home and laugh at your human joke. Tell Jack and all your other friends and you can all have a good laugh. But for God's sake don't try to carry it out any farther. I'm fed up and I've finally got the guts to face the fact. Why don't you get out of my sight?"

She stood fixed for a moment, only just realizing the essence of the emotion that was raging like a fire within Bernie's mind. Realizing the power in herself that she had not meant to release, not even meant to be seen in her outward self.

Bernie was walking off through the woods now, a black figure on the blue-tinted carpet on the forest floor. She began to run after him, slipping down in the snow and getting up again, she ran after him telling him things that she couldn't understand, but that flowed from her mouth and mind like music from a phonograph. She caught his arm and jerked him and he turned to face her. She was out of breath and the eloquence had been cut off in her burning throat. The only thing that whispered past was "I'm sorry . . . I didn't know . . ."

Bernie didn't want to hurt her anymore, and he knew that he had really hurt her, both in revealing his own feelings and in revealing to her what she was doing. But the revenge drive in his mind could not rest contented without one last blow.

"You're a bitch, Sandy."

The words cut the stillness and rang softly against the trees and drifted about in the air among the branches and was gone with a breeze. She looked at him and a sob filled her throat. She bent her head and fell against a tree for support.

"Oh, Bernie," she whimpered. "Oh, Bernie, not you . . . not you too."

Bernie knew that he had gone too far. He reached out and touched her shoulder and she pulled away from his fingers. He reached out with both hands and took her shoulders and pulled her to him. She was stiff in his arms, tears running onto his jacket and the steam from their breath rising softly,

continued on page 32

PLOWBOY VISITS SEBRING

ARTICLE BY KEN DIRTY



This is the "big one": the annual March pilgrimage to the Florida sun of American and European racing aficionados. This is America's first and oldest internationally sanctioned auto racing circuit. This is the "Garden of Eden" for sports car fans who annually hail the coming of Spring simultaneously with the beginning of the week's activities at Sebring.

Sebring, Florida, population about nine thousand, is located on the banks of Lake Jackson in central Florida. The town itself is surrounded by orange groves and endless mile on mile of scrub palmetto and swamp holes. For that one week a year, when the population swells to well over ninety thousand, and the peaceful air is shattered with the rasp and snarl of the world's finest built sports racing machines, it is the most exciting place on earth to be. It is a real fiesta of color, sports and speed, complete with carnival and side shows. In recent years small car racing and grand prix motorcycle rac-



First cars off in the LeMans start are the prototype Ferraris of Bandini (23) and Rodriguez (25)



Cunningham's Porsche 904 storms through the second stage of Webster's turn.



Keek aims his A.C. Cobra through turn number one at approximately 115 miles per hour.

ing have been added to keep interest going between morning and night practices. These can be as exciting as the big race, and have become very popular with sports car buffs.

Sebring is a way of life for a day or a whole week. The spectator loses all inhibitions about sleeping, eating, or drinking in front of the other 75,000 fans. Here any device enabling the spectator to get a better look is fair game, and since those twelve hours can be as grueling on the spectator as they are on the machines and drivers, the means for being comfortable occur in endless variety. It is a true show of sportsmanship for both driver and spectator.

The race itself begins at 10:00 a.m. as the drivers run across the track to start their cars. The real excitement, after disappearing in the first turn of the 5.28 mile flat track is the sound of the lead car coming down the back straight, pursued by the voracious pack, snarling at his heels and pushing the pace faster and faster. After the original sorting out and dropouts, the race settles itself to a more calm and deliberate pace. As the driver must maneuver some fifteen major turns and complete far over one hundred shifting actions the entire affair becomes a professional game of skill, stamina, and nerves. The machines must perform all of the responses with lightning-quick precision, a fact which often accounts for over half the cars being retired behind the pit wall before the afternoon is half over. As night falls, driving becomes dangerous, but the pace slows little as the drivers and teams jockey for their final bids in early winning: many a twelve hour event has been won by the margin of a few seconds. The final flag is dropped at 10:00 p.m. and the victor reports to "the circle" for pats on the back, garlands, kisses from a hundred various and sundry beauty queens and best of all—to the victors belong that big trophy and champagne.

(by Bill Grindley)



A prototype factory sponsored two liter Porsche driven by Germany's Barth and Italy's Abate.



Nondurant accelerates his factory Cobra between the hairpin and Webster turns.

LeMans-type Porsche 2000 G.S.'s play tag through Webster turns. Linge, in 42, is set up well for turn while Jennings (43) is a bit off his line.



Ginther, in a Ferrari Berlinetta, screams down the pit straight.





Buzzeta in number 42 LeMans Porsche passes Shaw's Cobra on pit straight.



Sharpe approaches the esses in privately owned Porsche 904.



EXCLUSIVE PLOWBOY PHOTOGRAPHS
BY GEOFF GROAT





MASH RAKERS

PLOWBOY FICTION BY IAN PHLEGMING

Dunelin XXL tires squalled as they fought to hold the Titian Red Aso-Rivoltin on the curve. As the road straightened, the fuel-injected Muskette engine gave the triple scream of an expertly executed gear change, and the pantherish motorcar leaped past a more sedately driven motor vehicle.

J. Melbourne Bloomington LV, K.C.U. B.R., esq., British Secret Service agent 00-0, depressed the intercom switch on the center armrest and spoke to his chauffeur.

"She was going bloody fast, eh what?"

The reply in Bragi's characteristic accent came quickly: "That she was, sir, that she was. Shall I catch her, sir?"

"No, when she passed I saw that she was wearing a Glenkirken plaid scarf with a striped Chauvigne evening parka. I would rather not know any female who will wear such an abominable combination."

"Very well, sir. Over and out."

J. Melbourne Bloomington IV, K.C.U. B.R., Esq., better known to his fellows as J. M., leaned back against the Lydean leather covered seat of his grosser Hummelste Damenez 600 limousine and ran over the events that had led up to his present visit to the American colonies. The WAXWING affair had been handled brilliantly, as was normal, by himself after Q2 station had bungled the preliminaries and he had then spent his customary fortnight vacation at

Continued on pg. 22

MASH RAKERS

continued from previous page

Cocho. Upon his return to London, O.M.A. had called him into the office before J.M. could contact any of the beautiful females that threw themselves at him at every opportunity.

When J. M. had walked into O. M. A.'s office on that typically foggy, gray London day, he had realized almost at once that something of paramount importance to the Service (sound of distant trumpets) was on the Chief's mind. The ring finger of the Chief's left hand was tapping on the Mayan jade cigar box presented to him by a grateful Central American dictator.

"Something of paramount importance to the Service (sound of distant trumpets) is on my mind, J.M."

"Yes sir, I'm ready to listen."

"Tomorrow is the annual cricket match with the Yard and Harrington, our googlie bowler, has sprained his pinkie. Do you still have the control you showed in the match of '61?"

"Yes sir, it's not a skill one easily loses. We had a top-notch instructor at Lordscrag and I think he would be proud if he knew how well he had taught me."

"Good, that's settled."

"Will that be all sir?"

"Yes . . . No, wait a minute, I nearly let it slip my mind. It seems that Her Majesty's Customs has recently confiscated some excretory alcoholic spirits being smuggled in from the United States. The available evidence points to a rather extensive operation that has been bringing this liquor into England for some time. In the U. S., it is known rather quaintly as "Moonshine" and is of an extremely potent nature, 150 proof not being uncommon. The Government naturally wants us to stop the traffic, as it is cutting into the sale of domestic liquors, also some seem to think it's a Red plot to undermine Britain's moral fiber. I've called an expert in to give you a briefing on the subject. Miss Sterlingfarthing, would you please send Major Smythe-Hastings in."

The nganga inlaid door swung open on oilless hinges. J. M. rose from his chair as an Alec Guinness major strode in rapping a swagger stick against his shorts with one hand and carrying a large attache case in the other.

"Major Smythe-Hastings, this is Com-

mander J. Melbourne Bloomington IV, K.C.U.B.R., Lordscrag '37."

The two men touched hands perfunctorily and seated themselves before O.M.A.'s desk. J. M. had taken an instant dislike to the major: the thought, that anyone who would remain in the Armed Service during peacetime was a complete and utter ass, unable to succeed in private life.

"Are you ready to give the Commander his briefing, Major?"

"The army is always ready sir. 'Be prepared' is our motto. Now, if I may clear a corner of your desk for my case?"

J. M.'s aversion changed to the respect he always felt for a real expert in any field as the major began his lecture on the origins and nature of the native Southern United States liquor known as moonshine. When the major opened his attache case and revealed several small square jars containing clear liquids, J. M. leaned forward with anticipation.

"Now we have here the samples of moonshine that I obtained on a collecting expedition to the southern mountains of America," the major said as he presented one of the jars to J. M. "My trained palate is able to distinguish the various types, but it won't be necessary for you, Commander to attain this level. You should, however, be able to recognize the finer varieties. The bottle in your hand contains Bart B. Barton '64 of Barton's Cove, North Carolina. If you would be so kind as to try it, Commander."

The clear liquid seemed innocuous enough so J. M. took a small sip. For an instant there was only an oily taste on his tongue, then a dragon appeared in his esophagus and began to burn and claw its way toward his stomach. J. M.'s eyes rolled until only the whites were showing, his tongue, now a peculiar purple, protruded as he attempted to scream around it. It sounded like a frog being stepped on.

When J. M. regained coherence, he was able to gasp, "People drink that out of choice?"

"Oh yes, many of the southerners of America prefer it to any other spirituous drink."

"Gugg!"

The Chief had told J. M. to go to the States and stop this heinous operation at its source, and so here he was,

motoring into one of the least known areas of the world, the Blue Ridge Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. It was an area renowned not only for its moonshiners but also its deleterious food and the sexual precocity of its young women.

"Bragi, stop at the next spot and we'll have our dinner."

"Yes sir, there is a public park just ahead."

With the safari kitchen in the boot of the Hummelste, Bragi was able to fix a creditable meal consisting of Lobster Chambord, Potatoes Stronov, Salade Italianee, and Assmannhausen '59 chilled to 43°F as a beverage. J. M. had this repeat spread before him on the built-in monkeywood table when a shadow fell across his plate. His highly trained reflexes threw J.M.'s body against the opposite door while he simultaneously drew his Walther KKP from its handmade Injun Joe shoulder holster.

"Whatcha doin', mister?" inquired a child's voice.

The eyes in their deadly-killer squint flew open as J. M. stared at a woman's body topped by the open face of a child. Stringy dirty blonde hair framed a thumb-sucking dirty mouth, and when she opened it, J. M. saw the girl had no top front teeth. A sun-faded and woods-stained cheap cotton shift fought valiantly to hold a lush, sensual body that was not restrained by undergarments.

"Whatcha doin', mister?"

"Where have you come from child? I did not hear you approaching just then."

"fom down in th' holler back there. You sure talk funny mister, you a ferinner?"

"Why, yes I am. I'm an exporter of native American goods. People in Europe love to have the quaint little things made in these mountains so I come down here each year to buy items of interest. This trip I have an order to fill for a man in France who wants something called 'moonshine.' Would you know where I could obtain some of this substance?"

"Shine ain't substance, it's likker, and I don't know where you can obtain any but I know where you can get some 'cause my Paw makes it and he'd

continued on page 34



AMICABLE AGNES

This month's local, lovely, lass of the grass first came to the attention of Plowboy when she said that we could photograph her sans clothes, and how could anyone refuse to take a picture of a nude babe? Don't let the monicker of Agnes Manyteet fool you, she's a real cool mother. Our bacchanal bovine of the month says, like most of our readers, she likes her men horny and foot stomping. As for her favorite pastimes, she enjoys playful romps in the pasture, swatting flies with her tail, and posing for radioactive milk ads. Her big ambition in life: to be made into filet mignon and then eaten by James Bond.



MISS MAY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF GROUT

PLOWBOY'S PARTLY JOKES

Aware of his prospective father-in-law's flair for sarcasm, the young groom-to-be was nervous over the prospect of asking for his daughter's hand. Summoning the necessary courage, he approached the girl's father and, with the utmost politeness, asked, "May I have your daughter for my wife?"

"I don't know," came the reply.



Our unabashed dictionary defines quadrigemina as four masses of nervous substance forming the back part of the mesencephalon.

The bleary-eyed, unshaven bum approached a passerby and said, "Mister, could I have \$20.10 for a cup of coffee?"

"But," the man protested, "Coffee only costs a dime."

Our unabashed dictionary defines exodus as the departure of the Israelites from Egypt (with the) or the second book of the Old Testament, which describes this.

We suppose you've heard the one about the traveling salesman who called up his wife after spending a dreadful

day trying to sell sheep-herders' boots. Yes, just about everyone knows that one.

Then there was the man who wanted to get something for his wife, but he didn't want to spend too much money, so he didn't get her anything.



Our unabashed dictionary defines Stillwater as a village east of New York, on the Hudson River 21 miles north of Albany and just south of Saratoga. A city in north-central Oklahoma; population 24,000.

In Clemson, everyone says wee, instead of wheel!



Have you heard these jokes like they're supposed to be? If you have you've been reading bad magazines, go to jail no \$200 dollars and shame on you.

PLOWBOY FASHION FORECAST



Showing his wife the latest styles in one of the world's coolest fashion magazines, our model opens to the late-evening in-the-cow pasture wear. His own distinctly clad-self portrays the always popular bib blue jeans worn by Plowboys across the nation. Tailored hammer pocket on side of leg is available upon request at clothing store.



Another Plowboy contemplates whether he's stylishly correct by wearing his moderate weather suit or should he change to cooler attire. His smartly tailored tweed suit is a product of the Salvation Army clothing division.

At all times of year, the fashion forecast may be the same for many Plowboys due to the limited sources of exquisite clothing stores in the surrounding area and their financial difficulties. And although this produces many notoriously bad cases of B.O. and "the Goat," single suited Plowboys distinguish themselves by their unique choice in clothing.



Our friend the "Rabbit," taking time-out from restocking his well-fortified shelves of elixirs, strikes a forward-looking fashion pose in his orange-billed cap. The brightly colored cap is both waterproof and glows in the dark, all sizes available.



Plowboy pool room attire is casually worn by three exhausted players, after completing a rough game of eight-ball. The black jacket and pants worn by the distinctive gentleman on the right invaluable provides concealment at night to the owner (especially in dark alleys. Notice Clemson ring on finger.) The remaining two billiard players have broken away from the conformity and rigidity of "button-down living" as they both display attire conventional to the pool room after six. Lace-up boots provide support in difficult pool shots and maneuvers. White sweat shirt is usually worn when the athlete is relaxing, keeping both arms warm and ready for action.

"Well, Mr. Pinkerton—that's the last time I'm going to ask YOU to help me with my shawl."



Varghhh



avery gosnell was a cool guy

RIBALD CLASSIC

FROM 20th CENTURY APPALACHIA

Avery Gosnell was a strappin fine feller what had a big pasture, nineteen heffers, one tired bull, forty seben chickens, and three hogs. He also had two ruint daughters.

Avery you mite say had it made. He didn wark nowhar, but he'd tried it onct. Hit didn agree with him. And then he up and stumbled onto somethin called welfare and hit agreed with him somethin powful. He kept his welfare secret fer a good while, but when, he got lected mayor a Slipry Noodle he made some rangements, and fore long all us had a finger in the pie.

There warn't but one thing in this world what troubled Avery an that wuz two things. His two ruint daughters. And he wuz troubled bout them samethin fierce. They wuz jus na use atall. The chickens'd git spoked whenever they seen them girls an wouldn't lay fer two weeks, an the caws'd go dry if ever them girls tried to pull milk from em. An when the bull would see em he'd try to stan up an beller, an seein he warn't gone make it, he'd start kickin round an the ground an squallin.

Avery had axed the welfare woman onct what he could do bout his daughters an she said why didn't he put em out in samethin called the peace care. Avery sed na mam, his daughters mite be a little an the hamely side but they wuz nice girls. So she mentioned somethin bout tryin a red cross an Avery plum got mad at that. He sed he didn blieve in trying to breed folks like they wuz prize heffers. So then says somethin about a schaal a finishin an Avery he got even madder bout that. He tal her the good Lard made them girls the way they wuz an that wuz the way they wuz ment to stay. An he pict up his check an out he walks.

Straight out he went to see Lem Snokes. Lem had quite a haid on his shoulders when hit come to figgerin out slick deals, tho Avery warn't considerin this na slick deal unnerstan, but Lem shore gave him samethin what he wouldn a

ever thought of. Lem sed what he needed wuz some a thet stuff what falks at one of them South Amurcan universities in Texas wuz tryin out. Samethin called a name like peeodee.

Lem sed they wuz takin little peas from offn kaktus stalks an brewin em up special like, an everbody wuz gittin all kinda wierd dreams fram sniffin an drinkin of hit. Avery didn see how that wuz gone help him any. An Lem tal him if he wuz ta give some a thet stuf ta some a the boys at a barbecue thet they'd git sa wall-eyed that Avery could marry his girls up fore them bays could wake up.

Thet ideer wuz a smacker shor nuff an Avery made hit his plan. The only way fer him to git somea thet stuff wuz ta write thet South Amurcan place an ax em to send him some. But writin warn't never Avery's strong hand an he got a mite confused besides. What finly happened wuz he sent a air-mail special deelvry letter to same kinda dean dawn thar an axed him to please send Avery Gasnell a Slippry Noodle some cayotee pea. Thet letter caused quite a bit a com-muckus fore Lem could straighten things out. But they finly got what hit wuz they had wanted in the first place.

Lem he fixed hit up an Avery he called a big barbecue. He invited the preacher an the sly cause he figgered if the bays knew the preacher were camin they wouldn nane af em shaw up.

But everybody came an preceded to have theirselves a real ralliker. When Avery figgered everything wuz baut prime, he commenced to speculate on who hit wuz he wanted his girls ta marry up with. He didn try to pic too good cause he knew there wuz some a the bays wouldn stan fer hit no matter wha sed hit wuz legal-like an everything.

He finly slected Snoddy-Boy Acree an Barnyard Dorcus. He figgered Snaddy-Boy would holler same but would stick
continued on next page

silently, swirling and disappearing in a frenzy of rapid motion.

"I'm sorry, Sandy. Now I've hurt you too. I really didn't mean to. Honest to God." He was speaking into her hair and she fell loose onto him as the softness of his voice suddenly removed her anger, leaving only the great hurt welling forth from herself uncontrolably.

"Oh, Bernie . . ." she could not find words, only ideas formed halfway in her mind. "Why didn't you say something before? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you were happy. At least that's what I thought . . . you too, I guess. I liked to see you happy. It made me feel good. You shouldn't ever be sad, Sandy. Never." Bernie realized that he sounded like a fool, that he was speaking like a child, in terms of a child's hurt, to a child. The feeling angered him, for he realized that he was now saying what he had always wanted to say, what he had felt all along. And he thought she understood. That made him happy inside again, and he could think clearly.

"Here. Stop crying. It's all right now." He put his hand under her chin and looked down at her and smiled. She dropped her eyes from his face, sniffed and smiled also.

When she realized that she was crying no longer, she looked up at him. Bernie took out his handkerchief and wiped at her face. He pinched her nose and they laughed. She took the handkerchief and blotted at her eyes and Bernie was struck by the girlishness of her, standing in the moonlight drying her eyes. She was beautiful.

Bernie and Sandy walked down through the blue night forest arm in arm, at peace, for a time, with the world, and with themselves. He said goodnight to her at her apartment and she stood on her tiptoes and kissed his cheek. A few whispered words and the door was closed, and he was walking down the ice-covered road, and she was dressed for bed; and he was entering his apartment, and she was lying in the darkness with a pool of moonlight on the floor beside her bed; and he was sitting by his window smoking silently and thinking over the past events.

And she was asleep.

But as the night passed and the cof-

fee came and went and the cigarettes fell one by one like shooting stars from the window, the preciseness and the clear-cut significance of the events began to wear away, and the doubts came again. There would always be Jack, Sandy would always be Sandy, no matter what revelation was forced on her.

And he would always be himself. Nothing could change this one fact. He was just Bernie, the good-natured friend, the skier, visitor to Switzerland . . . just Bernie.

The fact struck him as he was sure it would strike Sandy sometime . . . the next day, the next week . . . he was just Bernie. And she was just Sandy, and nothing in the mortal world could change them, make them more compatible, fit them for one another.

A sudden sadness drifted over Bernie as he sat in the partial darkness. The greyness of dawn was beginning to creep over his window sill, and with it came the hardened reality of the facts of the dream-like night. There should be no second chance . . . the first had taught him that. Regardless of the night, the unattainable was still unattainable. She was in a completely different world than Bernie. Those worlds had never crossed successfully and he doubted if they could do so, though he was willing to give it a try. But it was no good and he knew that she would realize it sooner or later. He left her a note saying not to drink too much wine, and he packed his bags.

Bernie left on the morning train.

(dedicated to Sandy Tarquino) Fiction by Garland G. Gooden.

RIBALD CLASSIC

from preceeding page.

to what wuz done cause Snoddy-Boy werent no prize hiffself. He wayed nigh on to three hundred pounds, didn have cept three teeth, an had warts in his nose. Barnyard he drooled real bad, wuz skew-eyed, an slept with his daddy's chickens. Folks wuz always sayin they spected Barnyard to start layin fore too long. Avery mite a thought that hiffself.

Well Avery he slipped some a Lem's brew to them boys an they commenced to cavortin aroun like nobody ever seen. Snoddy-Boy started screemin the snails wuz after him an tried to climb hiffself cause he thought he wuz a tree. Barn-

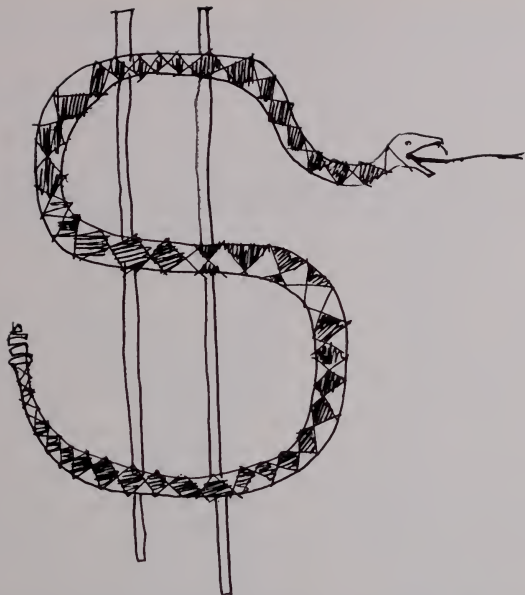
yard quit droolin an started buzzin like a junebug. He fell on his back trying to flap over Avery's backhouse an lay there cryin cause he couldn't roll over to fly off. Avery's two ruint daughters just stood by quiet like takin hit all in an waitin. An when them boys had tuckered theihselves enuff, the preacher stepped up an the marriageable seremonees wuz confumagated. Avery wuz a mity happy feller til them boys come roun bout three days later.

They had jus come to an had fount theihselves married up to Avery Gosnell's two ruint daughters. They wuz a mite upset. They tol Avery they hadnt never done nothin to him an he ought not to have played a trick like thet on em. Avery looked real mollified that they'd say somethin like thet. He tol em they had axed him ifn they could marry up with his daughters an all he done wuz say yes an consign hiffself to losin the only two children he had. They sed well in that case he could have em rite back, unsign hiffself an everthing would be jus fine. But Avery sed no, fair wuz fair an he had to lose them girls sooner or later anyhow. Well the boys wuz what you mite call stil a mite unsatisfied. Hit were a mity big problem an Avery he suggested that they all go down an see the welfare lady. So they all trucked off to whar her checkin office wuz.

Well the welfare lady she listened em out an tol em everthing wuz gone be fine. She sed first off she's gone git em on relief, they sed yessm that wuz shore what they needed, Avery he jus nodded. Then she sed she knowed a feller wha'd deeclear em a disaster area an their troubls'd be over. She tol em all to go home an sit tile. Some kinda society wuz on the way an all they had to do wuz wait fer hit to get to em. Well them boys went back an commenced to waitin. They raised the biggest family a porch sitters you ever seen an knew more bout rockin chairs and shade trees than anybody else in Slipry Noodle.

Avery sed hit wuz jus great any way you looked at it. Folks roun there sed all you needed wuz two ruint daughters, a few barbecues, plenty a welfare, and a little waitin spell.

(Retold by Frank Pearce)



BITE
BITE
BITE
BITE
BITE

Steal. That's the only way to do it. Like man, how the hell do you think I made my fortune—by being a cool investor in the stock market, by saving every damn penny I ever made in my life, by marrying some rich, old babe—not on your everloving, hep, and suave life. Not me kid. I stole every penny I ever made in my life. In this world it's dog eat dog, and I don't care if you do have a Playboy Club Key, you have to cheat, steal, cajole, and lie if you want to become rich, cool, and sophisticated like you truly.

When I started to amass my fortune I was just a young, punk kid. I started stealing small stuff like bubble gum wrappers, pencils in school, empty Coke bottles, used tooth picks, and green stamps. It doesn't seem like much now, but in those days it was almost a small fortune. As soon as I got into junior high school I organized a little protection racket. It was a simple set-up in the beginning. If some brat didn't come across with his nickel for the week I'd put rat poison in his lunch box. I used to sit next to the poor sap while he was eating his lunch to give him a

false sense of security. After about three bites of his peanut butter sandwich he started going into convulsions and ran out of the room with this crazy look on his face. If a teacher ever asked me if I knew what was wrong I'd just tell her he had to go to the bathroom but quick. Ah, those good old dogs in school. But I digress.

By the time I entered high school I was well on my way to my first million. My biggest money making operation in high school was selling forged absence notes. The price varied with the number of days the kid wanted to be excused for and how rich the kid's parents were. I'd milk them for as much as they were worth. Of course, during the middle of the week things got pretty slack, so I started a little business on the side. I began blackmailing my teachers. It was really an ingenious scheme. Whenever one of my teachers would leave the room I'd slip a French post card in her grade book. When the class was dismissed for the day I'd walk up to my teacher and ask her what I made on my last spelling test. She'd open her grade book, and the dirty post card

would fall out on the floor. Naturally I'd pick it up, look at it and say "Oh Miss Jones, I didn't know you had such a dirty mind." The teacher would always deny that she knew anything about the post card, but I'd threaten to tell the principal that there was a sexual pervert on the staff. They always came across with the money. Yes, school was an easy place to make a quick, dishonest buck.

After getting thrown out of school for stealing all the money in a Red Cross can I discovered the formula of how to become a success in life; if you are going to steal, steal big! No more nickel-dime stuff for me. So I started stealing really big stuff: Hugh Hefner's address book, the Brooklyn Bridge, Jayne Mansfield's bra, Mississippi (they should have paid me to steal that state), and six million dollars in cash. It was the six million bucks that made me hell on wheels with the chicks. It also made me a multimillionaire.

So all you cool fellows, the easiest way to make a bundle is to steal.

HOW TO AMASS A MASS

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL PETTY

MASH RAKERS

continued from page 22

be pleased to sell you some. Why'n't ya come on down to the house?"

"Why I'll be glad to. Bragi, Bragi, Where is that man? Oh well, I'll leave a note on the tape recorder for him." After telling the recorder where he was going, J. M. followed the girl along a path that led out of the park and down a precipitous slope. The trail was worn deeply into the ground, but bushes grew so closely over it that only previous knowledge would allow one to follow it. Ahead of him, the girl's dress looked as if some small animals were fighting to get out as she leaped nimbly down the slope. He did wonder how old she was but knew it best not to play around no matter what her age for mountain men were very protective about their women. The slope flattened out and the path made a few turns before it came out into a maize field. On the far side of the field was a building that J. M. thought was a chicken house until he saw a figure come out and stare at the two coming across the field. The boards of the shack had never felt a paint brush and not too many nails, as the place seemed to be in a state of imminent collapse.

"Howdy stranger, somethin we can do fer ya?"

"He wants to buy some shine from ya, Paw."

"Why, come right in and set yourself down while I send Sallyjo Billie to get some from the smoke house. You here me now girl, run git that stuff."

J. M. stepped gingerly onto the porch and walked into the hovel as the man held the door for him. The darkness of the interior was obscured by the explosion in his head when some person tried to put J. M.'s brains in his shoes. A brilliant light cut through the mist as he regained consciousness to find himself bound to a chair. He could see nothing but the burning light before him. Out of the darkness came a voice filled with joy, Sallyjo Billie's voice.

"Ya goin' to let me burn him? Huh, Paw, huh? C'mon Paw, let me kick him. Aw, let me do somethin'."

"Shut up girl, 'fore I whop ya one. Thought ya had us fooled with ya story didna ya, Commander J. Melbourne Bloomington IV, K.C.U.B., Esq.? We been waitin' for ya ever since ya left London. GHOST knows everthin' everywhere."

"GHOST, what in the name of heaven is GHOST?"

"Greater Horde of Old Southern Terrorists. We're going to rule the world when all the people are laid out by our 'shine."

"You're mad, man. There are too many against you. Besides, you don't have any men in key government positions."

"I wouldn't say that J. M., old boy," said Bragi's familiar voice, "for I have a nice position in your government wouldn't you say?"

"Filthy traitor! You will never get away with your mad schemes."

A huge fist came out of the shadows to smash into J. M.'s ear. "Shut your mouf boy," said a following voice.

J. M. was slumped in his bonds and was unable to understand the voices he heard. Suddenly, hands untied him and he was jerked to his feet. The door was opened to let in sunlight that showed J.M. his captors. Besides Bragi, Sallyjo Billie, and her Father, there were three hulking Neanderthals clad in greasy overalls. These three carried J. M. outside, where he was thrown into a corn crib. He passed out, and it was dark when he became aware of his surroundings again. Someone was there beside him in the corn stalks.

"Shh, don' say nothin', J. M. Paw'll kill me if he finds me with ya. I had to come out here 'cause I love ya and I want to help if I can."

J. M. reached up, pulled the girl down to his face and gave her a passionate kiss. Her breath reminded him of a paper factory close to his Bourne-mouth flat back in England. To stop her suffocating loving, J. M. asked Sallyjo Billie, "How old are you child?"

"I'm gonna be sixteen in three months. I'm practically full grown."

"Yes you are, but I must get out of here with my information."

"Ain't ya gonna take on Paw and the boys and finish everythin' yourself?"

"Are you joshing? They outnumber me and I would be a fool to try and capture them by myself. I will just drive to the nearest village and contact the local constabulary. They can come out here to arrest your father and the other people."

"Why you dirty little coward! Paw! Paw! Help! Rape! I thought you was brave."

Lights came on in the shack and men ran toward the corn crib. J. M. hit Sallyjo Billie a vicious backhand blow. leapt from the crib and sprinted for the woods. As he neared the first trees, blinding lights threw the running figures into sharp relief and an amplified voice told everyone to stop immediately.

"Mr. Bloomington, you walk straight forward until you get behind the lights. The rest of you throw down them guns and stay right where you are."

J.M., when he passed the lights, was stopped and held until he could see in the dark again. He did not have the foggiest notion as to who these men were, but it was most probable that they were law enforcement officers sent to rescue him.

"Mr. Bloomington?"

"Yes, here I am"

"You stupid limey! You almost destroyed six months' work by my best men. Next time your Chief has any bright ideas like this one, I hope he sends a more competent agent."

"Look here Old man, I"

"Don't 'Old Man' me. You just get out of my territory and tell O.M.A. that we can take care of our own moon-shiners."

It was a month later, and J. M. was in O.M.A.'s office: " . . . yes, I had a little help from some of the local men at the cleanup. I don't believe we'll be bothered by GHOST again."

"Agent 00-0, you have made your final error in Her Majesty's Secret Service (sound of distant trumpets). You will have to be disposed of." As he spoke these words O.M.A. pointed an antique Confederate flintlock pistol once owned by General J.E.B. Stuart at J. M. Smoke filled O.M.A.'s office as the body of J. Melbourne Bloomington IV, K.C.U.B.R., Esq. toppled to the Ottoman rug-covered floor.

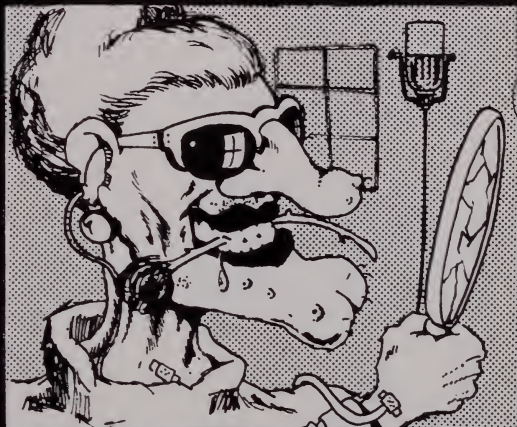
"He always was an ass."

PLOWMATES REGURGITATED

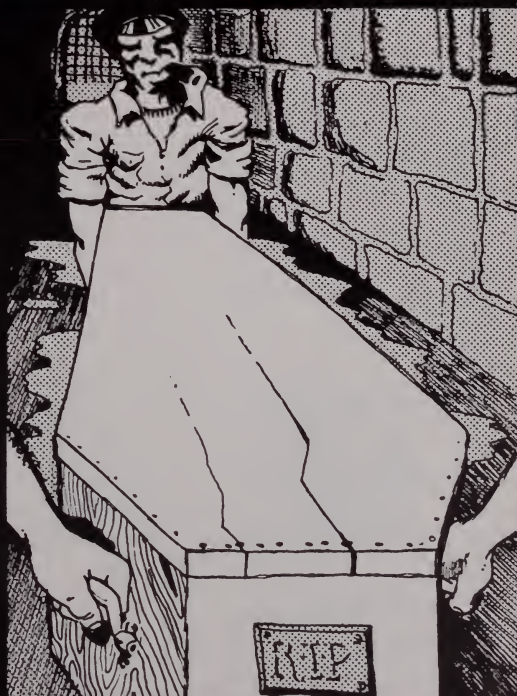
Unfortunately our original negatives for this article had completely decayed and it was necessary for our photographer to retake these 1865 beauties. Ah well . . . better late than never. (by Norman Withers)



VERA HAGG



LINDA GUNCH



AIMEE SHROUD



1. HA! STUPID BUG!
I COULD SMASH YOU
IN 1 SECOND.



2. HE-HE, HA-HA



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



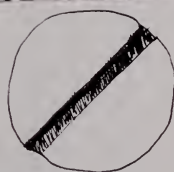
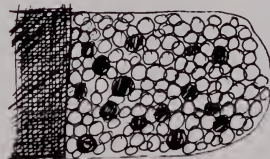
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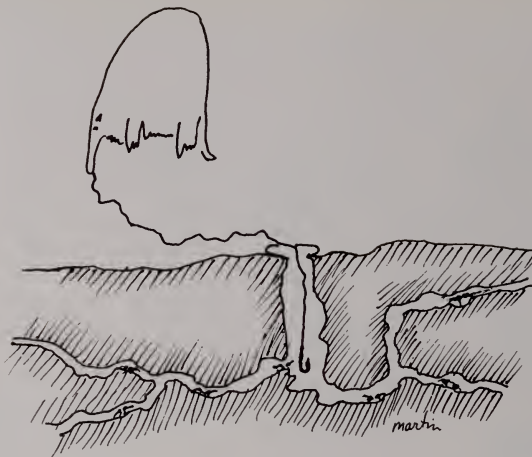


CALIFORNIA PELICAN



PILLS
AND
STUFF

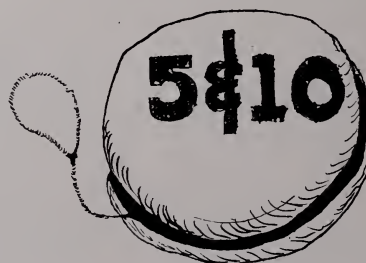
LYNCHES
WALGREEN
DRUG
AGENCY



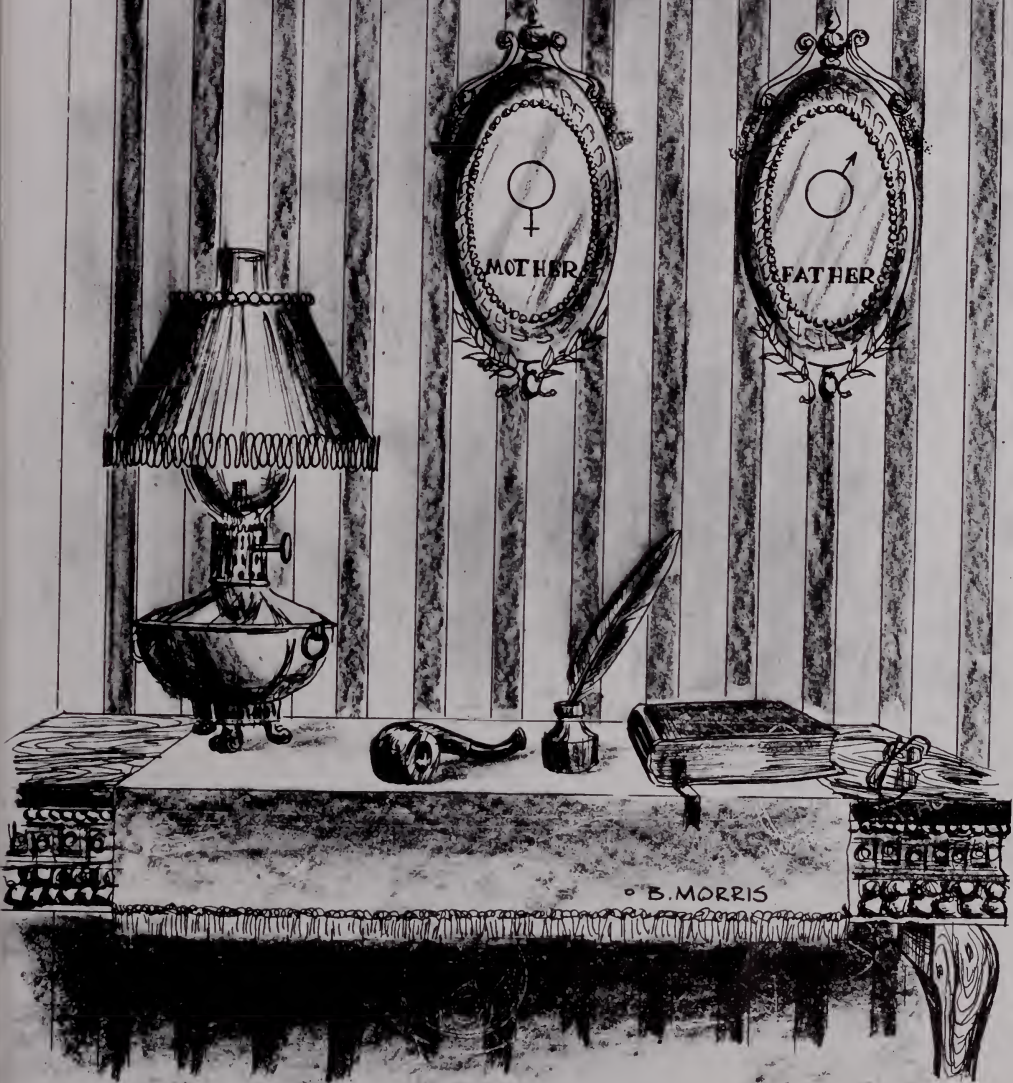
**YOUR
HEALTH
IS
OUR
BUSINESS**

MARTIN'S DRUG STORE

HARPERS



DOWNTOWN CLEMSON





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and softer...and softer**

Hush Puppies® casuals are making the sidewalks softer this year! Witness this soft-as-a-cake Hush Puppies® men's casual. Its Breathin' Brushed Pig skin® upper is soft resistant, water-repellent and lets your feet breathe, while the flexible comfortable crepe sole lightens your every step. Best of all, Hush Puppies® casuals have a sturdy steel shank to give your foot firm support. Start making the sidewalks softer. Put your feet in a pair of Hush Puppies® casuals today!



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**GOOD SELECTION
OF STYLES AND
COLORS.**

**CLEMSON
SHOE
SERVICE**

COMING NEXT MONTH

PHILBERT GOLDBRICK—ex-FBI agent exposes the extent of Communist infiltration in the FFA, FHA, and 4H organizations.

Billie Sol Estates—A famous farmer gives tips on fertilizer storage, and tells of his problems with the socialistic meddling of USDA agents.

Granny Frickert—our gourmet editor gives her personal recipe for possum guts fricasee and also writes of the culinary habits among the Aborigines of Walhalla, S. C.

X2X—a noted religious fanatic reveals the measures taken by his personal bodyguard to prevent his assassination. This is an article of particular importance to liberal readers in Southern states.

Dame Gwenhwyfer of Baliwick—next month's Plowmate is the champion St. Clarenica cow all of our readers know from the article in our last issue that delineated her rise from an obscure farm in (?) S. C. to the championship of American milch cows.

The Chickens of Gaffney—are the things they say about Gaffney pullets true? A full color, five page foto feature and article by our travel editor, Tom Tiger, will answer many of your questions.

In subsequent issues we will have a pictorial tour of the ancient barns of Appalachia; more get-rich-in-5-minutes articles by our finance editor, J. Paul Petty; the best in farm fiction by rising young authors; and our usual beautiful, fabulous, glamorous, voluptuous farm animals for animals.

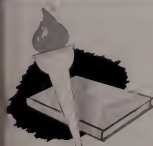
A special issue on replacement of the standard tractor engine with a special high rise, hemi-head, overhead cam, blown, injected 6-cycie pistonless engine. Along with this new engine the modern farmer will be interested in the new high speed Molybdendum plows offered by Seneca Farm Equipment Inc., Ltd.

(by Harold Folk)

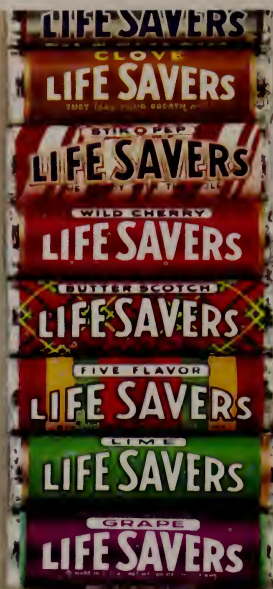
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San Angelo, Texas



Winner of 10 different national yearbook awards



4 kinds of icy, spicy mints



new



...still only 5¢

CLEMSON Chronicle

MAR 4 1966

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SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM



John Garrison of Garrison-Ramon Salons, New York and Chicago,
uses color to personalize hair design



This world-famous hairdresser tells why...

why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"Naturally, when you've found the hair color you're happiest with, you don't want it changed by shampooing," says John Garrison. "Using the right shampoo—colorfast shampoo—is especially important for the soft, muted colors most women prefer today. And *Clairol* is the colorfast shampoo—it won't change hair color." Very different from other leading shampoos, this

colorfast shampoo by Clairol was specifically created for women who color or lighten their hair. Two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all light delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair. Clairol Green for all red, brown and black shades of tints and lasting rinses. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.



BLUE—for blondes and lightest tones GREEN—for tint and lasting-rinse users

CLAIROL® SHAMPOO the colorfast shampoo

© Clairol Inc. 1964

HELLO

Hey! Look, it's the **CHRONICLE**.

We realize that December is a heck of a time to begin a semester, so we decided to end it instead. I guess you've heard our rocky-road-hard-luck story by now, so I won't relate it for fear of drawing tears (which, of course, would wrinkle the page). I promise, though, that we'll be out on time next issue under a brand new staff.

Starting off this issue, you'll see a fine piece of art work on the cover by Tony London, our art editor. We also present some newcomers to our art department in the forms of John Hortley and Jim Carson.

New talent also kicks off this issue's fiction. Harold Coombs contributes a fine story entitled "A Furrow in the Sand." Dwight Reynolds returns to our pages with "The Letter," and Val Connell debuts with "The Image."

In the poetry corner, The **CHRONICLE** is proud to present Mr. James Bottle, a hitherto unpublished writer whose "blurb" we believe you will enjoy.

Will Shore breaks loose on the editorial page, grasping the conformity question in both talons and scrutinizing both sides before devouring it. Fed up, Will strikes back with a great lead feature on the Fincastle Bluegrass Festival held in September. Mr. Jack Tuttle, professor of History, donated "Two Dollars that Built a Church" to our feature section, and Mike Patterson has written a prodigious epic on the Jabberwocky to which Ted McCoy adds some magnificent pictures.

Ronnie Nappier and Russ Meyers have put together the greatest girlie feature ever seen in the **CHRONICLE**. Fourteen (count 'em) local lovelies and some of the "best ever" photography you'll see.

While I'm about it, I'd like to thank Dail Dixon, Dr. Mark Steadman, Dean Cox, and Mrs. Albert, without whose help, you wouldn't have to strain your eyes on this issue.

Arland Good Jr.



WHAT SORT OF MAN

WRITES THE CHRONICLE?

Young....carefree....the kind you have to look at twice. Take our editor (please). He's a thinker. His eyes are sharp, his wit keen (tongue nearly always in cheek), his features clean cut, romanesque. His hair may be a bit long, but it's clean. There he sits discussing, no doubt, the most intellectual, pertinent topics. (Unidentified friend holds copy of **CHRONICLE**) Yessir, isn't he the mon you'd like to be? You can, because **CHRONICLE** needs more just like this. Come on and join up. You can have your very own open-air stroll.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

by Will Shore

There is a surprising trend on our pseudo-sophisticated campus to socially ostracize anyone who, even remotely, tries to be different. Dissimilarity is strictly taboo. One either wears a madras belt, complete with Weejuns, Gant shirt, and thirty-six inch long billfold, or he may as well go stark naked—at least in the eyes of the various and sundry judges so cleverly placed throughout the campus. These paragons of scrutinization leave no stones unturned—no objects, however personal they may be, unobserved. Thanks folks; you're doing a magnificent job out there. Just one thing—is the manner in which people dress any of your damned business?

One must set forth, however, that there are certain disadvantages to such a thing as long hair, or in more specific terms, nonconformity. It is a statistically proven fact that those males preferring to wear their hair long are the victims of thirty-three percent more attempted rapes. Also, it would only be fair to point out that those people who wear the same jeans for weeks at a stretch have a laundry bill which is usually \$4.23 less than the average "joiner." Of course, little items such as insecticides, mouse traps, and public health certificates greatly offset any savings which might fall into the non-conformist's hands.

Let it not be said that this is a biased article; there are two sides to every story. The "joiners," or judges, sometimes venture into the misty realm of nonconformity themselves. Why, just the other day, a tale was told which would strike a note of panic into the heart of even the most inconspicuous "joiner." One of their ranks, a most highly esteemed member, was apprehended while coming out of his

dormitory. He had committed, and it isn't known whether or not the act was intended, the most heinous of offenses; he had left his collar buttons undone. Oh day, Oh day, Oh lamentable day! The shrieks of the medieval heretics must have been mere babbles compared to these. Disorder was rampant. Cries of traitor were heard. This man had fled the boundaries of conformity; he had tried to be different. No longer could he sit upon the throne of judgement to mock those who dared to depart from the rigid standards of his sect. He, himself, had been tried and sentenced.

The **CHRONICLE**, in the sense of fair play, wishes to announce its full endorsement of an all purpose protest march, the object of this march being to allow any and all interested persons to display their feelings as to whether or not the joiners or the "clods" are in the right. "To conform or not to conform, that is the question." (The protest march will be held on January 31, 1966.)

What's black and white and red all over?

Core?

Don't be silly. A newspaper.

Well reared girls shouldn't wear slacks.

Definition: slip-cover—maternity dress.

Two statues, male and female, were allowed to come to life for 15 minutes by a god of old; they quickly retired to some nearby bushes. After some period of thrashing about, the statues emerged.

"Now, you hold the pigeon—it's my turn."

AL'S BARBER SHOP

4 Registered
Barbers to serve

YOU

Clint Morgan
Ray Holsonback
Ralph Crooks
Al Burgess

WHERE THE
BEST GROOMED
CLEMSON MEN
GET THEIR
HAIR CUT

Down Town
Clemson



Looks carefree,
doesn't he?

Hmm, yeah.
Must be a policy
holder.

VULCAN LIFE



See? They always land on their feet.

**CORNELL
WIDOW**



PRESCRIPTIONS?

Let our experts

Fill them

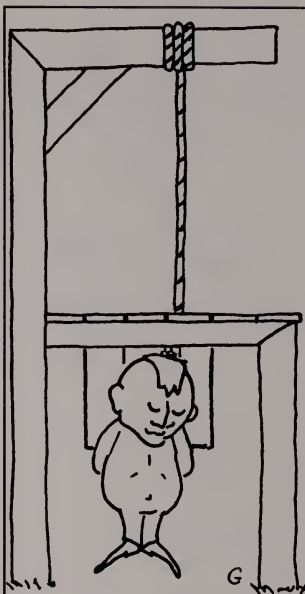
L. C. MARTIN

DRUG

COMPANY



TAPS 1966 **YOUR YEAR
FOR YOU**



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Agency**

"Drop in some
Time"

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CLEMSON

Chronicle

ORGANIZED 1897

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OUR COVER: ART DIRECTOR TONY LONDON, who is unfortunately, no longer with us, presents a fine beginning by way of his interpretation of the New Library.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHANDLER ELLIS
WILL SHORE

"DOC" PLAYS ONE CLAW-HAMMER STYLE

FINCASTLE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

During the weekend of September 5th, the State of Virginia played hostess to the annual Fincastle Bluegrass Festival. Fincastle is a small town situated deep in the hills that surround Roanoke, Virginia. Bluegrass music is as much an institution there as are bib overalls. Almost anyone in Fincastle can finger a guitar or banjo, or if he lacks the ability to play a musical instrument, he can certainly slap one knee while yelling "pick at thang boy" to a performer.

The festival is sponsored each year by Carlton Haney. Mr. Haney pays for the 3 day event entirely on his own. Why? The reason is simple. Haney loves America's traditional music and doesn't want to see it die. People came from as far west as California and as far north as Montreal, Canada to hear the authentic sounds on display there. In addition to the yearly festival put on by Mr. Haney, he is seriously considering founding a college of bluegrass music. Haney feels that when the present masters of the guitar, banjo, mandolin, and fiddle are gone, bluegrass music will go with them. He hopes to bring promising musicians to Fincastle each summer and, by their being understudies to professionals in the bluegrass music realm, turn the amateurs into accomplished country music specialists.

The site of the festival itself is nothing more than an abandoned horse pasture equipped with a stage and a three holer john. The stage, however, is graced with such legendary musicians as Bill Moore, The Stanley Brothers, Don Reno, Red Smiley, Benny Martin, Mack Wiseman, Clyde Moody, and the inimitable Doc Watson. Beside their performances on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, the entertainers give workshops during the afternoons. The workshops find the performers on stage where they explain their styles on a particular instrument, answer questions as to their techniques, and play any selections that are requested. After the workshops end, there

continued on page 8



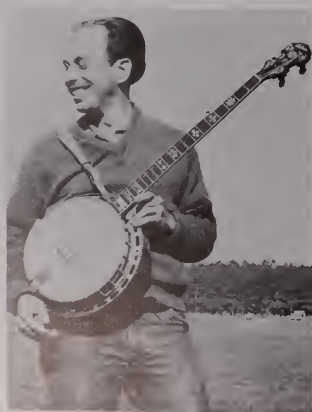
BENNY & DON REMINISCE



DOING IT UP MOUNTAIN STYLE



DOBRO GROUP



LENNY'S GOLD MASTERTONE BANJO

is ample time to talk to each performer individually and ask him any further questions you might have.

If you're looking for nightclubs, go to the city, but if you're looking for America's musical heritage go to Fincastle. The bluegrass festival is right over that mountain.





STANLEY & CO.



WARMING UP



A FURROW IN THE SAND

BY HAROLD COOMBS

The boat was typical of those hired by sportsmen for a day of fishing. Old and seasoned—not a thing of beauty. The captain maneuvered his wheel to overcome a rip tide headed out the inlet. The machine droned in its lubrication of decayed organic matter.

He was a deck hand and served the young men who tipped him with silver coins as he iced their catch. As he threw

a striper into the ice hold, a wave broke against a spray rail and sent its salty liquid across his face. Salt. Salt dried in the crevices of his skin. His skin was like his life. In the beginning it was smooth, but time came. Time came and affected channels. The channels were smooth and pleasant, but time was not content. It widened and it roughened. The craft made its way into the inlet.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HARTLEY



People sat fishing on the jetty and looked at him through their mirrors.

The boat was docked, and he dispensed the catch. For the silver coins he helped the sportsmen load the fish into their cars. He stored blankly at the cold forms as they lay dripping their blood among spare tires and jacks. He walked slowly to his car and drove to the shack he called home.

The door was there. He opened it and walked through. The chair was there, and he sat down.

Light entered the open window announcing a new day. People passed by the little shack observing their mirrors with loving eyes. They belonged to something. They had to belong to something. They all knew just how to stare at a man outside his little shack. Rotten

boards, beer, and a dirty undershirt.

Gently he walked over the roughened sand and passed lightly over sea worn rocks. His pram waited faithfully. It lay high on the dry sand wedged securely between three large rocks. As he pushed the pram down to the sea, a smile passed over his face. He realized that indeed he was leaving something behind him. A long pleasantly shaped furrow was clear-

continued on page 12

A FURROW IN THE SAND

continued from page 11

ly visible to show that a man had passed.

The oars dipped and redipped in the warm sea. By means of an oil stained rope attached to a piece of firm wood wedged between two rocks he secured his pram. The wood became covered with barnacles and looked like another rock. He walked slowly over the jetty examining the life which clung to the rocks. La mar washed the sea life and clothed it with nourishment and security. The rhythmic pounding brought life to the surface to peer at the outside world.

He plunged into the sea. Its strength tightened the aged skin. He plunged deeper and deeper; yet, he could not reach the protective inner part. The sea liked her own, caring for and nourishing her children but remaining oblivious to his need for air. He rushed to the surface and gasped the necessary medium. He tried to make a permanent descent again, but the sea only laughed and swirled him in her powerful embrace. Schools of fish scurried away as the strange child came; the kelp swayed in obedience to the mother. He approached dizziness and dragged once more for the surface.

Above, seven sea gulls were fighting over dead fish which had been tossed aside by fisherman. A large pleasure craft labored through the turbid inlet tossing salt water magnificently into the breeze, but a small boy could not be heard crying over the soft purr of the engines.

He floated on his back and examined the sky. The sun shone; its effect still cast shadows. A small fleecy cloud vanished into oblivion.

A large school of puffers turned away to flee but turned back again to examine the supple form. The people watched a small pram bob aimlessly on the sea and soon came to take it. A gentle wind came to fill a shallow depression in the sand.

JUDGE

Knowledgeable people

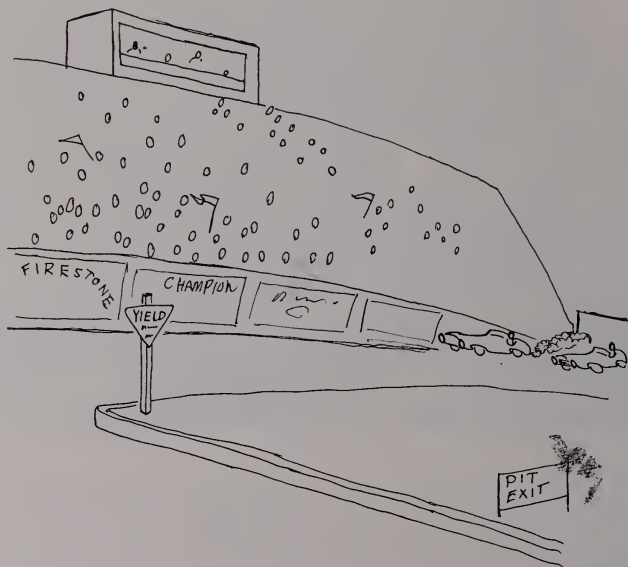
appreciate

our

LOW

PRICES

K E L L E R ' S





CADA JENKINS



the new look on campus

Brilliant photography and unusual back-drops combine to make this photo-feature one of the best articles we've had in quite some time. The **CHRONICLE** no longer has its gals set in such picturesque places as cornfields, ditches, trees, and garbage cans; we've gone to things of a more classical nature....airplanes, paintings, firetowers, and city dumps. Any reactions to this article should be attributed to the purely aesthetic qualities of the work; just keep telling yourself—they aren't sexy, they aren't sexy. (Ten to one you'll lose).

photography by russell myers and ronald nappier



NINA DULIN
DOLORES VIOLETTE



SUZANNE CULBERTSON





REBECCA FARMER



SHELLY WHITE



CYNTHIA CARROLL

JUDY FLORIE



CADA JENKINS





REBECCA FARMER
BECKY SCAVENS

DOLORES VIOLETTE





CONNIE GILSTRAP
BECKY SCAVENS



JANET GARRISON



MISHELLE BARNETT

LINDA IRISH



GERI RIGOULOT



JUDY FLORIE

SHELLY WHITE



CYNTHIA CARROLL



NINA DULIN



POEMS

by James W. Battle

PAPER FUNERALS

an old man on the corner
selling papers
was all he was
to those who passed
and heard his croaking voice
chanting headlines
that meant so little to him
only the nickels and dimes
they brought.
his days were badly written
as if to spare the pen
the agony of endless repetition
and underneath the ragged greatcoat
he always wore
there was no room for kindness
for dirt that caked
his canvas skin
caked his heart as well
when he died his only knell
was the honking of a bus horn
on the corner he left empty
and his only mourner
the peanut vendor down the block
who wondered why he'd moved
thinking perhaps
he'd found a better spot
and he had
for the worms bought all his papers
and devoured
all his headlines

FINAL SORROW

We are in that final sorrow
Where the night and silence scare me
Empty walls are living faces changing, laughing
At the gold creation throbbing underneath my window
Planning how and why to love and
When to kiss your hair and ask politely
If they may leave their footprints on your heart
As I lie here and try to cheat life
Thinking how to leave unnoticed but
With a certain grace in passing
So as not to make those living fools think
What a pity that he died so young and
Congratulate themselves because their fires still burn.
I can hear God's soft voice calling
It sounds so much like yours, lonely thick
With promises of secret places to explore;
If I could only see your eyes again, just once
Before I leave and find them wet and
Smiling to say you were glad I'd
Never have to be afraid again or cry
Because this beauty always seemed so out of date.
I will turn before I close the door
And say politely, if a little sadly
What a pity you must live so old.

FIRST DAY

You made the double in me half
And brought the dreams away
In polished wicker baskets
Till awareness of your presence
Seemed to me like old men dying
Alone on Monday afternoon.

I touched your breast and
Felt the mist fall hard
From hoary lips of twilight clouds
Grey as last year's love,
On the ragged ribbed umbrellas
Of the mourners standing round
Watching as they placed him
In the crumbling gap of quiet passion
His manhood conquered last.

Cursing his impertinence to die
When it was raining; while the
Birth-pangs of a new week
Ground down on last week's follies.
Still God's tears did serve their purpose
To rescue them from weeping.

I touched your heart and heard the
Sullen thumping of the wet earth
On his polished coffin lid;
I drew out my reeking hand
To slip a dream inside to him
For Tuesday morning's breakfast.

BLUE MORNING

I see the withered moon
Has run its course and ended
In the strange desire of dawn.
The stars, I fear have milked the night
Of loving, and left a clammy dew
Spread thick upon the grass roots
As sea foam on a gray december beach.
Where's the purpose then in parting
From these temperate sheets we've tangled,
Consecrated warm with sand and hair.

The streets outside are lying
Bloated, silent to the sun's first rays;
They too have had these moments
To beat out frenzied rhythms
Of a wild magic love
Against the silent pounding of a midnight clock.
But their dumb tongues will not tell it
Love, as ours will to please the fancy
Of a satiated pride;
And they'll scorn our follies mutely
If we venture out the door.

Better then to stay inside and suffer
The averted glance of half-closed lids;
Drink cold coffee and pine as children do
With flopping shoes and dresses trailing in the dust;
Play at being gods we'll share
Tomorrow.

O.S.O.P.

by Brian Dunkle

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And said — Come into
My parlor while I open my fly.

Excerpts From

*"A Look At The World
of Children"*

by John Pearce

I

Bark at me, doggy
Don't bite.
As long as you bark,
You can't bite me, doggy.
Bark at me, doggy
But don't bite
Or I'll step on your mouth.

IV

Hey, bear, have a peanut.
I love bears.
Mommy says bears will hurt me.
You better not hurt me, bear
Or I'll never play with you again
As long as I live.

THE LETTER

By Dwight Reynolds

The stairs were dark and steep, but Eric Baines did not notice tonight. His feet followed the familiar route without directions from him, and his attention was focused on the letter in his hand. There was no return address, and the handwriting was unfamiliar. Stranger than that, however, was the address. Never before, during their four years of marriage, had his wife gotten a letter addressed just to her. Even her family, on the rare occasion that they wrote, sent it to Mr. and Mrs. E. Baines. But here was this one in a plain white envelope addressed to "Carol Baines." Whoever had written it knew she was married, and Eric was surprised to discover that it bothered him that he had not used "Mrs."

He set the letter on the small wooden table, which made their livingroom their diningroom also. He propped it against a used drinking glass so she would be sure to see it when she came in. He began to collect the dirty dishes from around the room and deposit them in the sink. Perhaps, if his wife was not too tired after work tonight, she would wash them while she complained about her boss, her customers, and her long hours. If she did not do them tonight, they would wait. That was one job around the house he would not do. In his family the dishes had been woman's work, plowing, feeding the stock, and milking, that was the man's work.

As he was straightening the bed, he had an idea. He picked up the letter and read the postmark. It was from somewhere in the city; that didn't help him any. Then he let the thought, which had been in the back of his mind, formulate itself into consciousness. He could say

that he was tired when he came in—besides the stairs were so dark—he would not even read all of it, just enough to find out what was going on and who.

He did not open the letter. Just then the door opened, and his wife stood in the dim light of the single lamp. She stood for a moment with her hands propped on her hips, and, in her black uniform, Eric thought she looked like the Gestapo agents he'd seen in the movies. He knew he was not being fair, she was a good woman. She was tired though, waitress work was not easy, and most women at the age of forty were looking forward to retirement to the domestic life, but she was still worried about next month's bills. She expected nothing else. They had both been married before, him twice and her once, and neither of them nursed many illusions about life.

She stood, for a moment, in the doorway staring at her husband, at her share of the world's manhood. He was staring back at her open-mouthed and unmoving, a pillow from his bed making tucked under one arm and an envelope held in his free hand. She thought he was offering it to her the way a child offers up the sweets his mother catches him with between meals in anticipation of a scolding.

"What's that?"

"It's for you. How should I know what's in it?"

"For me? I haven't bought anything. Who's it from?"

Eric did not answer, but shoved the letter across the table at her. She picked up the letter and looked for a return address. Just as she was about to rip the end off the envelope, the style of the handwriting stopped her with a memory.

She laid the letter, unopened, on the table, propped against the glass as her husband had placed it before. She turned towards the bed and began to fidget with the zipper on her back.

"What's the matter, ain't you going to open it?"

"It's my damn letter. I'll open it if I want, and I won't open it if I don't want. I don't get a letter every day. Maybe I want to relax first." She pulled the uniform over her head and stood in her slip, while she lit a cigarette.

"Well, if you're so damn tired I'll open it for you."

"No you won't. You just leave my damn mail alone."

"The hell, I'll goddam well open it if I please."

"No, Ec, please don't. Listen, I know who it's from, and I don't want you to read it. I ain't even going to read it myself; just give me a minute, and I'll tear it up and throw it away." She felt a strange satisfaction at the mystery she had created, the more so, because she knew she should not.

"Now what is that supposed to mean? How could you know who sent it, if you haven't opened it yet?"

"I know. I recognized the handwriting. Now let me just tear it up."

"That's crazy talk. You just leave it right where it is, and you tell me who it's from. I got a right to know."

"Don't make me tell you."

"I got to know."

She had tried, she thought. Whatever happened, he had brought it on himself. "It's from Frank."

"Frank, you mean your first husband? What business has he got bothering you? You open that letter; if I find out where he

continued on page 26



ILLUSTRATION BY JIM CARSON

THE LETTER

continued from page 24

is, I'll teach him where to get off, dragging up times that would best be forgotten. Give me that envelope."

"No Ec. First I've got to tell you."

"Tell me what? What's in there that you don't want me to see? You knew who it was from, maybe you know what's in it."

"Now just listen and then decide." Her audience was captive now, and the lime-light was frighteningly warm. "It was over a month ago—that's why I'd almost forgotten. You were out on a binge, and you hadn't been home for two nights. A woman gets lonely sometimes, lonely like a man couldn't know. But I stayed home; all I did was write him a few lines. I needed to talk to someone."

"But I'm your husband now."

"And he never was, is that what you're trying to say?"

His subjugation was complete. "I never cared about that, you know I never cared," his voice was muffled by the fullness in his throat.

"But he never married me, and you did; so that makes you something special, doesn't it?"

"I'm not going to listen to this any more. I'm going out. Now you can open that letter or not, it doesn't matter to me." He closed the door on his way out, but stopped in the darkness at the top of the stairs. He gripped the handrail, leaned toward the smokey light below him. He stood motionless for a long minute. Each breath he drew was deeper than the last, and his grip tightened steadily on the rail, until his knuckles were white, and his whole body shook. Suddenly he swung around and threw open the door. It crashed against the wall behind it. Carol was holding the envelope up to the light; she swung around startled. She saw him as she never had before, hunched over with his fists clenched. Only the mouth moved in the scarlet face, but his eyes were brimstone.

"Carol, you ain't going to open that letter."

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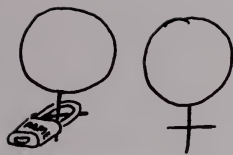
CLEMSON SHOE SERVICE

Downtown Clemson



Good lord, man, it's only a game!

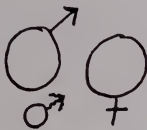
CARSON'S SYMBOLICS



"FATHER IS VERY
PROTECTIVE"



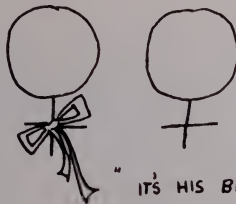
ALRIGHT, I KNOW HE'S
IN HERE SOMEWHERE . . .



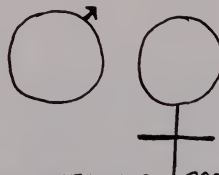
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF
THE NEW BABY, CHARLIE?



RATHER PRECOCIOUS
CHILD, ISN'T HE?



"IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY"



SO THAT'S OUR PROBLEM, DOCTOR . . .



SHE'S A LOUSY DATE
JUST TALKS POLITICS



WONDER WHY IVAN'S
SO POPULAR?



J.H. Carson

JABBERWOCKY

BY MIKE PATTERSON

Photos By McCoy

It was the Friday of the Rat Hop, about 12:00 p.m. Bill was lonely, dejected, and destitute. He was also cold from a recent motorbike ride. As he trudged, shivering, up and down the lonely streets looking for a safe place to park his bike, he happened to notice the door to the Jabberwocky. There was noise ascending the stairs, and this phenomenon aroused his curiosity. Friday night of a dance weekend, and no noise? It was hard to believe.

"Maybe it's warm down there," he thought. "Surely it won't hurt just to go down, and see why it's so quiet."

As Bill came to the bottom of the steps, he realized that the place was nearly uninhabited. He nodded to the waiter and walked over to the Jub-Jub room, fully expecting to see a band of some sort ready to play after an intermission. He saw a solitary waiter. The waiter perked up immediately, came over and said hey, and started shooting the bull like he was Bill's old lady. Bill was soon both warm and cheerful, and the waiter satisfied his curiosity with the news that the dance had just started its last hour.

Those of you who read the *TIGER* know the general arrangements of the Jabberwocky. Those of you who don't can find out if you're interested. Just keep reading. It will probably be open from 6:00 to 12:00 on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, with planned entertainment on Fridays and Saturdays. The exact times it will open are still not certain, though. It may not open for many more Thursday nights unless more people come in, but these are the predicted times. The menu is as uncertain as the schedule, but it is varied, to say the least. Jabberwocky serves ten or more varieties of coffee, as many as twenty-six varieties of tea, different pastries, and "anything we happen to buy when we're in Anderson." "Anything" includes mainly oddities or delicacies relatively new to the Clemson campus, such as

English toffees or German kringle.

The Jabberwocky is admittedly a little hard to find for the first time. The entrance is a door in the wall of Sloan's Men's Shop, which is, in turn, next to that famous establishment known to all Clemson students as Dan's. Go down the steps behind the door and you're in the Jabberwocky. To the left of the stairs is the Jub-Jub room, used for the discussions and some of the entertainment. To the right is the service counter, in another room used for chess, entertainment, and seating. The brick walls are covered with signatures and quotations written by anyone who wants to pay a quarter for the privilege.

The history of the Jabberwocky is as interesting as the place itself. The campus ministers had been kicking around the idea of a coffee-house with some of the students for more than a year. There was a coffee-house movement on, and they thought it would be a good idea for Clemson to have one. Suddenly, in January of 1965, several buildings came up for rent around town. The campus ministers, interested faculty members, the office of student affairs, and the students were represented. They discussed the idea as best they could with such a large crowd, and decided to set up an *ad hoc* committee to work out plans and details. Most of the people at the meeting were very enthusiastic about the idea of a coffee-house. Some of them were a little hesitant about the nature of supervision and the organization of the coffee-house, but the *ad hoc* committee solved that minor difficulty by setting up an eighteen member Coffee-house Council. This council, composed of nine members from the campus religious organizations and nine persons elected by the original members of the Jabberwocky, is sponsored by the Campus Religious Workers, and has sole responsibility for the Jabberwocky.



At first there was serious discussion on the subject of customers. Who was to be allowed in the place? Should anyone be excluded? The coffee-house had been planned for the academic community, but should outsiders be allowed also? Finally, the planners decided that everyone was welcome. Hoke Sloan, who charged no rent for the first year, Dan, who helped with such things as supplies and advice on service, and the campus churches, have since shown that including everyone was the best policy.

We hope that this article, with the accompanying photographs, will give you an idea of what the Jabberwocky is like. Many students and members of the faculty are addicted to the place. If you think you might like it, give it a try. It's a good place to take a date, especially if you have a thin wallet. If you're by yourself, it's a good place to talk to old and new acquaintances, watch a rousing game of chess, or listen to the planned discussions that will be held this year.



Mark lay on his bunk staring at the ceiling. He had never experienced indecision before. Always, even as a child, he never hesitated. When the vote was taken, Mark's voice always came through loud and clear. Now, he was hesitating.

Dawn. He'd never come across anything like her before. Six weeks ago he didn't even dream that such a she could exist; now she was part of him. Part of his mind, part of his body, part of his soul. Her long, auburn hair tumbling softly down one side of her face onto her shoulder, and her eyes—those emerald, laughing, vivacious windows of a goddess' soul—were impossible to put out of his thoughts.

The door opened and Jim, Mark's roommate, came in. Jim was a slight boy, his spare frame contrasted sharply with Mark's 230 pound mass of muscle. Mark

about."

"Dawn."

"That's a curse? I should be sodamned! Everyone who has seen her thinks she is the most beautiful, wonderful..."

"Stop it!!", Mark cried as he wheeled his huge frame around and stood facing Jim, his hulk dwarfing him. "She's the most beautiful, the most wonderful—that's all I hear from everybody from art critics to....to....to....Chemistry Professors! I'm sick of it!!"

"All right, all right, I'm sorry, I'm sorry; let's drop the subject."

"I'm sorry too, I haven't been myself lately."

Mark crossed the room and started to wash his face. Jim flopped into a chair and watched him. The muscles along his broad, bronzed back rippled and flexed as they provided opposition to his heavy arm's movements. Mark stared at himself

power and flexibility would be All-American in ten games!

"Why don't people just leave me alone? Just because I'm 6'3", weigh 230 pounds, and spend several hours a day keeping fit, everybody automatically assumes that I must play football. Well, I don't, and I won't. I find little glory in getting myself all bashed up for the sake of a silly hunk of pigskin."

"Fit?! You were 'fit' 150 push-ups a day ago! You just want everybody praising you and begging you to...."

"Oh shut-up and take two running jumps and go to the devil! With that, Mark grabbed his jacket and thundered through the door like a late freight, bringing the door into it's jam with an un-holy viscousness that sent a tremor through the whole building!

"Dawn has really gotten to him", Jim thought, "Her being has penetrated him

THE IMAGE

BY VAL CONNELL

swung himself off the bunk and alighted to the floor with cat-like grace that was peculiar to him.

"Well, if it isn't 'wonder-boy'", Jim said with mock satire.

"'Wonder-boy' yourself, how'd you do in your math quiz?"

"I blew the hell out of the bottom. How was your physics exam?"

"I flunked it. You know that since I've met Dawn I haven't been able to do anything."

"Just because you'll probably get an A in Art doesn't mean you can flunk your other major; unless you're finally going to stop this foolishness and drop physics."

"Why?"

"Why what?" That was the first time Jim had ever heard Mark ask that question.

"Why now? Tell me. What did I do to deserve the Divine wrath?"

"I still don't know what you're talking

in the mirror as he often did. He had to admit to himself that he looked pretty "tough". The deep blue eyes and black hair complimented his ambrosial features. What was it that Judy had called him? "God's gift to us". An odd thing for a girl to tell a boy to be sure, but that's what she said.

"Did the coach talk to you?"

"What?" Mark flexed his biceps once more for his enjoyment and then turned his attention to Jim.

"Did the coach talk to you about joining the football team?"

"Yes he did."

"Well?"

"I told him no."

"Oh come on now, Mark. We're having the worst losing streak in the school's history! You're a lot tougher than the present fullback and I've watched you work out in the gym; a guy with your

completely."

Mark walked out into the sunshine. "If it weren't for the wind, it would be warm out here," Mark mumbled to himself. He saw Ginny leaning against a pillar talking to a boy. She waved to him but he didn't respond. "Fool!" Mark's brain spat the word out upon his conscience. "She's the campus football queen, the head cheerleader, the most desirable girl on campus—and I didn't even wave!" But she wasn't the most desirable girl on campus, Dawn was. "Damn her! Can't I even think without her name coming up? Oh God, what's becoming of me?"

Mark wandered the rest of the afternoon. Mentally he wandered over every inch of Dawn's personality, anatomy and all over the campus ending up at the school of Art. Mark tried to figure out why he should come here; here where

continued on page 32



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HARTLEY

THE IMAGE

continued from page 30

he first met her. He supposed it was kind of like the murderer returning to the scene of the crime. Mark still didn't have any solution as he entered the building and proceeded to the painting studio.

Mark entered the studio and stopped. There she stood. The long, diffused fingers of the late afternoon sun coming through the windows caught her flawless form causing her hair and eyes to glisten. Her back was towards him with her head turned over her shoulder. Her eyes that hinted of so much but revealed so little shared at him; memorizing him.

Mark felt he had to decide. It was either her or him. Mark knew that if it were her who triumphed he would be torn to pieces by his indecision and failure. Her eyes still rested upon him—"The creator had the right to destroy", Mark said to himself, "but, the creator must also possess the will. That was the difficulty." Mark heard footfalls, he had to act now or else he knew he never would.

Mark made up his mind. He was happy once again. Dawn's eyes never left him in all this time and they looked on as he picked up the first heavy object at hand and raised it high over his head. His stomach muscle snapped like a steel spring sending the metallic mass smashing through Dawn's back!

Dawn entered the room just as the noise of the crash ceased. Mark turned and looked at her; "I destroyed it."

"Why? It was such a beautiful painting."

"That was the trouble, it was so beautiful that people talked about it and not you. Yet it was your body and soul that inspired me to create it."

"But...."

"Quiet. It was nothing more than your image; only an imitation in paint and canvass of your beautiful soul. I've destroyed it and that's that. You know how I feel toward you; you are the most beautiful girl I have ever known. I didn't want people idolizing an image of you, especially an imperfect one."

Mark slipped his arm about her slender waist and escorted her out of the studio.

"He's so thoughtful", Dawn thought as she inclined her body toward his. "He didn't want me to watch the disappointment in people's faces when they discovered that I was the model for the picture." As Mark closed the door behind her, knowing now that he was even more perfect, Dawn raised her hand to her face and allowed her fingers to trace the path of the livid scar that extended from the bottom of her left eye to the corner of her mouth. Somehow, to her, it wasn't so ugly now.

We hear that President Johnson is replacing Ben Casey next fall.

Curious old lady: "I see you've lost your legs."

Cripple: "Well damned if I haven't."

Fashion Note: They're wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

The Israelis are sending up a new astronaut. Name's Nose Cohen.



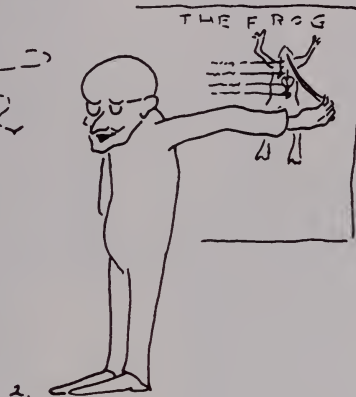
GOT A DIME?

Bring It To

HARPER'S
5 & 10

Downtown
Clemson

THE LECTURE



Although the title is not completely accurate, certainly two one dollar bills contributed to the Clemson Baptists in their drive for a church building went farther than any two dollars ever did. All the more remarkable is the fact that these two dollars were never spent and still remain in the possession of the Clemson Baptist Church.

The Clemson Baptist Church was organized in 1907, two years before a pastor was secured, and six years before a church was constructed. The Rev. Thomas V. McCaul, a young graduate student at the University of Virginia was called, and he accepted the position in Clemson. As he later recalled, his "first obligation as pastor of the newly organized Baptist Church was to raise funds with which to erect a church edifice."

With that purpose in mind, he traveled all over South Carolina, preaching in Baptist Churches on Sunday, and visiting communities and making personal contacts during the week. He spent about three weeks out of each month on the road. Every place he visited, he asked for special offerings and gifts for the church that he had to build. His first year as pastor was one of discouragement. He couldn't seem to get across to the people that a great need existed in Clemson for this church, but he kept on with his task. Then came a letter which helped to make the future look a little brighter. He had written to Mr. George C. Riser, superintendent of the Sunday School at Whitmire, asking if he could appear before the church and take up a collection. Here is the reply of Mr. Riser:

Whitmire, S. C.
March 23, 1910

Thos. V. McCaul
Clemson, S. C.

Dear Bro. McCaul:

I have just rec'd a letter and folder from you in regard to taking a collection in our Sunday School to help build a

church at Clemson. Yes, let's build a church. We had a dear good boy that graduated from Clemson. He had taken a special course in electricity, and had just started out in his chosen profession. But last October while at work at Great Falls, a flash from the wires felled him to the ground and the next day he went home to be with his Gracious Heavenly

Father.

He loved God. He loved the church and he loved Clemson. He was ever ready to defend the College whenever anyone spoke disparagingly of the institution. The day I rec'd your letter his mother, in looking over his clothes, found two one dollar bills in one of the small pockets of the pants he wore when the





TWO DOLLARS THAT BUILT A CHURCH

BY PROFESSOR J. E. TUTTLE

accident occurred. And knowing how he loved the College, and how delighted he would have been to see a Baptist church at Clemson, I want to give you the Two Dollars for that purpose. So I send you the very bills that were taken out of his pockets. Now I would like for some special use to be made of these bills. Can't you, my brother, or some other brother, while standing before some audience or Sunday School and holding the bills in your hand, give a short history of them before taking the collection? Perhaps it might be an incentive to others to give of their means. They belonged to one God-loving soul, and I pray that they might bring others to Jesus. He loved young men,

and I am sure if it was possible to add to his happiness—nothing would do it so surely as to know there was a Baptist church at Clemson College. Now, my brother let me hear from you "ever and anon", and I may have another proposition to make you later on. (I am a poor man and have three crippled sons, one entirely helpless and has been for 12 years. If I were able I would give \$100 to help build a church at Clemson) where so many noble young men are called together each year, from all over the state, and some from other states.

Yes, Sunday Apr. 17th will suit us to take a collection.

Very Respectfully
George C. Riser
Whitmire, S. C.

Rev. McCaul followed Mr. Riser's advice. He used the letter and the two one dollar bills as he appealed to the South Carolina Baptists to lend a hand so that Clemson Baptist students would have a church of their own in which to worship. Collections increased as people heard the story, and in 1912 construction was begun. On November 23, 1913 the church was dedicated.

Because of the energy and faith of Rev. McCaul, and his insistence on a large church (500 seat sanctuary) despite
continued on page 36

TWO DOLLARS
continued from page 35

the small number of Baptists in Clemson (26—not including students) the church building served the community for 50 years before the congregation outgrew it. In 1964, under the leadership of Dr. Charles Arrington, a new and larger church was built, but the first church remains on the opposite corner a monument to the love and devotion of a small band of the faithful, some of whom are still members.

The letter from Mr. Riser and the two one dollar bills have been framed and remain "as a constant reminder of the sacrifice that brought the church into being, of the devotion and ideals of a Christian father and son who loved Clemson...."

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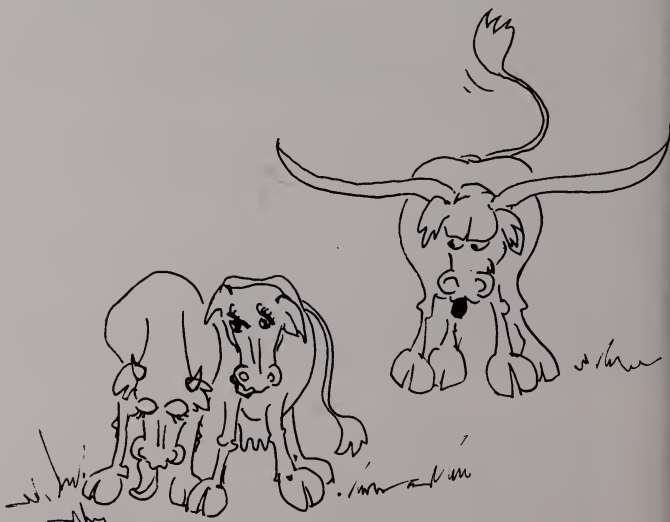
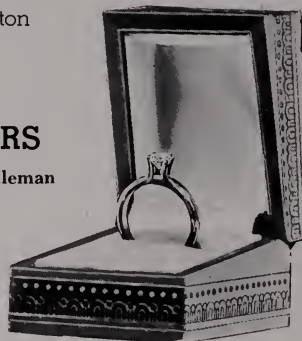
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CLEMSON Chronicle



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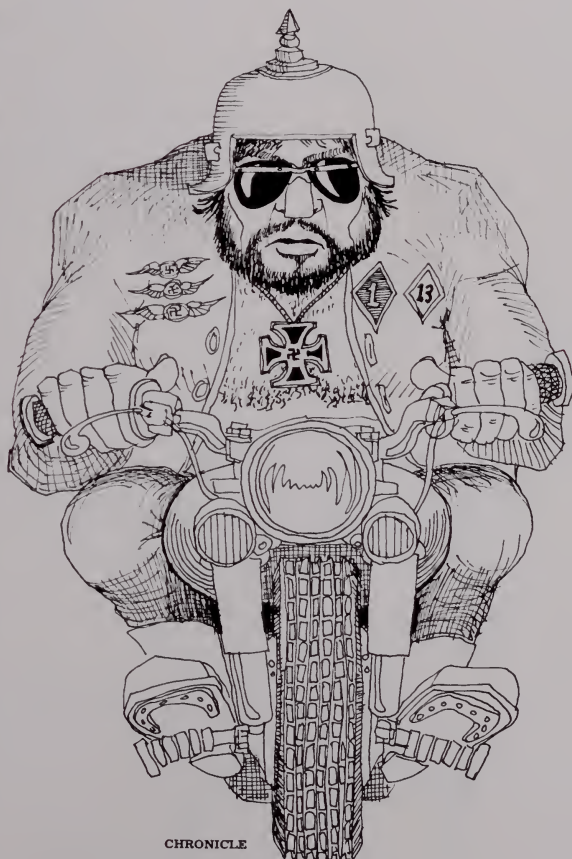
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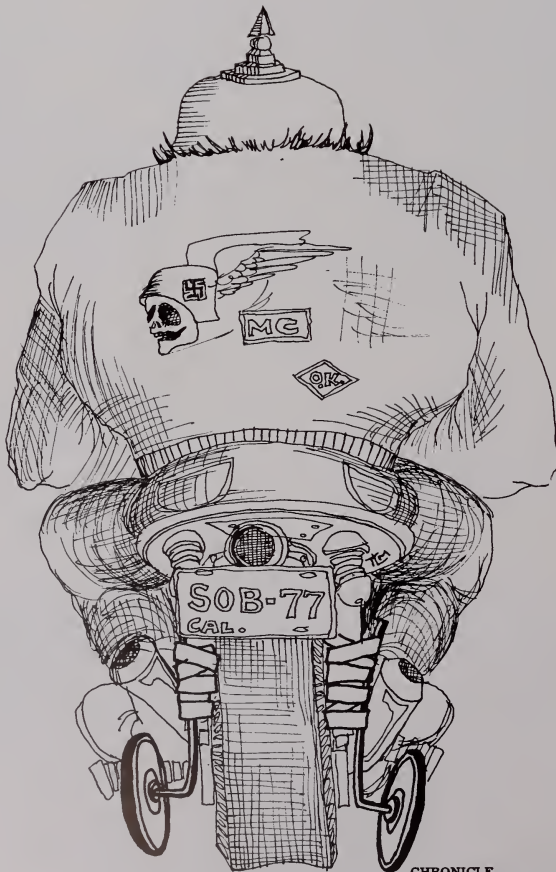
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1. To entertain and inform the students of Clemson University.
2. To act as a vehicle for aspiring writers and artists, thereby encouraging the development of creative talents among the students.
3. To encourage interest in journalism through enlightened publishing practices.
4. To bring credit to Clemson University through excellence in design, publishing, and content.
5. To promote the magazine as a valid communications media on local, state, and national levels.

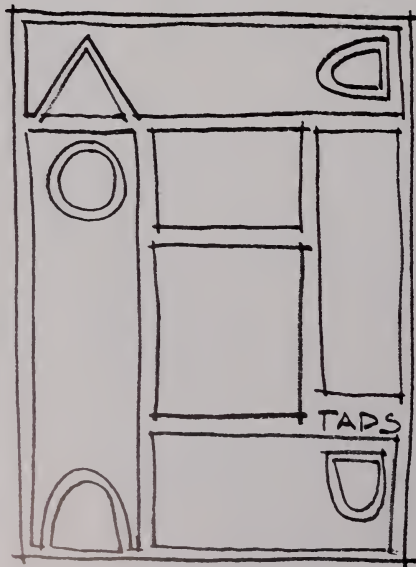
As the CHRONICLE is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University, this is your magazine. The contents, whether they be literary, artistic, humorous, or nauseous, are up to you the students. The contents of this particular issue represent the work of those who have cared enough to become actively engaged in some of the many facets of magazine publishing. If you, too, are literary, artistic, (or, alas, nauseous), and if you, too, care about the quality of student publications at Clemson, why not join the TIGER staff? We just can't squeeze anymore talented people into our office right now.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "David Milling". The script is cursive and fluid, with a large, stylized 'D' and 'M'.

DAVID MILLING

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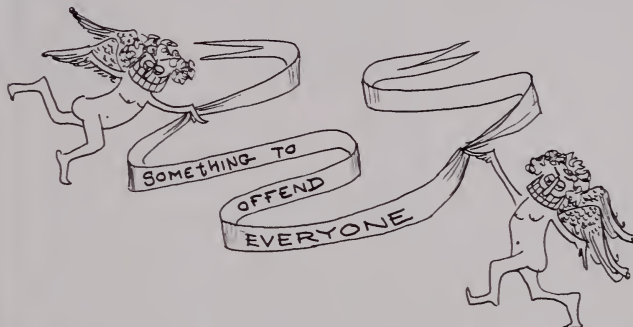
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CLEMSON

Chronicle

VOL VI NO 2

APRIL 1966



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OUR COVER

ART EDITOR JERI RIGOULOT conceived our cover which features the "bike", a recent innovation on our campus, and suggests that this is the best way to really enjoy spring and get where you're going at the same time.

The CHRONICLE is an official student variety publication of Clemson University published about three times a year in September, April and May, hopefully. Address all correspondence to the CHRONICLE, Box 2186, Clemson, South Carolina. Student subscriptions paid through student activities fee. Other subscription rates: U.S. and possessions \$1.00 per year; Canada and Pan American Union Countries \$2.00; other foreign countries \$3.00. Entered as regular mail at Clemson, South Carolina. The editors assume no responsibility for the return of material, you have to come and get it. The opinions expressed do not coincide with those of the student body, the faculty, the alumni, or the administration. The editor assumes responsibility for all opinions expressed in the whole world with the exceptions of those expressed by me and David Crawford.

ALPHA PHI OMEGA

Distribution



OLÉ MATADOR

By WILL SHORE



The ultimate contest between man and the animal is the ancient art of bullfighting. The "ancient art" because records show that bullfighting was in existence in Korea, China, Egypt, Greece, and Rome in pre-Christian times. It is thought that bullfighting had its origin as a form of nature worship in which participants were seeking agricultural fertility. Today, bullfighting is a practiced art in Spain, Central and South America, and Portugal—although, in Portugal, the bull is not killed; the fight is merely a test of horsemanship.

Bullfighting was introduced in Spain by the Moors, and it is said that the 11th century saw the great Cid, Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, as the first Spaniard to kill a bull in the ring.

For 600 years, mounted **toreadors** killed their bulls from horseback by using a long lance. In about 1700, the Spaniard Francisco Romero was the first unmounted professional to fight a bull. Romero was also the first to use a sword for the kill, and he introduced the **muleta**, a red flag on a staff used for maneuvering the bull around the ring.

Bullfighting is, indeed, an art. The var-

ious facets of the spectacle must operate smoothly together in order for one to both understand and enjoy a bullfight.

The **matadors**, as the old **toreadors** are now called, have many assistants, including from three to four **banderilleros** and two or three **picadors**. The **banderillero's** job is to "play" the bull with a cape and, what this writer considers the second most dangerous task in a fight, to plant two 30-inch-long **banderillos** between the bull's shoulder blades. The **picadors**, mounted on an old and worn out horse, wound the bull, not mortally, with long lances. And, finally, the **matador**, as death records prove, has as his task the most dangerous and celebrated facet of bullfighting—the kill.

Matadors serve long apprenticeships before fighting in a major **corrida**. The danger of a bullfight, resulting from a very good chance that the **matador** will be gored, is the main factor behind a great **matador's** being paid \$10,000 for a single afternoon's work. A "champion" **matador**, in his country, equals or surpasses an American baseball or football star in prestige and fame.

A bullfight is held in a **plaza de toros**, a special arena enclosed by a wooden barrier, or **barrera**, which is about four

feet high. This small wall is the only protection which the spectators have from an enraged bull that might, at any moment, decide to become an **aficionado** himself. In Spain alone, there are over 200 such arenas in which 1000 bulls and 5000 horses are killed annually.

The bulls used in the fights are of a special breed and are raised for their fighting qualities. These animals must weigh no less than 542 kilos, 1,194 pounds, must be from four to five years old, must be free of physical defects, and they must be armed with sharp horns.

There are usually six bulls to be killed in a single fight. Each bull matches his power and bravery against the skill and the courage of the **matador**.

For the spectators, one of the most colorful events in a bullfight is the prelude, or grand march. The mounted arena officials and all those participating in the fight parade around the arena in gayly colored costumes. After this comes **THE FIGHT**.

An angry bull is released from a pen where he has been for some hours; he is goaded by a beribboned metal spike

(Continued on page 8)



OLE MATATORE

(Continued from page 7)

which was planted in his shoulder before his release into the arena. The bull first encounters a **bonderillero** who "plays" the bull around the ring so that the **matador** can see the bull's fighting characteristics, his manner of charging, and the direction in which he hooks his horns. Next, the **matador** takes over—wielding as his only weapon a **copa**, or cape. The **matador** executes a series of difficult "passes" to demonstrate his skill and mastery of the bull. Both the **bonderillero** and the **matador** attempt to "wear down" the bull.

The actual fighting of the bull begins after the preliminary displays of bravery and adeptness. A bullfighting contest is divided into three parts.

The first part of the fight is the **suerte de picor**. During this portion of the **corrida**, the **picador** rides into the ring on a horse which is protected by a mattress-like pad. The **picador's** job is to inflict a shallow gash between the shoulder blades of the bull—the object of this wound being to aid the **matador** in the final **coup de grace**. If the bull should de-

(Continued on page 10)





OLE MATADOR

(Continued from page 8)

cide to charge the horse (which it invariably does), the **banderilleros** are standing around him with capes to draw his attention. This is the reason for the deaths of 5000 horses in Spanish bullfights each year.

The second phase of the fight is known as the **suerte de banderillear**. Here, we see the **banderilleros** put aside their capes; each man takes two of the slender, harpoon-like **banderillas** and attempts to thrust them into the back of the charging bull. This is a none-too-easy job—the **banderillas** are only 30 inches long. If placed right, the six or eight **banderillas** aid the **matador** by causing the bull to lower his head and by checking any tendency of the animal to back with its horns.

The third and final act of the fight finds the **matador** alone in the ring. He is now

familiar with the fighting characteristics of the bull and is ready to administer the deadly, final blow with the **estoque**. His reputation is now at stake. He is armed with a single weapon, a long, slender sword, with which he must kill the bull—or face the consequences. In his left hand, he holds the **muleta**, or cape, and, with this, he attempts to manipulate the bull into position for the kill. The "death thrust" must be made from the front and between the shoulder blades—this is according to rules and custom. If the **matador** is highly skilled, he kills the bull with a single blow, but usually the **matador** must finish the kill with a short spike by driving it into the base of the bull's brain.

After the kill, the carcass is dragged from the arena by a team of three mules or draft horses. The arena is scraped, and sawdust is spread over bloody patches in preparation for the next fight.

The pictures which accompany this

article were taken in the **Monumental Plaza de Toros** in Monterrey, Mexico. The fight was a **mano a mano**, or hand-to-hand, contest between Elay Cavazos and El Queretana. Both **matadors** are under 20 years of age, and they are novices in the art of bullfighting. The contest was won by 16 year old Cavazos, who will now be able to fight in the world's largest bull ring in Mexico City.

The two color pictures are of Cavazos as he first tempts the bull and then makes a "pass" at him with the cape.

Bullfighting is certainly no sport for those people with weak hearts and stomachs, nor is bullfighting a sport which is frequented by members of the S. P. C. A. It is an art in which both the rugged and the graceful combine to elicit feelings of suspense and awe from the spectators.—tickets from \$.64*

*Historical data from Collier's Encyclopedia



Clemson's Student Government An Evaluation

Students in America are waking up—after a decade of silence and to the discomfort of many—to their responsibilities to themselves and to others, of being actively concerned with the events and trends in today's society. This happy awakening has resulted in many pressures being exerted by the students of our colleges—pressures which have proven that they will find release, though not necessarily through acceptable means. In contrast to the attention-grabbing antics of those who release their opinions in public, little has been mentioned of the areas in transition due to the less exuberant, but more persuasive use of pressure behind the scenes. One of these is the position of the student in the educational picture today—from his voice in making regulations to his interest in the affairs of his school as a whole. The traditional and legitimate, but often ineffective outlet for these pressures is at almost all colleges some form of Student Government. A natural result has been that these organizations have increasingly been put under scrutiny and have felt the pressure to become effective means of communicating student opinion, or to become obsolete as they are by-passed by the current of student activism. This trend in turn has required administrators to re-evaluate their view of Student Government and to learn to work on more equal terms with students whose onetime mild requests have of late become bold demands. Where does Clemson find itself in this picture?—an evaluation of our Student Government should do much to define a student's position in the academic community here.

Clemson has evolved a uniquely effective system of Student Government which has contributed to Clemson's progress in many ways—but, for all of its efforts, Student Government often receives little interest or support from the average student at Clemson and is sometimes misunderstood as to its intentions and abilities by the University administration.

Clemson is unique in the readiness shown by its administrators to listen to student views and to accept students on personal terms. Operating under a definitive Student Body Constitution and demonstrating a fine attitude of mutual respect and co-operation, the system could be seen as being almost ideal. But theory and practice here diverge. The Student Body Constitution has often been interpreted differently from various viewpoints to result in conflicting opinions of the actual situation at Clemson.

This divergence leaves student leaders in a frustrating position—unsure of their footing when in disagreement with the administration and aware that personal influence is often their most effective means of conscientiously representing our students. This often-times results in more attention being paid to diplomacy than to ideas, in a soft-touch approach being made in descent, and in doubts being expressed as to the real effectiveness of the time spent in Student Government affairs. This is also the basis for the oft-heard student criticism that Student Government has no real power—even of influence—and that its members are duped by a sense of authority into doing the leg-work in programs favored by school authorities, while lacking the ability to effectively disagree or initiate ideas.

The effective interest of Clemson's student leadership, the support of the student body for these leaders, and the working relationship between Student Government and our administration would be greatly improved if the responsibilities of students as stated in the Constitution were clearly understood and respected by all concerned. The areas in which Student Government possesses autonomy must be clearly defined.

Failure to make these distinctions has been the major weakness in our system for some time.

A great improvement was made last spring during the House-party regulations controversy when President Edwards stated that the administration recognized and supported the right of Clemson's students to full voice in the making of rules governing their lives or conduct—and that the administration neither had an intention of, nor would in the future, issue regulations without first consulting the Student Senate.

Now a similar clarification has been made in the area of student discipline and the Student Judiciary System. It has been established that recommending penalties for violation of any of the student regulations is definitely the responsibility of the student courts. Cases will be automatically referred to the student courts, where violations being punished by students is the compliment to regulations being made by students.

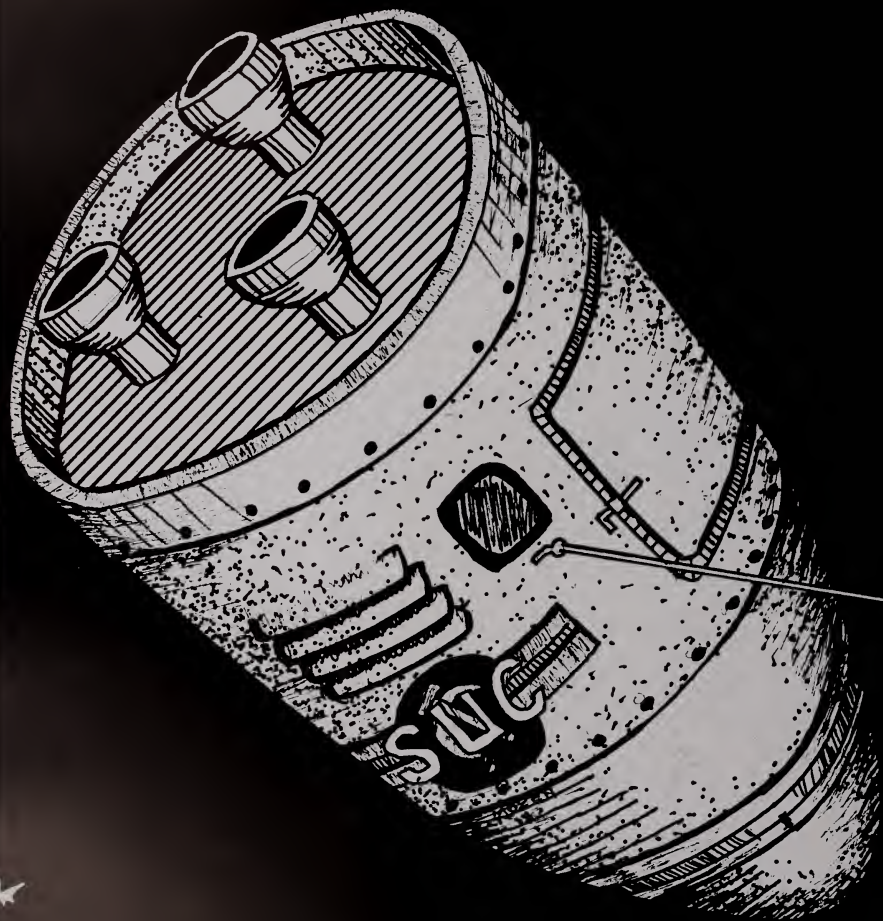
Progress has also been made recently toward improving the often lacking communications between students and administrators in other areas. A carefully planned program of Student Senators attending committee meetings of the administration is now being worked out to provide student representation on all standing and special committees dealing with subjects of interest to students. Committees of the Senate will be coordinated with the administrative divisions of the University to enable the information exchanged through these representatives to be put to good use. Student-administration understanding and respect seem to be of an all-time high.

But Student Government is still not ideally established at Clemson. The average student has little knowledge of the structure or the function of the bodies involved, much less any idea of what goes on or who the leaders are. There is clearly a need for better communications between student leaders and other students. Elections are often poster battles, with little attention given to qualifications or ideas and equally as little participation in voting. On the other hand there are administrators who yet have the opinion that students should concern themselves only with their studies and feel that considering students as being mature or deserving of responsibility is unnecessary condescension. Their conversations are heavy with generalities, postponements, and reminders of the ability of "the proper offices to look into these problems."

Still the main problem lies with the students. Even a smoothly operating system housed in impressive offices and on perfect working terms with all branches of the administration is of no good unless it has the active interest, support, and participation of the Student Body. Even if only to serve their personal interests, Clemson's students should be actively involved in an organization which has such responsibilities and potential. Students have no right to complain of the workings of either Student Government or the Administration if they but sit by idly, complaining during the occasional lulls in their apathy.

It is only logical to assume that the trend toward student involvement will continue and that the desire for more voice and responsibility in campus affairs will increase with time. Requests to be heard will become demands to be reckoned with—and areas in which students now have responsibilities will feel the pressure for more independence. How these are received and what they may result in will, of course, depend upon many factors—but the most significant will be the adeptness with which today's responsibilities are managed.

By JOHN MATTHEW





A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION

By MIKE PATTERSON

Jack came out of his blackout with the feeling that he was somewhere he shouldn't be. There was a tremendous pressure on his back, and he wasn't quite sure what all those little gadgets in front of him were. As the blood came back to his head, however, he remembered that he was now an astronaut, and that this was his first mission in space. He remembered that the pressure on his back, which was responsible for his blackout in the first place, was due to the violent combination of 40,000 pounds of oxygen with 30,000 pounds of hydrogen each minute. A grin came to his lips as he thought again of the amount of water he was leaving behind him. He reacquainted himself with the myriad of dials, gauges and switches in the capsule, occasionally going over them with his eyes shut just for the hell of it. Suddenly a buzzer sounded, jerking him out of his playful mood. He was all business now, his eyes searching the board in a serious effort to locate the trouble.

Back on earth another buzzer had sounded. The men in the control room found the trouble at about the same time that Jack did. It was a broken tube in the air-conditioning unit. Jack felt the effects of the malfunction immediately, but there was nothing he could do about it until the rockets cut off.

"Be patient," said the radio man. "You've only got five minutes or so to endure the heat. Then the rockets'll shut off and maybe you'll be able to get to the trouble, we hope."

"You hope?" Jack said, a little testily, as he pushed the "send" button on his speaker. "It's not too hot," he heard himself say. "I'll probably have it fixed inside ten minutes and we can continue the mission like nothing ever happened."

"No chance," retorted ground control, "With a malfunction that serious you'll come down after about one orbit."

Jack wasn't exactly sure what he meant about coming down after about one orbit but just then the rockets cut off and he

(Continued on page 14)

A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION

(Continued from page 13)

turned around in the cramped little capsule and started looking for the break in the tube. He would have to go outside the capsule to get to it, but a space walk had been scheduled for the flight anyway, so he was prepared to go out. His suit was air-conditioned but the unit in the suit would only last about twenty minutes. The main unit had to be fixed. Jack fastened his helmet on, unstrapped himself, climbed into the airlock and shut the door. The pressure went down rapidly and soon the outer door opened. He climbed out hurriedly, not even stopping to marvel at the austere grandeur of space. It was not easy for his clumsily gloved hands to manipulate the tools. He struggled to unfasten the repair panel, almost throwing it away after he got it off.

"Easy boy," he muttered. "We got troubles enough without getting careless about this whole mess."

By this time, the news commentators on earth were getting repetitive. Jack had been outside the capsule for five minutes, and he was too busy to talk needlessly to ground control. When he got the tube fixed he would report; communications before then would waste his precious time. The newsmen, though they could see his point, didn't agree with him. They had to say something to the people whose programs they had "interrupted to bring you a special news bulletin." "We'll know any minute now whether the United States is going to lose an astronaut for the first time," they kept saying. Then they would sit for a moment, looking intently off to one side. Suddenly staring back into the camera as if they had something important to say, they would repeat, "we'll know any minute now whether the United States is going to lose an astronaut. If he is lost he'll at least have the honor of being the first American in history to die in space."

Ground control didn't particularly want Jack to have that honor since it wouldn't make them look too good, so they did the only thing they were able to do; they sat in front of their instruments and worried. Jack, the only person in the world able to help Jack in the slightest, was too busy to realize that he was unique in the history of aloneness. The tube had automatically sealed itself at each end, and the sealant had stuck the tube to its connections. One of the valves was hard to turn, and Jack had wrung

off too many head bolts to think that it was wise to force a reluctant screw. He left the valve for the time being and went back inside the capsule for a minute to get his Craftsman Space-Repair tool box in which he hoped there would be a replacement for the tube. He rummaged around under the seat for his box and found it but through some technical oversight the Hershey Bar he had brought along just in case had melted inside. He finally found the necessary tube under a sticky pile of wrenches, licked off the chocolate and clamped it securely to his belt. He then climbed back outside, anxious to get back to work.

Now the valve turned, although it still put up enough resistance to make Jack highly uncomfortable. He thought he felt it seat, but he wasn't sure. Working on the assumption that the valve was not quite shut he jerked off the end of the tube. It came loose suddenly, just as he put that extra ounce into his effort.

"Darn it all, fellow, you know better than that," he told himself as he lost his grip on the capsule and went flying off into space. "Now what if you didn't have that safety line? You'd be up the old proverbial creek now." He hit the end of the safety line pretty hard. Hard enough, in fact, for the strain to break the line loose from his suit. His reflexes were fast enough for him to grab the end of the line before it was out of range and his gloves, still a little sticky from the chocolate, made it easy for him to scamp back to the capsule. He wondered what would have happened in his oxygen supply had not been contained in his suit. Would the extra line have held him, or would it have broken too, leaving him with nothing but space to breathe and nowhere to go?

Back at the capsule, he tied the safety line to his ankle with a secure granny knot and slid one end of the replacement tube over the free fitting. It went on smoothly, and he tightened it down with no trouble. What worried him was the next step. Since the other valve might not be closed, he would blow all his coolant if he didn't get the new hose on the fitting as soon as it was free. It wouldn't do for him to be floating around at the end of the safety line with the coolant spewing out, so he braced each elbow in a corner of the opening, took a firm grip on each tube and inhaled deeply. After pausing for a second to gather himself, he started moving. Keeping his elbows braced, he jerked the old tube off with his left hand and the thick coolant fluid shot out of his glove. Obviously the valve hadn't been

closed all the way, and he had been pushing against considerable pressure. The tube was on, though, and the clamp followed as soon as he could fasten it.

He had just climbed back into the air lock after replacing the repair panel when he felt the push of the retro-rockets. "Why do they want to bring me down now?" he wondered. He pushed the "send" button as soon as he could get into the capsule. "Hey, what are you doing, anyway?" he said peevishly.

Meanwhile, back on earth, everyone was going wild with anxiety. Jack hadn't reported since his safety line had snapped and with the safety line had gone the communications. The logical assumption was that Jack was in orbit independent of the capsule, and that there was no way he could get back to it. The men in the control room had decided to bring the capsule down to see if they could find out exactly what had become of Jack, who had climbed into the air lock just in time to avoid getting left behind. When Jack's voice came booming across the radio, pandemonium broke loose. The men got up, cheering wildly and danced around the room, hugging each other with all their might. Almost immediately, though, they were back on station, working feverishly but still chattering excitedly.

It took Jack a while to realize that he had been given up for lost. When he did, he accepted the fact and forgot it; astronauts couldn't afford to be emotional. Preparations for re-entry were routine, but everything was double-checked. Re-entry itself was routine. Splash-down was supposed to be within five miles of the carrier assigned to pick him up.

The carrier captain was anxious to get his precious freight aboard. The man that had been given up for lost was doubly valuable now that he was safe, and the doctors and psychologists were screaming to see the fellow. The carrier's engines were strained to the utmost, pushing the gigantic ship through the water at emergency speed to the point where Jack was supposed to land.

The carrier pushed closer and closer to the rendezvous position and the scanners checked their radar screens to determine the capsule's exact point of re-entry. Jack was scheduled to splash down approximately five miles to port of the carrier but through another slight technical oversight, splash down occurred some seventy-five yards off the bow of the ship. The capsule was spotted im-

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The Chronicle Reviews

Drama At Clemson

REVIEWED BY PAUL MORRIS

The University campus is presently blessed with three theatrical groups....The Clemson Little Theater....The Clemson Music Club....and The Clemson Players....all have given noteworthy performances and it is indeed a pleasure to have witnessed all the action....But, actors and actresses comprise only one phase of dramatics and there is a need, I am told,

for more production and back stage people....It takes a vast amount of work to transform a dark, barren slaughterhouse into a theater for the performing arts....all kinds of talent are required....for those of us who are less talented, a soothing and enjoyable relief from such a malady can come by seeing the fruits of much labor....the performance.



"Dick Deadeye" Lee Hoehn

"Never Say No" ... Dave Huntington, Bob Luckabaugh





"The Fantasticks." Jeannette Hicks, Rick Gilpin, Ed Porter



"I am the Captain of the Pinafore...." Harold Coolidge, Chorus

THE FANTASTICKS

As a card carrying member of Clemson University, it does my poor heart good to see unique innovations carried out by said organization....and housing a fine drama group in an abatoir is certainly unique....even for Clemson...."I can remember a night in"....February when the "roar of the grease paint and the smell of the crowd" thrilled to the sights, sounds, and songs of Clemson's very own Players....Some of our friends shocked and thrilled us by their stage "presents" which is indeed imparted to only a few gifted individuals....and all eight of DuVal's dramatists belonged in some way to this "gifted" group....There was a feeling of RAPE in the air, as the two fathers "never said no" of course "it depends on what you pay"....but the audience could tell that "soon its gonna rain"....Into each life....and some did....Anyhow you get the point....some great songs....some good lines....and "round and round" of laughter....a FANTASTICK performance....if you did not avail yourself....then may the vulture of culture peck out your eyes.



"Son, you're an Ass!!!" Ed Porter,

H. M. S. PINAFORE

Her Majesty's Ship, Pinafore, has sailed into Clemson thanks to the talents and hard work of two salty groups, The Clemson Music Club....and the Clemson Little Theater....the shipboard romance of the daughter of Captain Corcoran.... "never, never, well, hardly ever"....Sir Joseph Porter...."and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts"....and Ralph Rackstraw, provides the triangulation of lovesomehow, "things are seldom what they seem"....points out "dear little, sweet little Buttercup", as she and ex-Captain Corcoran....Sir Joseph, "the ruler of the Queen's Navee" and cousin Hebe....Rackstraw and Josephine, the Captain's daughter....all pair up.... **Oh joy and rapture unforeseen**....a memorable evening with Gilbert and Sullivan...."on a saucy ship that is a beauty"....Now give three cheers, for one and all, for they certainly deserve a curtain call....for they certainly deserve another curtain call....



"And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts...." Jahn Butler, Eleanor Ging, Chorus.

HAY FEVER

There was a feeling of nostalgia.... "Hay Fever"....the return of theater....little in size, but by no means short on entertainment....With the help of Noel Coward(and little from the weekly journalistic excuse)....Mrs. Ann Bond directed her troupe through the hall of Cookham.... the house of David and Judith Bliss, whose separate lives crossed....where Simon and Sorel Bliss, their children, exchanged friends....in the end, after

many friendly exchanges, with everyone in each others arms....the visitors all leave....leaving David to his writing and Judith to her playing....acting that is....and leaving Clara in peace....it was fun to see the "grown-ups"....some Clemson professors....respond to the call of the stage and the footlights....to provide an unusually exciting evening's entertainment**BRAVO**, Little Theater....and welcome back.



Bob Huckabaugh, Jeannette Hicks



"My Hamlet, you remember...." Mario Lizano



I'm grown up; stoble willing to conform. Ed
Porter



Ralf Rackstraw!!!

And that should be his customary attitude.
Bob Hill, Chorus



I am the Monarch of the seas. Doris Hill, John Butler





THE MAN FROM C. L. E. M. S. O. N.

" THE HICKORY - DICKORY - DOCK AFFAIR "

Illustration by: John Fernandez

CAST:

Edward C. Roberts	David "Pops" Wright
Leopold Alto	Marvin Sanders
Piotr Zdravstvuche	George Ducker
"38"	Joan Reas

John Karetstein	Loren Brown
Delores	Linda Fowler
1st BIRD Guard	Tommy Tantillio
2nd BIRD Guard	Bobby Baker

Story by R. G. Heller
Photos by D. F. Collins & J. P. Gilreath



2

This is Clemson University, known to millions as a respected institution of higher learning. However, the proceedings that transpire within a certain underground complex are known to a select few.



4

Edward C. Roberts, Head of **Policy Section**, has just issued orders for Leopold Alto and Piotr Zdravstvuche of **Enforcement Section** to report to him.

Mr. Roberts: "We have reason to believe our friends at B. I. R. D. are planning a major operation. You are to infiltrate and destroy their organization. Agent 38 of **Records Section** will brief you."



3

From this carefully guarded instillation, policy decisions are formulated for C. L. E. M.-S. O. N., the Central Low Enforcement Movement for Stability, Order, and Non-violence. One of the world's best kept secrets is that Clemson University exists only to provide a guise for this international organization.



5

"38": "As you know, the Brotherhood of Intrigue, Revolution, and Destruction was formed to undermine the initiative of college students and thereby destroy the free world's leadership potential."



6

"38" "This is Jahn Karetstein, the head of B. I. R. D. operations in the United States. He's quite politically influential. Currently, he's attempting to hold up building appropriations and generally hinder progress."



8

"38": "This girl is known only as Delares. She is the personal secretary and girlfriend of Karetstein. Her romantic inclinations make her the apparently weakest link in the B. I. R. D. chain."



9

ACT II "MEANWHILE..."

In a similar underground stronghold not far away, a similar briefing is taking place.



10

Karetstein: "The C. L. E. M. S. O. N. organization has been entirely too successful lately. We shall destroy the symbol of their unity: Tillman Clack Tower."



11

ACT III "A DATE WITH DELORES..."

Piotr: "Leopold, why are you always the one who interrogates the women agents?"

Leopold: "Seniority, my dear Piotr. Now be a good Russian and get me a bottle of Dom Perignon '46."



13

Piotr: "I'm only 1/2 kilometer from there now. I'll pose as a physical plant worker in order to get a leisurely look around."



15

Leaving Delores under sedation, Leopold arrives at the Clock Tower.



12

Leopold: "Open Channel C, Piotr, I've got the information we needed from Delores. They're going to blow up Tillman Clock Tower."



14

ACT IV "THE CLOCK STRUCK TWO..."

1st BIRD Guard: "He climbs he's from the P-Plant, but they never send one man to do a job."

2nd BIRD Guard: "He even acts like he knows what he's doing."



16

He unlocks the door with a standard-issue incendiary device.



Leopold is quietly put under sedation.



Karetstein: "So you wanted to see the inside of the clock, did you? Be our guests— stay and be blown up with it!"



Leopold: "Don't worry, Piotr, Delores has already called Mr. Roberts by now. They'll get us out."

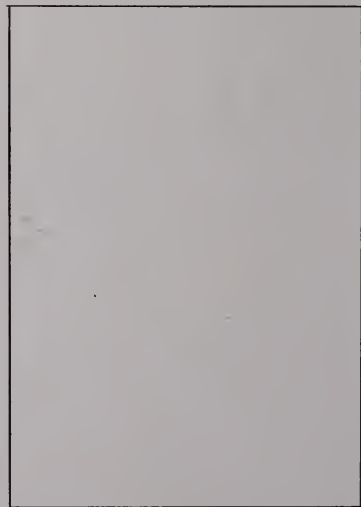




ACT V "MONEY IS THICKER THAN..."



Delores: "Those silly fools thought I'd leave you to help them. As long as C. L. E. M. S. O. N. is full of idealists like them, we have nothing to worry about."



Thus another attempt to foil B. I. R. D. has failed miserably. Their work will continue, and the frustrated college students will remain locked in the bonds of insipidness●



ELLEN REGEL



JANE BOHDE

Queens College

A photo essay by two of the *Chronicle's* wandering photography crew Russ Myers & Cam King.

A boat named "Playmate," skiing, tree climbing, pelicans, hobby horses, music, writing, languages, etc., ad infinitum, these are hobbies; they keep Queens girls, such as the ones featured above, busy.

Forty-thousand concubines encircled by an "F troupe" of purple pismires couldn't have stayed our photo-buffs from their appointed rounds at Queens College.

Actually, we're putting you on. Any resemblance this article may have to a girlie review is purely accidental—the guys were supposed to have photographed sports-cars.

P. S.—U. S. Consumers Reports says that Queens students prefer Clemson men two to one over Davidson girls.



HOPE McMURRAY



HOPE



GLENN
ELLEN





ANNE



JANE
HOPE





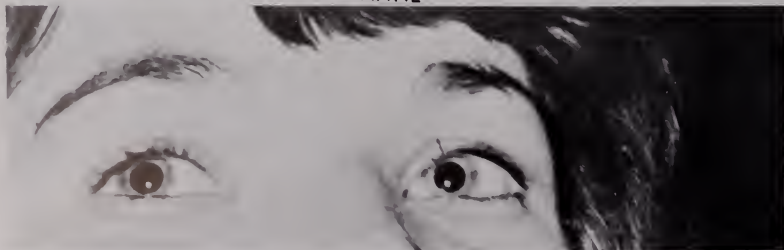
ANNE



GLENN



ELLEN



ANNE



ANNE



JANE HOF



JANE





BIRTHDAY PRESENT

BY GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

The valley was bathed in a late August heat that lay close to the ground, sucking at the dry sand, and from the cliffs the red earth glowed in the early afternoon sunlight. In the west the sandstone mesas rose silent and pensive against the white hot sky like the carcasses of monstrous dead animals strewn about the landscape under the dazzling light. Cactus and small scrub plants covered the dry ground, and deeply cut into the vegetation were the erratic paths of jack-rabbits and field mice. Beneath every stone some small creature awaited night-fall to escape the heat.

In the partial shadow of a cliff stood a yellow-white mud hut which, except for the idle scratching of several chickens in the barren garden, seemed a vital but out-of-place portion of the stillness. The silence of afternoon sleep and wander-

ing flies hung thickly about the house, flowing in at the door, sweeping the rooms unhurriedly, and escaping through the paneless windows.

On a bench beside the door lay Miguel, his young face shiny with sweat and blue-black from the short stubble of his beard. His coarse tangled black hair drew a circle of sharp contrast against the bench which had been bleached out by years of sandstorm and sun.

Miguel did not know that he was almost twenty. Not even Mama was certain of his age anymore. He was twelve when Papa had been thrown from the horse and killed while hunting mountain lions in the high country. Miguel remembered his father and the days when corn had made the field yellow, when vegetables grew in the garden, and bread was on the table. But they had all

lost track after the first hard years. With the young ones to feed and clothe, Mama had little time to remember. There was Pablo, who should be about seventeen, and Filipe, twelve. Then came Guillermo, ten, and Juanito, nine. Pablo, the next eldest, had taken the horse to the village market to buy meal, and it would be late when he returned. They took turns going to the village, Pablo one week and Miguel the next. Once, only Miguel had gone, but the excitement the village offered him had thinned with time, and now he was glad to have half the burden removed.

Inside the house Mama sat gazing through the window and fanning herself slowly. She knew that Miguel was nearing the age of twenty, the man's age. Though

(Continued on page 32)

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

(Continued from page 31)

she understood little of birthdays, something in the way the sun set between the red mesas reminded her that the time of year was approaching in which Miguel had been born.

They had learned to expect nothing in celebration except the burning of a candle in the window to signify another year that had drifted past. Now even this formality was usually forgotten because birthdays were seldom mentioned.

Miguel lifted an arm to his head sleepily, and a fly rose droning from his stringy hair. He awoke when the sun moved past the porch roof and struck his eyes. He then turned to lie with his head in the opposite direction.

Mama emerged from the kitchen and shook him until he had risen to a sitting position and was squinting up at her. She looked as if she had something important to say, so when she sat down beside him, Miguel listened with all the attention he could gather.

Mama spoke quietly, and when she was not speaking she gazed out across the flatland to the base of the cliffs across the valley, not really noticing what she saw.

"The cat has come back," she said evenly. "Two hens are dead and we have no eggs."

Miguel remained silent, waiting for her to continue.

"Tomorrow you must go to the mountains and hunt it."

Because of her controlled tone, Miguel did not at first grasp the importance of the task. He had never hunted the lions alone. Usually they were killed by the farmers on the other side of the range.

There had always been cats in the summer, just as in the autumn it was rattlesnakes and in the winter, wolves. Miguel's papa had often told him of their slyness in evading hunters and attacking their horses by night. He had wanted to go with Papa the last time, but he had been too young for such a man's sport.

Mama interrupted his thought.

"You must be the one to go," she said. "You are the eldest, the one nearest a man."

Miguel grinned. He had heard the words before, and always he asked the same half-amused question.

"And when will I be a man?"

"When you stop asking silly questions," Mama returned in a way that was almost tradition between them. They sat quietly for a while, letting the amusement subside.

"When one becomes a man," Mama began, the serious tone pushing aside her humor, "it is the custom to give a gift, a token." Here she paused, almost afraid to ask him the question that had worried her so long, because she already knew the answer.

"What is it that you want?"

Miguel looked down at his bare feet, as did Mama, though not so openly. He wanted a pair of boots; he had always wanted new boots for as long as he could remember. Mama knew that they had become more than a pair of boots; they were a symbol, though of what she wasn't quite sure. Nor did she think that he knew either.

Mama was afraid that he might ask for them. He had the right.

Miguel thought of the new boots, of going to the market place with them on and of parading before the wine sellers and rug makers and sombrero vendors and silvercraftsmen with their crooked teeth and unshaven faces. He could see himself marching proudly through the noisy, crowded, sunlit streets with the busy people pausing to look and wonder and say, "There is a man."

The picture was not a new one to Miguel, and it was passing before him as he spoke.

"I want nothing, Mama."

Relief showed in Mama's face, but in a way she was even more troubled, for she knew he wanted the boots, and she was sad because she could not give them to him. She could see his shining face as he put them on for the first time, asking himself if this were not truly a dream.

But it was impossible. She earned only so much during the harvest season, and what little money Papa had left had been used up long ago.

Mama sat in silence for a while, and when it began to grow dark she rose and went inside. The clay stove glowed brightly in the kitchen and Miguel could hear her humming softly to herself.

Later, when they had eaten and the little ones were asleep, Pablo's horse could be heard entering the valley down by the dry stream bed. The hoofbeats resounded from the cliffs and entered the house. A coyote bayed out across the ridge. There was a full moon.

Mama woke Miguel before the sun rose. A cool wind was blowing up the canyon from the plains and the small bushes on the cliff wall whistled and danced in it. The sky was light to the east, awaiting the dawn that would soon creep silently in upon the valley.

Miguel stood at the door as Mama

wrapped some food in a canvas cloth. When the time came to leave, he went to the peg from which his father's boots hung. One boot drooped lower than the other, and each time Miguel looked at them, he was reminded of the bullfight he had seen with Papa. As the memories rushed in upon him Miguel could again smell the heat and feel in his pulse the tense excitement that shivered through the arena. His heart seemed to stroke with the pendulum-like gait of the matadores in their calm and arrogant march to the president's box. Here was the unleashed fury of the bull's first charge, the rhythmic pounding grace of the passes, the tight momentary communion of bull and matador. Here was the pause, the facing off for the kill, the understanding between aggressors that this was to be the final charge. Miguel could feel the proud and fearless poise of the master, and could see the huge muscular bull, the savage power that laced its taut massive body. His fingers tingled with the feel of the needle-like tips, the smooth polished curve of the horns. He watched the bull's anticipation in the measured flick of its tail, saw again the great testicles between the mighty thighs of the hind legs, stronghold of all that created the bull's maleness, one hanging just beneath the other.

With a certain amount of reverence Miguel took down the boots and slipped his feet into them. To him this was the conjunction, the flowing together of the sure confident skill of the matador into the ponderous strength, the promise of mature potency with-in the bull.

With the food under his arm, Miguel picked up the rifle and shells, and went out to saddle the horse. The air was chill as he led the horse from the corral. Once mounted, he rode off toward the valley's mouth with the rifle across his lap.

Miguel rode east until he left the valley, then turned south to follow the dry stream bed into the mountains. The sun was high as he entered the low foothills where the bushes grew tall and thick and streams gurgled quietly among them.

He would work around the hills in a wide semi-circle, slowly doubling back toward the furrowed ridges, one of which formed the cliffs of his valley.

As he rode, Miguel listened to the flapping of the boot soles from toe to arch. The sound was like that of a senile old man babbling stories which his mem-

(Continued on page 37)



THE CHRONICLE REVIEWS

RUDOLPH E. LEE GALLERY

ROBERT HUNTER

By PAUL MORRIS

The Rudolph E. Lee Gallery is Clemson's only, therefore modern, gallery, complete with fifteen foot high ceilings, creative lighting, a clock that doesn't work, and dual entrances (one of which is seldom open). It is in this space at the School of Architecture that persistent artists have been persisting persistently...the Chronicle—hallowed be its name—is about to embark upon a journey in pictures and words (like *LIFE*) of what you missed at the Gal-

lery...shed no tears, but be ye ever mindful that there is more culture in Clemson than just AGRI-culture.

Much attention this year has focused on the Orient, not to be out done by the likes of government, the Gallery opened its first show of the season with a display called *The Modern Decorative Arts of Japan*. There were about eighty pieces of art, ceramics, metal work, lacquer ware, and wood work, all very

well crafted and stamped "made in Japan."

With the advent of *Environmental Painting* and Robert Hunter, ye old Gallery became a plastic paradise of poly-foam, plexiglas, and epoxy resins. The combinations of these modern materials gave a newness of life as well as color and character to the free standing almost sculptural Hunter paintings.

(Continued on page 34)

THE RUDOLPH LEE GALLERY

(Continued from page 33)

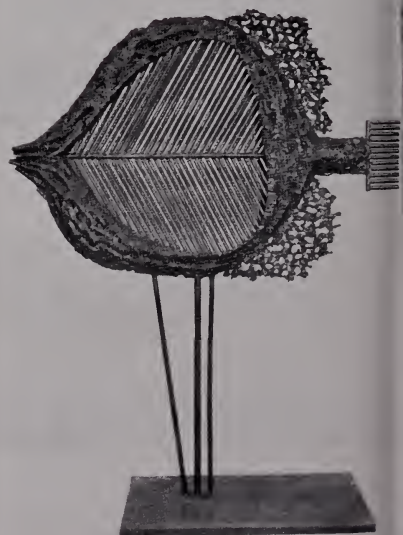
The third show of the 65-66 season featured a display of recent **Sculpture** by John Acorn. Mr. Acorn expresses his interpretations of nature and life in welded and twisted metal, imparting to these skeletal structures a warm life-like quality not usually associated with steel and wire mesh.

From welded metal sculpture to the metallic photographic plates of Robert Smeltzer, a **News Piedmont** photographer, Smeltzer's camera magic peeked into the world of shades, shadow, and scintillating expression to reveal the true artistry of photography.

Thus, at this writing, a retrospective look at the fascinating, **FREE**, and fanciful world of the Rudolph E. Lee Gallery.



RIAD JOHN ACORN



FISH MINORU SEKI



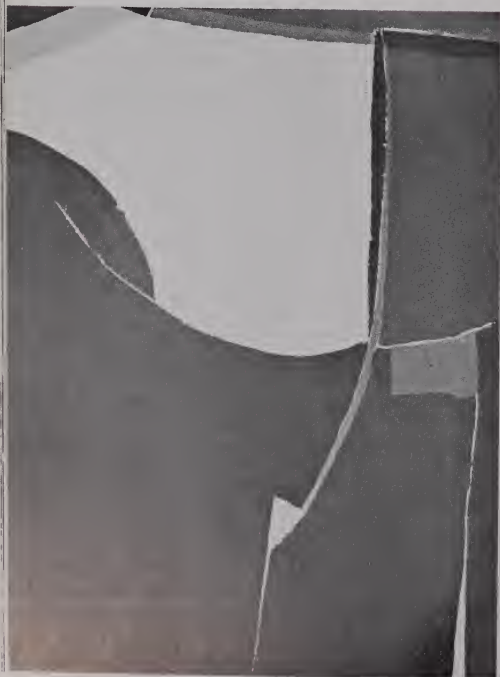
RAFTING SEED
JOHN ACORN

ENVIRONMENTAL SCULPTURE
ROBERT HUNTER





UNTITLED
JOSEPH ZIMBROLT



THE MARCA-RELLI ONE
SAMIA A. HALABY



DANGLING
KINPEI BAIZAN

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

(Continued from page 32)

ory, in drawing them forth, twisted and distorted, creating a pointless, unending reverie. His feet sweated inside the boots where the leather met his skin, and though he was proud to wear them, the moisture created an unpleasant sensation along his heel and calf.

In the late afternoon Miguel decided to find a place to pass the night. Ahead of him he saw a high rock slope at the crest of which stood a flat-topped bare looking acacia tree. Behind the tree was a grassy space where the horse could graze, and Miguel tied him to the tree with a long piece of rope. Miguel unsaddled the horse, placing the blanket on the stone, with the saddle at one end. He then went down the slope to gather firewood.

By nightfall he had built a small fire and cooked the pieces of rabbit Mama had packed. He sat upon the saddle as he ate, watching the moon rise like an egg shell broken against the black irregular peaks. Soon he put out the fire with his boot and lay down upon the blanket, listening for a while to the tapping of the horse's hooves on the stone.

The cat would know by the fire that he had come. Miguel seemed to sense its presence in the gloomy half-lit world created by the moon. Every sound became a paw snapping twigs, every rush of breeze the graceful curving arc of the powerful body descending upon him from the heights. Each star was a glittering menacing eye that waited patiently for him to sleep.

Miguel moved his fingers until they touched the hard cold steel of the rifle barrel, and part of the daylight's rationality returned to him with the touch. The cat would only want his horse.

In the morning he headed northwest, riding until the sun had reached its apex and begun to descend before him. From the crest of a hill he saw the ridge of cliffs over his valley and guessed their distance to be five miles. Miguel then began a systematic search of the sand gathered between the stone hills and in the stream beds. In the late afternoon he found the first tracks faintly impressed in a small deposit of silt in the rocks.

The cat was not a big one, but it seemed to know how to conceal its trail by keeping to the rough, hard ground where tracks would not be left. Miguel began to follow in their general direction, finding

where the cat had been forced to cross wet sand on the banks of a stream..

He followed until the sunset forced him to stop about a mile to the west, and as he lay again on the blanket he could feel the almost spiritual presence, the lurking danger surrounding him, watching him and questioning.

Miguel was nearly asleep when the horse whinnied and stamped. He sat up quickly, the rifle in both hands, and listened. Hearing nothing but the breeze wandering through the low shrubs, Miguel stood up and walked silently to the horse, stroked the big neck and mane, and felt the flesh quiver. His familiar touch quieted the horse, and Miguel whispered to him.

"It is you the cat wants," he said to the horse. "You must be the bait, old one. It cannot be helped."

Miguel sat back against a rock nearby with the rifle across his knees and fell asleep.

A second whinny awoke him. Dawn in its secret way was slipping silently upon him, coloring the landscape with its strange twilight gray. Darkness still lay heavily upon the hills, and Miguel sat listening as the light grew.

The cat was a dark shadow cresting a hill to his left. It seemed to be watching him from the filmy protection of the dreary morning clouds. Sitting where he was, Miguel slowly raised the rifle until the ball and notch hesitated unsurely on the shaded figure. He stopped breathing as his finger closed nervously on the trigger. The horse stamped. Moist chill air touched distractingly at his face.

His shoulder jerked as a loud crash struck out at the hills, echoing among them and losing itself along their thin jagged ridges. Miguel saw a small cloud of dust and rock chips fly up beside the cat, and heard the bullet whine away. His aim had gone wide.

The cat jerked its body into a crouch and screamed as the bullet smashed against the rock. Now it raced along the crest and leapt to a second hill, behind which it disappeared.

Miguel quickly saddled the horse and began to follow. He trailed the cat into the afternoon, finding traces of blood on the ground. The cat had been hit by a splinter of rock and would not go far unless pushed.

When the afternoon began to grow toward dusk, Miguel tied the horse and began to follow the path on foot. He kept to the high ground as much as possible. The cat was on the run now, careless, perhaps desperate. The drops were

frequent stains in the sand and they eventually led him to the opening of a narrow high-walled ravine. It was a perfect trap.

His father's boots were flapping with each step, admitting sand that cut into his skin. Miguel reached down and removed the boots, tying the laces together. He slung them around his neck and entered the ravine.

The boots tapped gently at his chest with a dead slow rhythm, and words poured through his head senselessly.

"You are the bait, now," he thought over and over. "You are the bait."

The shaded sand was cool and it ground upon itself beneath each step, clinging to the sweat on his feet. His eyes were raised to the dark red walls above him where, here and there drops of water trickled after each other down the rock. Beads formed above his lip and droplets froze his side. Tiny rocks in the sand began to bite sharply into the tender skin of his arches.

Miguel hung close to the rock, crouching and peering around each turn before going on, inching his way along the sandy floor, his thighs and chest tense. Blood droplets formed dark depressions in the silt where the cat had passed.

At the next bend the ravine opened into a circular cavern with an open roof. The sun swept down at an angle, lighting one wall and most of the sandy bottom. Ledges formed tiers around the steep rock, and the light breeze blowing across the open pit brushed downward, sweeping the stone and stirring the sand with a faint sound of frenzied cheering.

He saw the cat perhaps thirty feet away, lying on its side and licking its wounded flank.

Miguel shuddered as a shocking chill reached down from his neck along his spine and made a hard fist in his groin. The hair on his brown arms rose as he lifted the rifle slowly. Again the ball rested securely in the white fur of the cat's chest; again he felt the nervous twitch of his finger on the trigger. His palm sweated against the smooth worn curve of the rifle stock. The boots of his father hung heavily on his chest and the laces cut painfully into his neck. As Miguel began to crouch, the rifle barrel scraped against the rock. In one swift movement the cat was erect and tense. There was a single instant of surprise and terror before it saw him. Miguel's heart exploded upward as he met the cat's eyes, and as it began to charge,

(Continued on page 42)

The Chronicle Reviews

Games People Play

REVIEW BY PAUL MORRIS



GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

By DR. ERIC BERNE M. D.

"A game is an ongoing series of complimentary ulterior transactions progressing to a well defined predictable outcome." These are the words of Dr. Eric Berne, 55, a social psychiatrist whose new book, **Games People Play**, has caught on to be a "surprise best seller" having sold over 83,000 copies and rising skyward on all non-fiction book lists. (*Time* for instance has placed its rank as high as number two at one point.)

Dr. Berne's anthology of games is not a hostesses handbook for party proceedings nor a new version of Hayle, but a comprehensive study of the irrational human behavior which Dr. Berne purports to be the game the individual is playing.

In reading such a book one can, like a puzzle, fit his friends and himself into Berne's pattern of life, which is revealing, humorous and exciting all at the same time. It is this stylistic grace that has saved otherwise professionally dull material and transformed it into an un-

derstandable, brief (only 186 pages) and diagrammatic guide to people and their cranial idiosyncrasies.

Dr. Berne has travelled on his paker winnings, to over thirty countries discovering the rules to this human olympics. The collection of 101 games is complete as of 1962 and includes for example such broad classifications as Life, Marital, Sexual, and Underworld games, which are in turn further classified. Sexual games (the broad classification) are broken down into Let's You and Him Fight, Perversian, Rape, The Stacking Game, and Uproar. Each one of these is a game whose title alludes the character of their rules. **Uproar** for instance is a game played in many households between father and teen age daughter. Father is the domineering type and mother is sexually inhibited, "father comes home from work and finds fault with daughter, who answers impudently; or daughter may make the first move by being impudent, whereupon father finds fault. Their voices rise, and the clash becomes more acute. The outcome depends on who has the initiative. There are three

possibilities: (a) father retires to his bedroom and slams the door (b) daughter retires to her bedroom and slams the door (c) both retire to their respective bedrooms and slam the doors. In any case, the end of a game of "Uproar" is marked by a slamming door." The outcome of this thesis, states Dr. Berne, "is a distressing but effective solution to the sexual problems that arise between fathers and daughters in certain households." He further states the complications that arise when variable factors such as different socio-economic family groups are involved.

The names of the games are humorous and indeed the situations themselves lend humor in some cases, but all games are arranged in this clearly stated manner, title, thesis, aim, rules, antithesis. This clear definition of even the most complex games plus the colloquial titles interject both interest and understanding to a subject matter that could become boring and un-interesting to the layman. In this area Dr. Berne has been most perceptive.

The Chronicle Interviews

The Original Piano Quartet

William Gunther, Adam

Edward Edson, and David Poliakine

INTERVIEW BY PAUL MORRIS

A few weeks ago the Original Piano Quartet deigned to perform at Clemson, and the Chronicle...eager to meet anyone from the world outside...descended upon them. And what an interview. Although completely impromptu, we were met with mutual enthusiasm. One of the quartet did confess, however that they usually get the third degree...we do hope we weren't that grueling.

For us it was a chance to find out what makes a group of their unique ability tick. Here is what followed on that drizzly February day, just hours before the concert....

CHRONICLE:

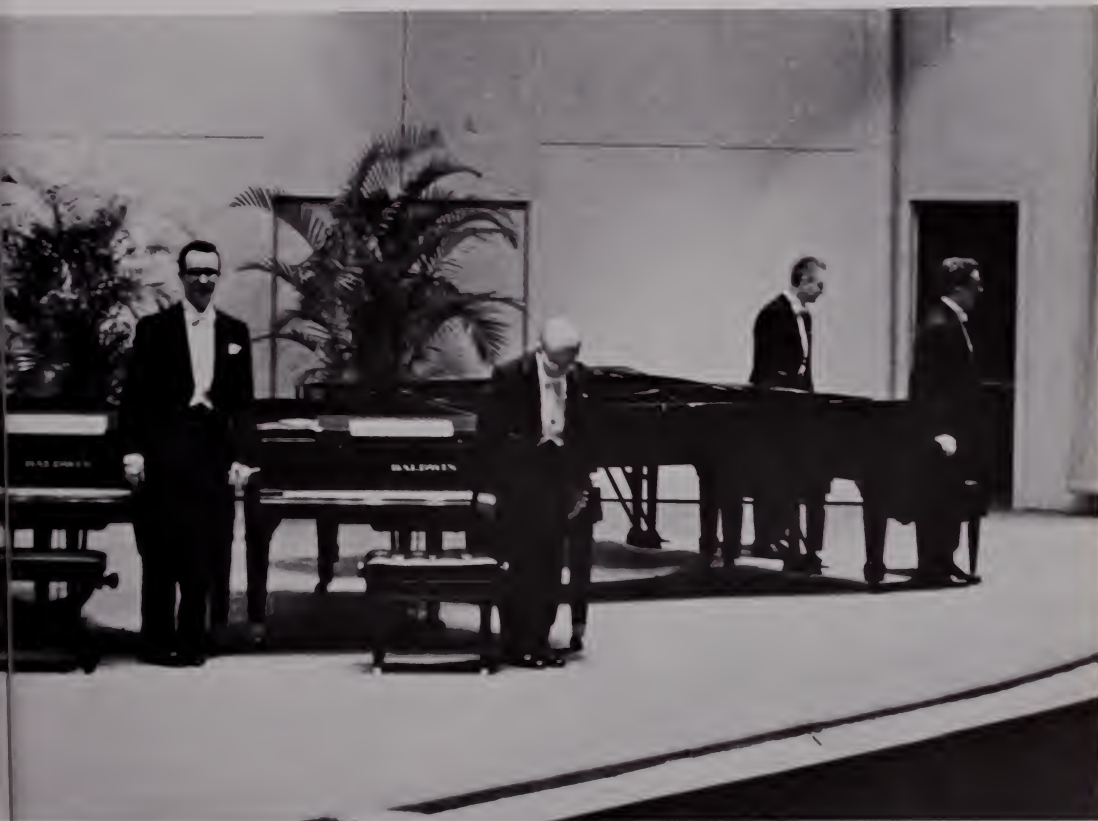
Not long ago I listened to one of your recordings in which you featured Chopin standards. Somehow they did not come

out standard but were greatly embellished and quite exciting. How do you decide which pieces you shall play, is it arbitrary....?

OPQ:

We talk it over and talk it over some more. We decide what would begood for us...for our sound. (Gunther)

(Continued on page 46)





MUSEUM

a collection of elevating verse written

GREAT MASTERS

for the education and delectation of all

The Rubens Gallery

Statues in niches,
And big-breasted bitches
With sweet dimpled faces,
And lots of nude places.
Yards of bright color
And fluttering drapery,
No sadness or dolor,
Occasional rapery.
Six times natural sizes,
All subjects presented
From "Paris with Prizes"
To "Bacchus, Contented".

Oh Rubens, for volume you never had
double,
Plus making a Paint Pot of cash for your
trouble.

The Impressionists

Oh smeat it and smudge it
And dab it on thick,
With a knife, with a trowel
With a good heavy stick.
What you want is the "feeling",
The "moment", the "rapture";
Its Impressions you're stealing
That you're trying to "capture".
Oh *light* is the essence
And *color*'s the reason,
And each to the other
Resolves in due season.

Do **not** crowd the picture.
For the very best viewing;
The sensation renewing
Of *SPRING* as it's brewing
Or *SUMMER* while stewing,
Stand twenty yards off.

The French Gents who painted
This stuff in the Eighty's
Were Dogs with the ladies.
They made an Impression,
It's there, hung, to see.
And everyone likes it,
But me.



THOUGHTS

after looking upon the works of

OF ART

people of Culture and Refinement

The English Portrait Gallery

All of these people
Were either related,
Or the artists were lazy,
which I think
Cause the backgrounds are hazy.
But as previously stated,
If they're not all cousins
Aboveboard and legal,
Then someone's great-grandpa,
Who was probably Regal,
Made mistakes by the dozens.

It's considered great style
To have several, like these
In your own family tree.
So your helpmate can smile
When her friends come to tea
And point at
The "Reynolds" or "Raeburn"
Or "Gainsborough" portrait
Of "ancestor George, who looks just like
My George, except for the bald spot".
When she knows very well
We bought the damn thing at an auction
Last summer in Maine.

If the English paid very much
For these pictures of Ladies and such
My opinion of them as a Nation
Gets a drastic deflation.

The Italian Primitive Gallery

In this room alone, there are seventeen
Virgins
And Child, not to mention
A full blown Ascension,
Three shots of St. Stephen
And the St. with the arrows
All through him, and even
A very dark painting
Of some woman fainting.
Or maybe she's dying;
One can see that the artist was trying
To show real deep passion
In his primitive fashion.
Most of these have gold backing,
And every one's cracking.

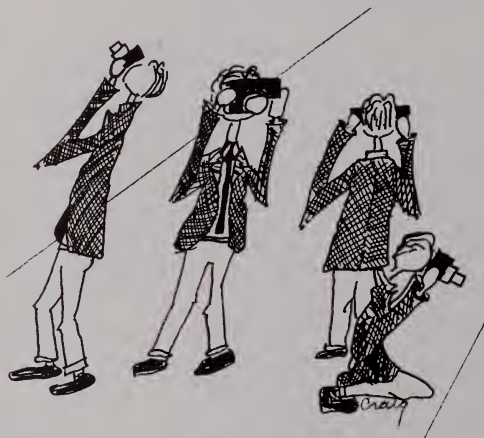
The Lambards and Tuscans
And Pisans and such
May be more to most people,
But to me they ain't much.



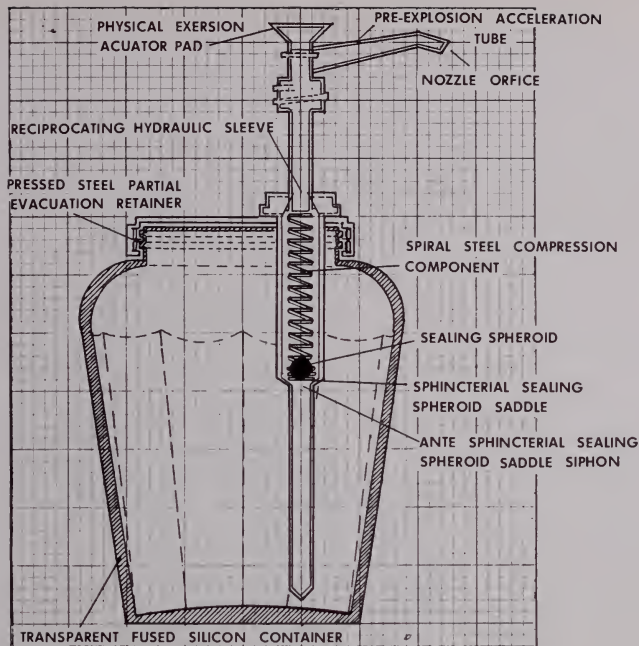
FANTS CAMERA SHOP

INC.

*Dealers in Photographic Products
for over 50 years*



105 E. Whitner Street
Anderson, South Carolina
Phone 224-0707



HVCEA-MARK 7

Uses: Present

The Mark 7 is primarily an air-cooled, semi-automatic, hand held, anti-personnel weapon. (Humanely nonlethal in most cases.) However, recent breakthroughs in technology have allowed the Mark 7 to be used in the disguise of inedible foodstuffs and their transformation into comestibles suitable for human consumption. (though sadly ineffectual on mule or horse flesh.)

Due to the experimental nature of the Mark 7, its use has been denied all but a few select operations, however, a great future is seen for it in these:

Proposed Uses:

- Spreading oil slicks from Aston Martin skateboards.

- Hut-sized napalm dispensers for the Vietnamese.

- Storage bins for English export petroleum to Rhodesia.

- Deodorant squirter for mid-huddle relief.

- Water ration dispensers for New York.

Power Source: Manually applied

Lubricant: Elbow grease (SAE 30)

Engine Type: Pneumatic suction sump pump

Cycles: Two (squirting and not squirting).

Efficiency: 87.9 percent Engine — Relatively high viscosity friction factor 12.02 percent.

Effective Ranges: Verticle: 9.3 in.

Horizontal: 4 ft. 6.2 in.

Max. 45 degrees trajectory: 6 ft. 2.4 in.

Rate of Fire: Incalculable (Digital fatigue varies greatly per individual).

Operational Hazard: Great. (poor choice of target area may result in contusions, abrasions and lacerations about the head and body).

DANGER

When handling munitions avoid contact with skin or eyes, wash affected areas with warm water and soap, induce vomiting (most probable result of HVCEA use anyway.), call physician

Editors Note: - sufficient intestinal fortitude to confront....

CONTENTS HAS TO BE MUSTERED

Technical Consultant

Tim McNeight

(File under HVCEA-M7-NEWBY)



HEY !! LET'S GO TO DANS



BIRTHDAY PRESENT

(Continued from page 37)

he fired.

He levered another shell into the chamber and fired again. A very thin veil of blue smoke spread rapidly around the enclosure and disappeared before he could move. Faint fumes of powder seemed to be searing his lungs. The cat's scream still rattled in his ears, and his temples pounded with the sight of its straining body.

The cat lay dead on its side, blood trickling from a long graze on its shoulder and dripping from its chest. Miguel's stomach contracted to a roaring hollowness, and he looked up through the enclosing walls of the arena to where the sky had already begun to turn red.

Miguel rose with the sun and began the ride back home. He had to retrace his way through the hills around to the opening of his valley's cliffs. At late evening he sat atop the horse on a small rise before making the final descent. He saw the little house blending into the dusk, smoke curling warmly from the clay chimney. It seemed so familiar, yet so vaguely alone and new among the jack-rabbits and field mice, so appropriate with the hawks and swallows nesting in the cliffs.

Miguel rode unhurriedly down toward the house, noticing as he passed the strange new intimacy of each well-known object; the animal paths in the undergrowth, the spring in the canyon, the garden of dirt.

He unsaddled the horse, turning it out to the flatland, and approached the house. In the window a candle sputtered.

Mama sat inside looking unusually worn, sad in a nostalgic way, as if something she had dreamed of long before had come to pass and found her unprepared.

Miguel's pride would not let him speak first. He went to the wall peg, took off the boots, and tied the laces together. Mama watched him closely.

Then, with resignation in her voice and the hesitancy of apprehension, she spoke.

"The boots," she said, "I could not get the boots."

Miguel stood before the peg, his father's boots gently swinging by their laces from his extended fingers. He replaced them carefully on the wall, arranged them to hang just so and stood looking at them for a moment.

Then he turned to Mama.

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Sure. What else?"

A little boy was sitting on the corner with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came by.

"Gadness, sanny," she exclaimed "why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I'm only three."

Said the two old maids to the magician, "Cut out the hokus and pakus!"

Have you heard about the dehydrated Frenchman—Pierre?

"Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl when she least expected it?" asked the sophisticated college senior of his younger fraternity brother.

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said where."

The six fraternity men came staggering out at the last Happy Hour and started to crawl into the car for the ride back to the house. One of them, obviously the house president, took charge of the situation.

"Herbie," he said, "you drive. You're too drunk to sing."

Johnny: Mather, may I go out and play?

Mother: With all those holes in your pants?

Jahnnny: No, with the kids across the street.

A transatlantic liner sank and the only two survivors were a British matron and her parrot. They floated in the ocean for several days, clinging to a piece of wood. Finally the parrot tried to strike up a conversation.

"Say Mum," he said, "haw's yer 'ale?"

"Oh shut up!" the lady snapped back.

"Mine taa," replied the parrot, "must be the salt water."

A New England cemetery epitaph reads: Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go.

Have you heard about the new electric razor that shaves feathers! It's called the Chicken Schick.

"Mama," he began, a portion of this strange new pride evident in his voice, "Mama, it's all right. I will not need them for a while."



YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR:

gant shirts
bass weejuns
corbin & berle slacks
canterbury belts
london fog & burberry rainwear
nottingham & gordon ford
sport coats & suits
and much more

walters & hillman campus shop

CLEMSON — ANDERSON

Up the
Stovepipe

GREENVILLE S.C.



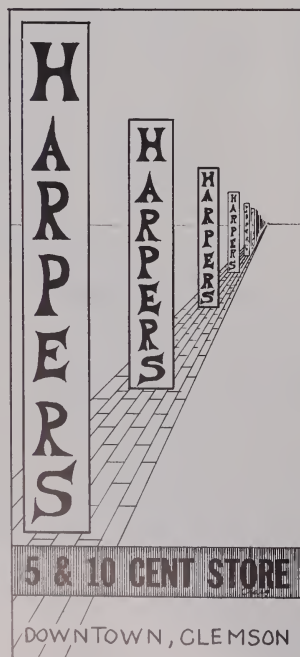
Everybody is going to

Holly Hill Restaurant

Fine food



Old Greenville Highway
immediately after the
Anderson overpass



THE ORIGINAL PIANO QUARTET

(Continued from page 39)

Of course you always have to consider the public. We must give them enough first of what they know and then something new. (Garner)

We have about five different programs that we play...when we appear for the first time we play number one...second time we play number two, complete change....(Edson)

CHRONICLE:

Do you constantly add to your repertoire?

OPQ:

Yes...yes...we add all the time. (Garner)

CHRONICLE:

Do you have a contemporary composer that is a favorite...one maybe that is particularly suited to your style or one that you all enjoy playing?

OPQ:

If you consider Lecuona contemporary....(Edson)
Gershwin...George Gershwin....(Gunter)

And Darius Mileau, he has composed a piece especially for us....(Garner)

We have recorded a Lecuona album...the complete Lecuona works....(Edson)

CHRONICLE:

How have you developed such outstanding synchronization....?

OPQ:

We sometimes wonder....(Edson)

It's a very hard job...years long...we don't even look at each other when we play...it's a feeling you can't explain, it comes with time. (Garner)

We practice...we work a lot...and we fight a lot....(Gunter)

Then in the conversation Adam Garner, a short little man began wiggling in his seat as if he had something special to say, so we asked if there was any incident in their worldly travels which they found particularly interesting or amusing. Sure enough from the corner of the group, in a slight Polish accent, Garner told of the time during a spring tour when middle C suddenly disappeared from his keyboard. "Of course I played it until intermission." Now you have to remember that the tuner had worked all day tuning the four pianos and afterward he had had a few drinks. But none the less, in spite of his tottering state he was able to replace the broken hammer...with chewing gum.

CHRONICLE:

In regard to incidents during perform-

ance.... Victor Borge has said that one time he couldn't get out of one section and played it over four or five times. Has this ever happened to any of you?

OPQ:

Hardly...We had an experience once when one of the fellows forgot his music to Ravel's *Bolero*. We knew he didn't have the music, so when his part came, suddenly we three played his...the dubious glory came when the critics wrote...."there was never such a wonderful performance of the *Bolero*." (Garner)

CHRONICLE:

A few weeks ago *Time* magazine came out with an article on music and quoted several musicians. Glenn Gould laid the bomb by saying that in forty years, the American concert as we know it today will not exist, being out dated by contemporary recording techniques. What are your reactions to this comment...is it tongue in cheek perhaps?

OPQ:

I don't think the concert will be replaced. (Garner)

No substitute....(Poliakine)

There is nothing like it. It's like life. (Gunter)

They thought this would happen with regards to television...people would never go to another movie...yet they are flocking to the movies....(Edson)

CHRONICLE:

We read that two of you played other instruments...one the French horn, another the violin, have you kept up with these instruments?

OPQ:

There was a mistake in the school paper. Mr. Mittler played the violin, but he is no longer with us...instead we have Mr. Poliakine....(Garner)

No I gave up the French horn long ago....(Edson)

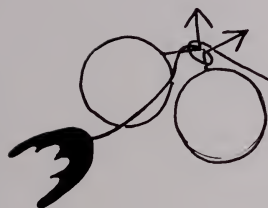
I used to play the French horn also, a long time ago...I gave it up to date girls....(Gunter)

After this delightful exchange with these four friendly and witty artists, we tagged along down to the stage to catch a few minutes of their practice session.

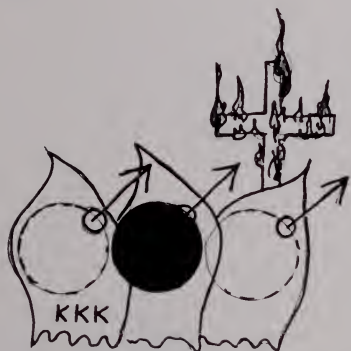
"A little louder I can't hear you!"
"Don't push." "Everything is too loud."
"Are you using your elbow." "Come on!"

These were just a few of the remarks hurled at each other during the course of the rehearsal...indeed a pleasant afternoon for us. In the evening, a brilliant performance for all.

Carson's Symbolics



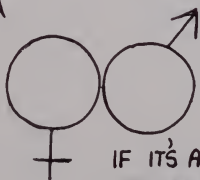
HOLY POPCORN, WHAT A SHOT!!



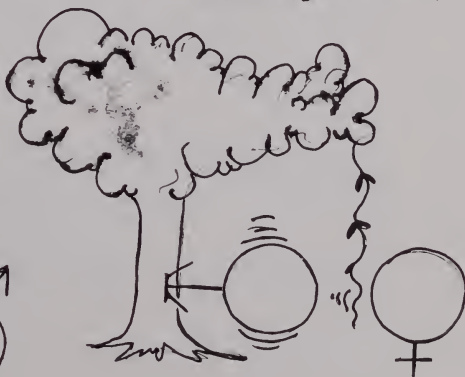
BOYS, I HEAR THERE'S A
SPY AMONG US.



YOU SAY YOU GET
MORE DATES SINCE
YOU STOPPED SMOKING?



IF IT'S A SECRET
MEETING, HOW DID
YOU RECOGNIZE
EVERYBODY?



TARZAN !!



We've made some changes in the freshman theme penalty sheet.



TIGER INN



A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION

(Continued from page 14)

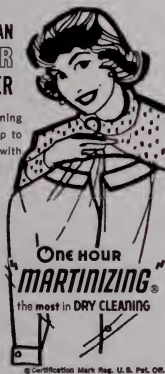
mediately and the captain, anxious to avoid a collision, made several major adjustments on the control board. In the excitement, however, someone's hand accidentally hit the controls, sending a "full speed ahead" signal to the engine room. The carrier's prow, lifted by a swell, came down firmly on the capsule. A few bubbles erupting on the surface were all that could be seen by the startled carrier crew.

"Control center," said the bewildered captain, speaking somewhat sadly into the microphone, "we have made contact with the capsule."

The newest game around these days is called "Viet Nam Roulette". You enlist in all three branches of the service simultaneously, burn your draft card and write a letter to Lyndon Bird telling him that you have a strange attraction to other boys and that you think he is a capitolist pig. All those not drafted immediately receive a 1-Y deferment because of personal reasons and chance to join Bertrand Russell's new movement to abolish gunpowder.

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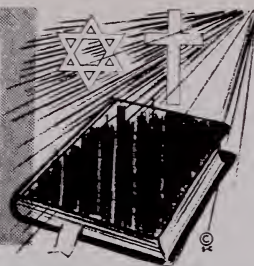


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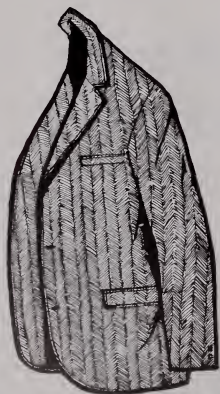
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RESTAURANT**
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A Special Invitation To All Students



LYNCH'S DRUG

BAND AIDS
AND THINGS

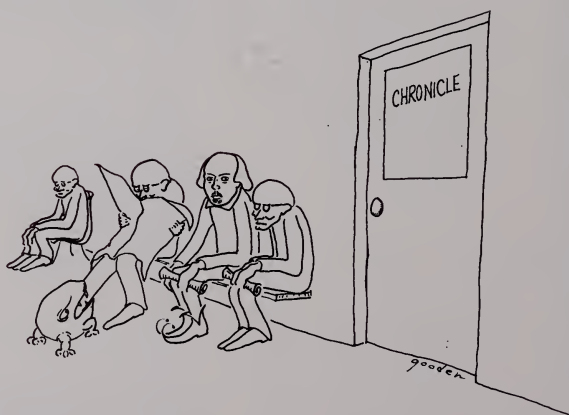


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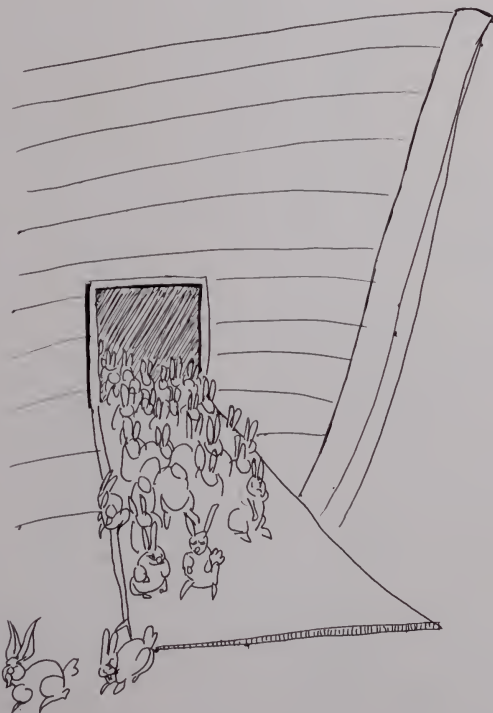


*What do you mean
The **CHRONICLE** has
over-spent its budget!?*



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Jim Carson



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Above Abbotts, Men's Shop

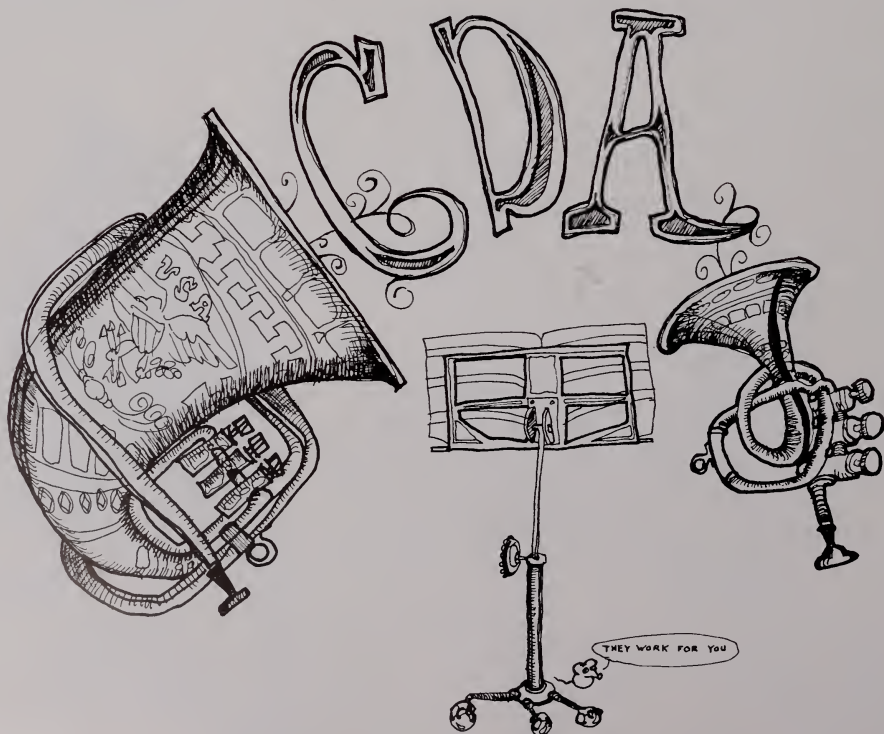


**ABBOT'S
MEN'S SHOP**

Clemson-Seneca

CALENDAR FOR 1966

	SMTWTFS		SMTWTFS		SMTWTFS		SMTWTFS
JAN	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	APR	3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JUL	3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	OCT	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
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GOD IS DEAD IN GEORGIA

Eminent Deity Succumbs During Surgery—Succession in Doubt As All Creation Groans

LBJ ORDERS FLAGS AT HALF STAFF

Special to The New York Times

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 9.—God, creator of the universe, principal deity of the world's Jews, ultimate reality of the Christians and most eminent of all divinities, died yesterday during major surgery undertaken to correct a massive diminishing influence. His exact age is not known, but close friends estimate that it greatly exceeded that of all other extant beings. While he did not, in recent years, maintain any fixed abode, his house was said to consist of many mansions.

The cause of death could not be immediately determined, pending an autopsy, but the deity's surgeon, Thomas J. Altizer, 38, of Emory University in Atlanta, indicated possible cardiac insufficiency. Assisting Dr. Altizer in the unsuccessful surgery were Dr. Paul van Buren of Temple University, Philadelphia, Dr. William Hamilton of Cologne-Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., and Dr. Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

Word of the death, long rumored, was officially disclosed to reporters at five minutes before midnight after a full day of mounting anxiety over the comings and goings of ecclesiastical dignitaries and members of the immediate family. At the bedside, when the end came, were, in addition to the attending surgeons and several nurses, the Papal Nuncio to the United States, representing His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, Vicar of Christ on Earth and Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church; Iakovos, Archbishop of North and South America, representing the Orthodox Churches; Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., representing the World Council of Churches, predominantly a Protestant institution; Rabbi Mark Tannenbaum of New York City, representing the tribes of Israel, chosen people, according to their faith, of the deceased. The Rev. William Moyers, Baptist minister, representing President Johnson, the 3rd Secretary of the Soviet embassy in Trinidad, representing the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and a number of unidentified church bystanders.

Unable to be in Atlanta owing to the pressure of business at the second Vatican Council, now in session, the Pope, in Rome, said, in part, "We are deeply distressed for we have suffered an incalculable loss

The contributions of God to the Church cannot be measured, and it is difficult to imagine how we shall proceed without Him. Rumors swept through the Council, meeting under the great vaulted dome of St. Peter's, that, before adjourning the Council in December, the Pope will proclaim God a saint, an action, if taken, that would be wholly without precedent in the history of the Church. Several aged women were reported to have come forward with claims of miraculous cures due to God's intervention. One woman, a 103-year-old Bulgarian peasant, is said to have conceived a son at the very instant God expired. Proof of miracles is a precondition for sanctification according to ancient tradition of the Roman Catholic faith.

In Johnson City, Texas, President Johnson recuperating from his recent gall bladder surgery, was described by aides as "profoundly upset." He at once directed that all flags should be at half-staff until after the funeral. The First Lady and the two presidential daughters, Luc and Lynda, were understood to have wept openly. Luc, 18, the younger daughter, whose engagement has been lately rumored is a convert to Roman Catholicism. It is assumed that the President and his family, including his cousin, Orville, will attend the last rites, if the international situation permits. Both houses of Congress met in Washington at noon today and promptly adjourned after passing a joint resolution expressing grief and great respect for the departed spiritual leader. Sen. Wayne Morse, Dem. of Oregon, objected on the grounds that the resolution violated the principle of separation of church and state, but he was overruled by Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, who remarked that "this is not a time for partisan politics."

Plans for the deity's funeral are incomplete. Reliable sources suggested that extensive negotiations may be necessary in order to select a church for the services and an appropriate liturgy. Dr. Wilhelm Pauck, theologian, of Union Seminary in New York City proposed this morning that it would be "fitting and seemly" to inter the remains in the ultimate ground of all being, but it is not known whether that proposal is acceptable to the family. Funerals for divinities, common in ancient times, have been exceedingly rare in recent centuries,

and it is understood that the family wishes to review details of earlier funerals before settling upon rites suitable for God.

(In New York, meanwhile, the stock market dropped sharply in early trading. Volume was heavy. One broker called it the most active market day since the assassination of President Kennedy, Nov. 22, 1963. The market rallied in late trading after reports were received that Jesus—see Man in the News, p. 36, col. 4—who survives, plans to assume a larger role in management of the universe.)

Reaction from the world's great and from the man in the street was uniformly incredulous. "At least he's out of his misery," commented one housewife in an Elmhurst, N. Y., supermarket. "I can't believe it," said the Right Reverend Horace W. Donegan, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, who only last week celebrated the 15th anniversary of his installation as Bishop. In Paris, President de Gaulle, in a 30-second appearance on national television, proclaimed: "God is dead! Long live the republic! Long live France." Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the late President, was reported "in seclusion" in her Fifth Avenue apartment. "She's had about all she can take," a close friend of the Kennedy family said. News of the death was included in a one sentence statement without comment on the 3rd page of Pravda, official organ of the Soviet government. The passing of God has not been disclosed to the 800 million Chinese who live behind the bamboo curtain.

Public reaction in this country was perhaps summed up by an elderly retired streetcar conductor in Passaic, New Jersey, who said, "I never met him, of course. Never even saw him. But from what I heard I guess he was a real nice fellow. Tops. From Independence, Mo., former President Harry S. Truman, who received the news in his Kansas City barbershop, said: "I'm always sorry to hear somebody is dead. It's a damn shame in Gettysburg, Pa., former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, released, through a military aide, the following statement: "Mrs. Eisenhower joins me in heartfelt sympathy to the family and many friends of the late God. He was, I always felt, a force for moral good in the universe. Those of us who were privileged to know him admired the probity of his character, the breadth of his compassion, the depth of his intellect. Generous almost to a fault, his many acts of kindness to America will never be forgotten. It is a very great loss indeed. He will be missed."

From Basel, Switzerland, came word that Dr. Karl Barth, venerable Protestant theologian, who presided at the death of God, declared: "I don't know who died in Atlanta, but whoever he was he's an imposter." Dr. Barth, 79, with the late Paul Tillich, was widely regarded as the foremost theologian of the 20th Century.

(There have been unconfirmed reports that Jesus of Nazareth,

33, a carpenter and reputed son of God, who survives, will assume the authority, if not the title, of the deceased deity. Jesus, sometimes called the Christ, was himself a victim of death having succumbed some 1932 years ago in Palestine, now the state of Israel, purportedly on orders of a Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, and at the behest of certain citizens of Jerusalem. This event, described by some as 'decide,' has lately occupied the deliberations of the Vatican Council, which has solemnly exonerated the Jews generally of responsibility for the alleged crime. The case is complicated by the fact that Jesus, although he died, returned to life, and so may not have died at all. Diplomats around the world were speculating today on the place the resuscitated Jesus would occupy in the power vacuum created by the sudden passing of God.)

Dr. Altizer, God's surgeon, in an exclusive interview with the Times, stated this morning that the death was "not unexpected." "He had been ailing for some time," Dr. Altizer said, "and lived much longer than most of us thought possible." He noted that the death of God had, in fact, been prematurely announced in the last century by the famed German surgeon, Nietzsche. Nietzsche, who was insane the last ten years of his life, may have confused "certain symptoms of morbidity in the aged patient with actual death, a mistake as usual, errors will occasionally make," Dr. Altizer suggested. "God was an excellent patient, compliant, cheerful, alert. Every comfort modern science could provide was made available to him. He did not suffer—he just, as it were, slipped out of our grasp." Dr. Altizer also disclosed that plans for a memorial to God have already been formulated, informally, and it is likely a committee of eminent clergymen and laymen will soon be named to raise funds for use in "research into the causes of death in deities, an area of medicine many physicians consider has been too long neglected." Dr. Altizer indicated, finally, that he had great personal confidence that Jesus, relieved of the burdens of divinity, would, in time, assume a position of great importance in the universe. "We have lost," he said, "a father, but we have gained a son."

Next Sunday's New York Times will include, without extra charge, a 24-page full-color supplement with photographs, reviewing the major events of God's long reign, the circumstances of his sudden and untimely death, and prospects for a new deity. The editors will be grateful for pertinent letters, photographs, visions and the like.)

There has been as yet no statement from Jesus, but a close associate, the Holy Ghost, has urged prayer and good works. He also said that it is the wish of the family that in lieu of flowers, contributions be made to the Building Fund for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City so that the edifice may be finished.

—Anthony Towne



CLEMSON Chronicle

MAY 16 1966

MAY 1966

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

Yesterday, you may have had a reason
for missing a good, nourishing breakfast.

Today, you don't.



Now you can have
new Carnation
instant breakfast
—makes milk a meal
that's too good to miss.

Each glass delivers as much protein as two eggs,  as much mineral nourishment as two strips of
crisp bacon,  more energy than two slices of buttered toast,  and even Vitamin C—the
orange juice vitamin.  It comes in a lot of great flavors, too. Look for them in your cereal section.

JUST MILLING AROUND

HELLO again. If you think you are surprised to see a second issue this semester, what about us? And if you think we're surprised, you oughta see Dean Cox. He's still trying to figure out if last issue's cover was a photograph or just so many fingerprints. There's little doubt this time, because obviously it's a motorcycle.

The CHRONICLE was delighted with student response to the short-story contest of last month, and we are pleased to print the three winning entries in this issue. For those whose efforts were not rewarded this time, may we offer the dubious condolences inferred by a Yankee nasal of "eatcha heart out!!!" Seriously we regret that we could not print all of the short-stories, but we appreciate your participation, and encourage you to submit additional material in the future. Once again, may we say that the CHRONICLE is your magazine.

To end the year on a positive statement, we can say that the CHRONICLE will put out no additional issues this semester! But look out for four of 'em next year. With this issue, the noose is passed (thankfully) to Paul Morris, editor-elect for the 1966-1967 academic year.

Good luck and Good-bye.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "David Milling". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the last name.

DAVID MILLING

P. S. Good Riddance!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Paul Morris". The signature is written in a similar fluid style to the one above, with a large loop at the end of the last name.

PAUL MORRIS

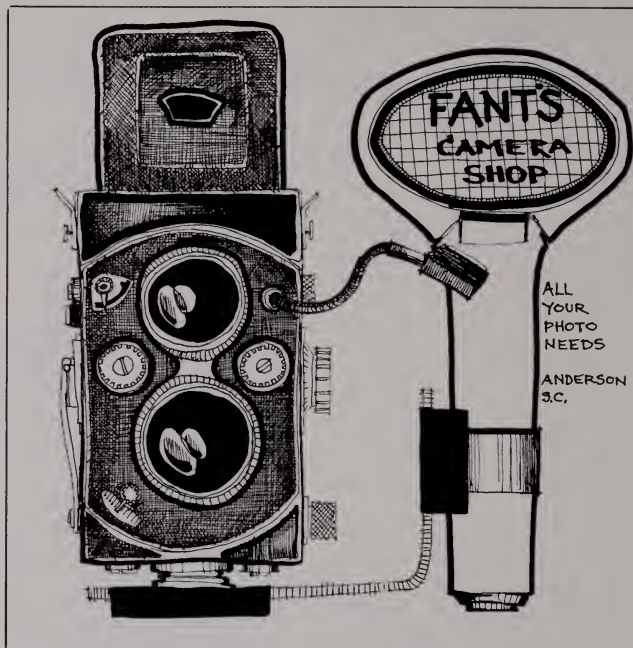


THE

PILL'S THE
THING

AT

L.C. MARTIN'S



Casting

The die has been cast
an alloy of envisionment
of time and place
and in the waste, I,
lie cherishing my
molten weakness
and
awaiting a tempered cool.

dail dixon



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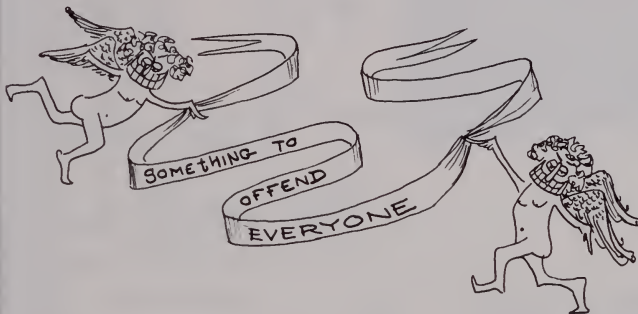
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CLEMSON

Chronicle

VOL VI NO 3

MAY 1966



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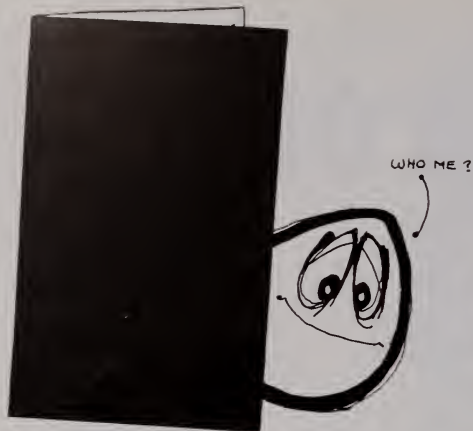
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OUR COVER

We are indebted to one Brenou loss, who is our cover girl, and to our roving photographer Russ Myers for this provocative cover.

The CHRONICLE is an official student variety publication of Clemson University published about three times a year in September, April and May, hopefully. Address all correspondence to the CHRONICLE, Box 2186, Clemson, South Carolina. Student subscriptions paid through student activities fee. Other subscription rates: U.S. and possessions \$1.00 per year; Canada and Pan American Union Countries \$2.00; other foreign countries \$3.00. Entered as regular mail at Clemson, South Carolina. The editors assume no responsibility for the return of material, you have to come and get it. The opinions expressed within do not necessarily coincide with anybody's, anywhere at any time. The editor assumes no responsibility for the opinions expressed in the Chronicle since he is on the way out, and has no opinions.



**YES
YOU**

TAPS 

TIGER 

WSBF 

C.D.A. 

Chronicle 

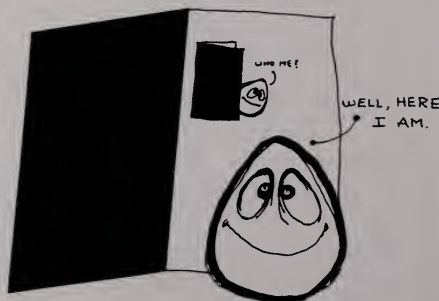
**EVEN INSIGNIFICANT
LITTLE YOU IS NEEDED BY
CAMPUS SERVICE ORGAN
IZATION!**

CONFIDENTIAL, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME
BEEN SLACK ON YOUR BACK IN THE RACK, JACK?
YOU HAVE! HA JUST AS I THOUGHT. WELL
WHY NOT JOIN A LITTLE SOMETHING — NAW
NOT THE FLORIDATION CONSPIRACY—NO NOT
ANOTHER BIRCHER OR EVEN CORE WHY NOT
START FROM THE LIST ON MY RIGHT (YOUR LEFT)
AMONG THE BENEFITS YOU'LL RECIEVE ARE.

- FAME
- SUCESS
- PRESTIGE
- SATISFATION
- REGULARITY

THESE ALL COULD BE YOURS
SO GET THE LEAD OUT

IN KEEPING
WITH OUR
POLICY OF
SERVICE
HERE'S
A PUNCHOUT
BUTTON
FOR ALL
YOU
JOINER'S





The Chronicle Reviews

Truman Capote

In Cold Blood

Reviewed by Bill Yoke

One of today's most widely acclaimed, highly publicized books is Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. This book rose to the top of the bestseller lists within a few weeks of its publication, and there have been countless pages of criticism and commentary written about it. The book delves into the cold blooded murder of four members of the Herbert Clutter family of Holcombe, Kansas. The manner and the style in which Capote presented the story is worthy of the highest acclaim.

Capote, himself, calls the book a "non-fiction novel". This description, it would seem, is very apt. Capote spent more than five years researching the Clutter case. He began this research within a few days of the murder in November, 1959, and never stopped asking questions or getting new ideas until the killers died on a Kansas gallows in April 1965. He wrote up his interviews from memory, never taking notes. In the book, he combined the countless facts with the descriptions of an accomplished novelist.

The descriptions used by Capote are brilliant. In one short paragraph, he describes Holcombe, Kansas as well as any midwestern plains town has ever

been described. His description brings both delight and horror as he tells of the Clutter family's life and the brutality of their murder. It was with the killers, however, that Capote's description reached their finest point. He seems to be at his best when describing the grotesque, for Perry Smith, the man who actually killed the Clutters was a diminutive half-liver whose body Capote described as "the thick, crouching torso of a weightlifter.... But some sections of him were not in proportion to the others.... when he stood up, he was no taller than a twelve year old child." Of Smith's accomplice Richard Hickock, Capote said his face "seemed composed of mismatching parts. It was as though his head had been halved like an apple, then put back together off center." With these and many other descriptions, Capote wove his story of violence and unwarranted death.

Capote did not include himself in the book, but rather told the story through the eyes of Al Dewey, the chief investigator, who brought Smith and Hickock to justice. By using this approach, Capote kept his personal feelings out of the book

and stuck strictly to the facts gathered by his investigation. Quite naturally, Capote grew close to the killers as he observed them during their long, five year wait in prison while appeals were made. Capote said he cried the night the killers were executed, and he paid for their headstones. This impersonal approach stayed clearly within Capote's idea of concise reporting and added to the book's success.

Capote takes the reader with the killers and then the victims until their paths cross in the Clutter's Kansas farmhouse. He then sends the killers and pursuers down separate paths that end in the Kansas prison's death row. The reader cannot stop pursuing the separate roads and wondering where they will cross before the end.

These several ingredients make *In Cold Blood* a book that is hard to put down and hard to forget. Capote has succeeded in combining the diligence of a reporter and the sensitivity of a novelist into an excellent work that should set the pace in its field for a long time.



AN ARTIC ADVENTURE

BY JOEL BENSE

He was lost....he shivered with the thought of walking over one hundred and fifty miles to the dirt road that led to Fairbanks....now alone in a tremendous, incredible, desolation—he slung his little pack over his shoulder and climbed the creek bank to face the wilderness beyond.

AUGUST 20, 1962

The young man was a member of a United States Geological Survey Arctic Expedition whose purpose was to make a geological map of the more remote, interior regions of Alaska. Early that day he had sat by a warm campfire on a gravel bar, watching a cold wind whip across the black water and shuttered as it moaned with a tremendous hum through the high spruce and tamaracks.

Later that morning, he would travel alone down Beaver Creek in a canoe to collect some sediment samples several miles below the base camp. This camp was situated north of one of the smaller tributaries of Beaver Creek. Thus, traveling downstream and westward, more and more tributaries would join the mainstream which in turn would eventually run into the great Yukon River.

After leaving, the wind ceased almost completely. There were a few moments to light his pipe, sit back and relax—a pleasant, little while, drifting peacefully down a quiet stream that flowed calmly in broad curves....Suddenly the canoe rammed broadside into a tremendous rock; it flipped completely—tearing a

huge gash in the left side as it landed on another rock. A second flip slammed his head into the left gunnel....he swam frantically in the cold water and finally came to, lying on the creek bank. The canoe had long since been washed away or sunk....He thought of walking back to camp, but as he thought more about this, the reality of such a proposition seemed impossible. It was purely a matter of fate; he had swum to the wrong shore—there was absolutely no way to get to the other side.

Propping himself against a dead willow stump and realizing that the survival pack was still on his back, he took it off to examine the contents, then slung it over his shoulder and climbed the



creek bank to face the wilderness beyond.

He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay a long road that would lead to Fairbanks... Everywhere there was soft sky line, excepting a tremendous, snow capped ridge far to the south.

The remainder of the day was spent roaming through deep forests and across endless miles of barren musheg. Soon his eyes were lifted from the ground. Far beyond, great, snowy thunderheads billowed furiously over a massive ridge. A heavy snowfall could ruin any remaining prayer of survival. He stopped abruptly, and for a long while watched the dancing clouds—all the time thinking of the odds that were against him: exhaustion, pain, fear—it seemed that there were far more than any man could justly expect to contend with.

That evening he sat by the edge of a small pond watching the twilight change

to darkness. It was such a desolate place and the fog hung like a heavy, white blanket over the water. Finally darkness set in with the fog sweeping through the high grass. Occasionally the hooting of a distant arctic owl broke the monotony of the wind and raindrops.

AUGUST 21

Morning came without any sign of clearing. After netting out some fish from a nearby stream, and roasting them, he drank two or three mugs of steaming tea; then took the pack apart to see if anything might be disregarded. A forty-four magnum pistol and some extra clothing were left behind, only minimum survival equipment was replaced. This included a .22 caliber pistol and a hundred shots for it. There were also small fish hooks, string, wire, the fish net, matches, compass, two pounds of brown rice, sleeping bag and tarp, a small pot and mug, a small bag of tea leaves and another of salt. He carried an ax in his hand.

The long day that followed was uneventful—excepting a small airplane that passed over the mountains to the south. He thought at first that it might be a search plane, but then he realized that any search planes would be flying over and around Beaver Creek, which was by now fifteen or twenty miles behind. Much time would pass before they would come this way.

When night came, he stopped to build a fire and set up his simple camp, then climbed into the sleeping bag, figuring to be slightly less than a hundred miles from the road. It began to snow lightly; he closed his eyes and thanked God for taking care of him. He slept well and dreamed of far-away places.

AUGUST 22

The meal of the following morning exhausted the food supply, except for a small amount of tea. After finishing the last bits of food, he drank a great quantity of hot water. His chief thoughts were of finding food; the distance to the road did not bother him.

The long day was spent descending the south flanks of the range which he had passed through. A severe storm came that afternoon bringing torrents of rain under blank clouds. It rained hard for several hours, then let up—yet not completely.

Reaching the tundra flats, he again faced the barren wastelands and soon with the axe blade dug up clumps of grass, the roots of which he planned to

eat. Then he ate blueberries before setting his net in a little stream with hopes of catching a fish. Instead, only a few minnows swam through the large holes in the net. Frustrated, he finally removed his undershirt, inserted it into the wire frame of the net, caught a handful of the creatures, and ate them alive.

Gazing to the south, he wondered why he could see no more high ranges. Perhaps he had passed all of them and was not able to remember. No, this was not at all possible. Maybe he misunderstood the maps they had used all summer. The topographical maps his expedition had been compiling all summer were used as bases for the geological maps. He knew them too well.

The young man attempted to get his bearings. Suddenly, terror swept over him. His face drew an expression of fright as the thought swept through his mind that he had been reading the wrong end of the compass needle for three days. The needle was not marked with the conventional arrow; it was a Brunten compass which had only a small thread of copper wire coiled around one end.

AUGUST 23, 1962

He was sure that he had gone an extra sixty miles north toward the Brooks Range... He was sick. There were hallucinations. He wanted food more than anything else. Now the road was over two hundred miles away. Search planes would never come this way; the old base camp would by now have been abandoned. Kneeling in the frozen mud, he held the compass with his wet, wrinkled fingers.

AUGUST 24, 1962

The entire day was spent in a search for food. He felt his deprived stomach begging for food. He would not give up! After eating two roasted Ptarmigan (Arctic birds), he slept like a dead man in the freezing rain.

AUGUST 25, 1962

He awoke—determined to move on. In the afternoon, he ambled along near the crest of a wooded slope. Something bright and shiny could be seen to his left in slight, filtered glimpses. He kept groping through the trees for a better view. Far, far away, the white diamond cup of McKinley glowed in the sun like a live coal. Excited, he pointed the compass to it... The needle finally settled at south, south-west—he had been right all along.

AUGUST 25-27, 1962

He was half-way to the road. Three
(Continued on page 14)

portrait of a painting
 Salvador
 get that watch
 out of the
 frying pan
 yelled dali's
 mother
 but he kept
 on frying
 until it
 flopped over
 and he hung
 it on a
 dead tree branch
 over a
 table top
 across a
 hollow log
 and painted
 he called it
 persistant
 memory
 and became
 famous and
 everyone
 thought he was
 retarded

Kurt Palomaki

QUI ES IN CAELIS

my father strong, smelled of
 work and wet leather; sat alone
 stern, he was god in this small place.
 his hands with hair in tendrils
 curling on their hard backs
 spread apart my mother's heart

so I in liquid singing might
 dance free and bloom.
 my first tears fell against his
 whiskered lips and pale ears
 listened to his stories, never lies
 but often gentle bold inventions.
 his thick fingers held my heart
 in nights and lonely afternoons,
 I was a prince within the
 kingdom of his brave eyes.

then he is now turned brown and
 quaintly slow, his eyes have died;
 his fingers sit beside his lap
 trembling at the thought of touch,
 his breath is frosting at the
 misty pane through which he sees
 the dear bones he shall join

I do not love but wish to
 lie within his arms again
 as dumb as fear

James Battle

shift into second, open your eyes and
 watch while you can. schoolyard black
 market, teamsters union, low costhousing,
 but walk to work, it's good for you. free
 shoe horns with thom mcan shoes, kid
 didn't feel like eating today, wife
 keeps getting younger. on the east side
 a father tells his children not to run
 through the night yelling "why?"
 they come home and find out he was
 locked up for yelling "try". fill up the
 pretzel bowl, your wife called, dinner's
 ready, can't go home sober, too hot a
 night not to argue. harlem's quiet tonight,
 they let the bull out of the candy store
 with five bucks in his pocket.

hot streets, hot people, quiet park.
 person crying down one eye and laughing
 out of the other. iscarriot yelling from a
 corner, conventions, babies, horns, too
 noisy. dead men, dutch elms, curved
 alleys, run-over dogs, too quiet. greenwich
 village, guy standing on a corner picking
 his nose, girl in green with green lipstick,
 green skin, green blood. painting, phonies,
 busses, boy and girl walk the streets
 holding a sign reading "leave us alone".
 laughing lady feeding pigeons stops laughing
 when a pigeon takes a crap on her hand.
 "Don't crap on the hand that feeds you"....
 B. Baruch. dead end streets that never
 end, smell of supper, kids coming home....
 to what? television's busted, walk the
 street, walk, don't run, laugh, cry, little
 miss muffet says five, you say you're married.
 nice bars, seagram's 7, beats t. v., truck
 drivers, ex-marines, ex-boxers, ex-ex's,
 down the street a sparrow sings when the
 clock strikes midnight. chef flipping pizzas,
 pizzas flipping chef, gang singing the "star
 spangled banner", sickening, too sober
 to watch much more, going home. gee i'm
 glad new york is here, where else can
 you die for nothing?

Phil Petrovsky



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MCKNIGHT

GRAY AUTUMN, AND PERFECT

FIRST PLACE CHRONICLE SHORT STORY
BY GARLAND G. GOODEN

I had never seen the beach house this late in the autumn, and it seemed strange and unfamiliar, sitting bleakly on its rolling dune, dandelion heads covering the damp grass. Dad had always brought us away from the beach before the chill breezes began to wade into the sawgrass and rattle the dry sea oats on the dunes. We could feel his grow tense and expectant when the wind turned the waves opaque and blue-gray and nervous, and the relatives would hastily pack their bags, bid us their polite goodbyes with promises of returning the next summer, and take their departures. Our family would remain after they all had gone, making minor repairs, painting the house as often as not. Then we would nail up the shutters and leave without looking back, because the sky was invariably coated with wet curling clouds that threatened rain.

The house looked dead now; paint from the previous years, having been unreplenished, was peeling steadily off in strips, the wood going brown underneath. As we approached it from the highway, I remembered it as it had been in my youth, and how my youth had risen in it, white and untouched from the gay verandas and French windows, from the long white beach before it. Now the doors were dark and foreboding in the shade of the porches, the windows blank, recalling other times, the peaked roof sunbleached, the red-brick Victorian chimneys big and square and solid like my grandfather who had built them, the rooster on the rusted windvane frozen and withdrawn against the October.

Ever since I could remember, the entire Dobbs family had spent their summers here, and the whole beach had been open and friendly, full of familiar

faces and umbrellas, martinis and *Vogue* magazines, young people and old people and all of them swimming and shouting and knowing each other, the air full of names and greetings across the sand, and it had all been curious and fascinating to me because I had been young and didn't understand any of it.

The house had been the core of a perpetual party, a kind of hotel, and always full of my father's deep laughter which mingled with that of the guests. But as I grew up, things began to change, people began to die, and after the scandal concerning my younger brother, the family never came back.

It was autumn now, and I pulled the car tightly up to the house to escape the dampness. The occasion was not a cheerful one, and soon the relatives would

(Continued to page 10)

GRAY AUTUMN

(Continued from page 9)

begin to return to pay their last respects to my father, who was in the upstairs bedroom, dying of years and occurrences.

The doctor had ordered him to come here in the spring, four years ago when my mother had died. "The salt air will do him good," the doctor had said.

The salt air had done him no good, and he had stayed on here because there was no place in particular for him to go, and now the beach was gray and sunken in from the sky, and my father was lapsing into some perpetual summer, and not minding the autumn at all.

That year I was twenty-four and was working on my Master's in English up in Connecticut, teaching while I worked, and writing. I had not been back here since Mother died, nor had I seen my brother or our relatives.

I parked the car and looked over at Marge, my wife of two months, who was sleeping on the seat beside me. I had not wanted to bring her with me, but now, seeing the state of the house, feeling the age hidden in its rooms, I was glad that she had insisted on coming. I touched her shoulder to wake her, and she looked up, smiling drowsily at me. I got out, opened her door, and reached into the back seat for our luggage.

Marge looked at the house and drew her arms up, as if to shield herself from its austerity.

"Oh, Auntie, it's lovely," she said. "I love old houses."

"You won't like it once we get inside. It's probably in miserable shape."

We walked around to the beach entrance. The steps were gray and beaten down, and the screen door squeaked open with a springing hum and rattled shut behind us. The interior of the house was as degenerated as the outside; dust had been pushed out of the way in corners and cobwebs were tolerated where none had been before. The smell of must and rotting wallpaper hung in the air, and a feeling of lifeless antiquity was intensified by the stark rays from naked lightbulbs in the ceiling.

In the kitchen, Aunt Ruth was fiddling with the knob on the old stove. She looked around, surprised, then hurried over in her usual co-ordinating way, sighed with the same guest-greeting smile that I had seen so often.

"Why, Austin!" she exclaimed. "Why, my goodness, how you've grown! We

haven't seen you in years!"

She always used the "we" in welcoming old acquaintances, and it sounded out of place since all of the family had not returned for four years. She immediately turned her attention to Marge, and through some gift that she seemed to have in abundance far above the ordinary woman, she created a close alliance of conversation of which I was not a part. I took the bags up to my old room.

It had not changed in the time I had been absent. Aunt Ruth had stayed with my father, having finally found someone who needed her. Since she had lost her husband in the Second War, she had drifted aimlessly around visiting us each in turn, and between visits, living alone in Massachusetts.

She had left the house as it was, probably out of a lingering fondness for the past; she had cleaned it, obviously, for years in expectancy of the family's return. That had never happened, however, and it appeared that she had grown tired of her work.

The bed was made, the floor looked hastily swept, hangers waited in the empty closets, and the papered wall spoke clearly of lighthouses and racing ketches on white-topped swells. On the dresser lay an old Winslow Homer print of a fishing boat caught in a squall, and there was a faded photograph of my brothers and me hanging opposite the bed.

I went back downstairs where Aunt Ruth had continued her chores, talking endlessly, explaining why the house was such a mess, and never once realizing that she had grown old.

I answered her questions for a while, then asked about my father.

"He's sleeping now, Austin. The doctor was just in today."

"What did he say?"

Aunt Ruth became quite serious. She stopped working in order to look at me.

"He didn't seem very hopeful at all. Your father is very ill, Austin. The doctor only gives him a very short time. Dear me, I do hope the family gets here soon."

"Have you heard from any of them?"

"Yes, your Uncle Harvey and Aunt Maude are driving out from Detroit. I received a telegram from them last week. I haven't heard from the others, but I'm sure they'll be here in time."

"Has Steven come?" I interrupted.

"Why, I almost forgot. He's here now. He flew in from school two days ago. I'm surprised that he's not back yet."

"Where did he go?"

"Somewhere down the beach. He's spent both afternoons down there, just as he used to do. But you know your brother. He never did have a lot to do with us."

Conversations concerning my brother were rare, and when they occurred I was always ill at ease. From the time we had spent together, Marge understood this, and now she relieved the tension skillfully and swiftly.

"Auntie, could we go up now? I'm awfully tired."

"All right."

Aunt Ruth excused us and went back about her business, and I took Marge upstairs. In the room she removed the jacket of her suit and sat down on the big bed. She gave out a false but pleasant sensation of nervous enjoyment as if not knowing exactly how to act or what to say.

"Who's bed was this?" she asked. I took off my coat and hunt it in the closet.

"Mine," I answered. "This was my room when we were kids."

She saw the picture on the wall, rose and went to it, wiping her finger along the dusty glass.

"That's you on the right, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then the little one on the left is Steven?"

"Right."

"And the one in the middle is Dinghy. James."

"Dinghy is fine."

"Why did you call him that? You never did tell me."

"We did it for spite. He was the oldest and Dad wouldn't let anyone but him take the dinghy out."

"He was the one that..."

"Yes. He took the dinghy out in a thunderstorm because he was angry at Dad, and it capsized with him. I was about eight. He was dead when Dad found him, and then he turned blue."

"Auntie..." her voice pleaded.

"I'm sorry," I said, coming up behind her and putting my chin on her head. "And that's Steven, in the flesh. What do you think of him?" She had not taken her eyes from the picture.

"He looks rather frail."

"He was. We never liked him very much because he was always sick or in trouble and running to Dad. Then when Dinghy died, he and Dad began to depend on each other. But when Steven got older and decided to live his own life,

(Continued to page 15)



THE CHRONICLE'S DAY AT THE DRAGS

By Will Shore

Certainly, my good man; I'd find it both an honor and a pleasure to escort you and your men of the mass media around the strip. Of course, you can't expect too much; we've only been in operation for thirteen years—hence our name of "Thirteen Forks Drag Strip." But you.....

Damned if he wasn't right. We couldn't expect much, and we got even less. In short, we have been laboring under a misconception. We had expected to see tests of sleek, aerodynamically designed track runners equipped with no less than eight Weber downdrafts to be mounted on a quad-cam Maserati V-12 which is

capable of developing 340-horsepower at 9000 rpm. Hell, even a Lamborghini custom with a Hewland HD4 gearbox would have sufficed.

"By the gods, man," I said, "can't you possibly fare better than this?" My alert camera crew seconded the statement

(Continued on page 12)





A Day At The Drags

(Continued from page 11)

with an obstreperous display of adolescent emotionalism. "It is quite evident that you are completely unaware of the fact that our magazine has sent us over 100 miles to give your track the publicity of which, evidently, you are in dire need."

"If you will inhibit your wrath and indignation for a mere moment's time, I shall fetch the timekeeper in an attempt to appease you."

It was only a matter of minutes, and the intrepid guardian of the clocks arrived on the scene.

"Evnin to you neighbor. I hear that y'all got problems, but if'n I can hope ye—jest holler—say, that feller yonder with thuh camera, why he's got a smile like a wave on a slop bucket. Hi'do thar little buddy; that damn box of yor'n take a.....

"If you don't mind, sir, we'd like to get on with our business."

"Oh, I suppose that you'uns done come here to see a drag race."

"That's about the size of it."

"Well, lemme see. I guess I better tell y'all somethin' about these here rods. You see that car over yonder, well





A Day At The Drags

that's Buck-Eye Simmons' old man's car; Buck-Eye, he paints that rat fink sign on the car ever Sunday after church. And thar's Lonzo Simmons, that's Buck-Eye's cuzzin; Lonzo's driving a hemi-head wheel barrow—it ain't much for looks, but that little son of a bitch'll sure do a wheel stand—built it hisself. We ain't

never got no time on her, though because we ain't got no clocks. They jest call me the timekeeper as a sort of honorary title—we ain't got no...

"You said that."

"Oh, yeah. Well, anyways, we got us a nigger down the track—he hollers up here to us when the car gets to him—

can't count no further than twenty, but that don't make no difference, none of these cars make it down to him in less than twenty anyways."

At this point, I threw up my hands in utter despair, my photo staff did the same."



(Continued from page 7)

days had passed.

In the twilight of August 28th, he blindly walked into the middle of a pack of thirteen lobo timber wolves, approaching them from behind and into the wind.... He felt surrounded and got a creepy feeling up his spine. At the sight of him they exploded like cannon balls into the forest.

AUGUST 29-30th

Two more days came and went.

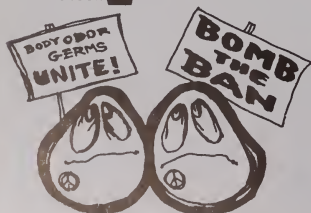
AUGUST 31

On the last day of August, he saw a reindeer and shot it. The young man took the axe and cleaned the big buck near a stream, then built a fire and roasted two huge slabs of the red meat. Later on, he went out and cut enough wood for the fire that would burn through the night to keep stray grizzlies away from the carcass.

He slept that night beside the reindeer and dreamed of the wolves. He heard their haunting howls and saw their macabre shadows sweeping through the forest shattering the stillness of the milky arctic twilight. The cold wind was blowing stronger now, and the fire had passed its glowing stage. He dreamed of many things—suns, dawn, and sleeping lakes....The wolves came closer and began to circle in giant, loose-limbed strides. The icy wind and rain had been nearly unbearable, and now their blood-freezing sounds had him trembling. He heard the mechanical thumps of their feet crunching the snow only a few feet away....He bolted up, grabbing the axe in one hand and a smoldering log in the other. He looked up hearing a mechanical "thud, thud, thud," and shook his head to dismiss the sound. Then all at once it appeared over the trees—closer and closer.

It was the army helicopter.

It came closer to the ground, hovering, yawing back and forth....They looked down at him standing there beside the reindeer carcass and the smoldering fire—the axe blade jammed between the shoulders of the dying timber wolf at his feet. ■



Yuk Yuk



The man dashed into his wife's bedroom and caught her red-handed. "Miserable woman!" he cried, "I know everything now!"

"Don't be so sure," she replied calmly, "what's the average weight of the American bald eagle."

A Clemson man is bringing his co-ed back from an expensive night on the town.

Tiger: You know, babe, I've got about 15 dollars invested in you.

Tigerette: Well, what do you expect?

Tiger: Oh, to take about a thirteen dollar loss.

Prosecutor: Now tell the court how you came to take the car.

Defendant: Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery, so naturally I thought the owner was dead.

The professor phoned the doctor to tell him that his young son had swallowed his very best grading pen. "I'll come right away," said the M. D. "What are you doing in the meantime."

"Using a red pencil," the professor replied, "but it's messy."

"What kind of a roommate have you got?"

"Well last night he hit his knee on a chair and said, 'Oh the perversity of inanimate objects!'"

The Sunday gospelshouter was in great form. "Everything God made is perfect," he preached.

A hunchback rose in the rear of the auditorium. "What about me?"

"Why," the preacher replied, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."

John Feeble was not a potent man, and he knew it. So did his wife, so she sent him to the doctor.

"Here, John," said the doctor, "These tablets are experimental. They are to be taken before dinner. I don'tk now if they'll work or not, but it's better than nothing."

That evening, just before dinner, John took two tablets. Ten minutes later he was filled with power; he jumped across the table spilling all the dishes to the floor; grabbed his wife and made passionate love to her.

The following afternoon while out for a stroll, he met the doctor. "How did they work," he asked.

"Rather well, doctor, rather well."

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic. Did anything go wrong?"

"Well, not really, it's just that they won't let us eat in Howard Johnson's any more."

"How did you puncture your tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"S'matter, didn't you see it?"

"Now. The kid had it under his coat."

"Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three eights and a pair of kings."

"No you don't. Ah wins."

"What you got?"

"Three sevens and a razor."

"So you does. How come you is so lucky?"

An old woman walking along the street was shocked to see a young boy kicking a little girl who was lying in a ditch. "Good heaven's little boy, what do you think you're doing?"

"Don't worry lady," the lad replied, "she's dead."

(Continued from page 10)

Dad wouldn't let him go, and Steven resented hell out of it. Finally he managed to get into something he couldn't get out of, and it broke the whole family up."

"What did he do?"

I turned away and took off my tie.

"Oh, that's long and involved. Remind me to tell you about it on a full stomach."

Marge had not slept well in the car, and she decided to bathe and sleep until dinner. I went back downstairs.

"Would you like a drink, Austin?"

"If it's no bother."

"No bother. What would you like?"

"Do you remember those drinks you used to mix for Dad with gin and cherries? It wasn't a Collins."

"Yes, and I remember you drinking out of them when he wasn't looking." We both laughed. "Get me the ice, would you?"

We talked for a while,

We talked for a while, and when I finished the drink I stepped out onto the porch. Aunt Ruth called from the kitchen.

"Do you want to see your father? I'll wake him."

"No, let him sleep. I'm going to see if I can find Steven."

It was late afternoon and the clouds pressed against the water, making the waves spurt up quickly and fall back. There were no long swells, and only a few gulls were flying over the shore. I walked slowly, watching the pipers zigzag along the fringes of the waves, running around the foam and hurrying after the retreating water. After a while I saw Steven very far off down the beach, advancing toward me with his head down. Even at this distance I could tell that his jacket was slung over his shoulder and one hand was in his pocket, in his typical sulky manner. He did not see me until we were closer.

When he recognized me, he quivered his steps, and his hand was out as we met.

"Auntie," he said, "Auntie, how are you? God, it's good to see a familiar face. How are you?"

"I'm all right. You?"

"Nothing special."

"How's your asthma? You look a lot better. Healthier."

"It's clearing up. Kept me out of the service."

"Service?"

"Oh, yes, I quit school my second year and they tried to draft me. But I

failed the physical. General condition, I think."

"Are you back in school?"

"Yes, but you know, Auntie, I really hate it. It's not a good school and nobody likes me there."

I had heard that before. He was very insecure and never could get along with anybody.

"I'm making fine marks, though," he added quickly.

We walked down the beach in an uncomfortable conversation until we were in sight of the house.

"Have you seen Dad?"

"No," he said slowly. "I've been sort of afraid to. There's a lot I have to tell him, but you know how he was that summer."

Steven trailed off. There was a lot they had to straighten out between them, since the entire family breakdown had been blamed on Steven.

"I've got someone I want you to meet, if she's awake."

Steven looked at me slyly, with a sort of teasing perception.

"Auntie, are you married?"

"Yes," I answered.

This really surprised him, and he spent the rest of the conversation congratulating me and asking me his trivial questions. When we got to the house, Marge was already downstairs helping Aunt Ruth get dinner ready. I introduced them, and Steven, in his peculiar way, only stared at her as if he seemed to recognize her from some dream. He muttered a few inarticulate phrases which unnerved Marge. She began to ask him questions that made him fumble, and all of us were in a tense position. As soon as he found an opportunity, Steven excused himself, looked at me strangely, then went upstairs without his usual complacent smile.

"What makes him that way?" Marge asked, sounding almost hurt. "Was it something I said?"

"No," I said, looking after Steven, "It was more the way you look."

"What?"

I turned back and regarded her for a moment, smiling, and seeing again, as I knew Steven had, something we had shared years before. Marge looked up at me with the timid fear of having offended.

"Auntie?"

"Nothing," I said, kissing her cheek. Dinner was slow and awkward, the conversation sharply pointed until Aunt Ruth

(Continued on page 40)

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IS GOD DEAD?

By Milton Crum, Jr.

A Nebulous Question —

Either as a question or as a statement, the title of this article has the publicity-power to catch attention in a news story or to be a pregnant topic for table talk. At the same time the phrase has destructive-power which can be used to confuse and devastate others in polemical bouts. Being without an empirical referent (as, say, the question, Is the dog dead?, would have), the phrase is extremely nebulous.

Does the word "God" refer to some idol, to a concept, to a metaphysical reality, or to what? Does the adjective "dead" refer to the mind which has no vital concept which is tagged "God", or does it refer to the deadness of some being or concept in itself? Is the cause of death the casting out of an irrelevant notion about "God" or was there a murder? Until there is some mutual understanding among discussants, there may be hot arguments with little communication.

— Everybody Has "gods" —

Functional gods are those things which offer a promise of satisfaction and for which a person spends his life and possessions. Decisions as to what is good or bad are made on the basis of functional gods. On the basis of his gods a person will choose this and reject that. These are the gods of sensual satisfaction or pleasure, the gods of status gratification or prestige, and the gods of social achievements of power. Such gods are alive in the sense of exercising power in the lives of people. Such gods are real in the sense that they are things subject to empirical observation. For example, in the musical, STOP THE WORLD: I WANT TO GET OFF! Littlechap served the gods of pleasure in his sexual pursuits, of prestige in his business success, and of power in being elected to Parliament.

— The "gods" Are Dead —

Thus, the gods of empirical, common-sense language are alive in some ways, but in a deeper

sense they are real dead, because the kicks they give don't last. Jaded memories of the big weekend, auto junk-yards, and collapsing power structures are signs that the gods are dead. But this was said over 2700 years ago.

— Some People Have Gods —

When the word "God" is spelled with a capital, it is a sign to look out for a different use of the same language noise. When the gods are in the realm of the language of common-sense, the word "god" refers to some entity which is subject to direct, empirical observation. But the use of the capital "G" is a signal to look to another realm of language—something more than, beyond, deeper than, or in some way other than common-sense. For example, suppose you have been getting temporary status gratification by buying, wearing and driving all the gods that the gospel according to the ads tells you to. For a moment they make you feel like somebody with prestige, but the kickfades away, and you are out looking for another god. Besides the high cost of such a religion, it doesn't satisfy. Then through something that happens, like a friend or some other experience, it hits you that you are somebody simply because you are and not because of this or that. The thesis which you have inferred is more than the sum of all the status boosters that you have collected. Your new belief, which you have discerned through actual experiences by the act of inferring from them, goes beyond the events to a theory of the events, which means a perception of what is real. Your new confidence is not based on your gods and yet you believe that it has a foundation which is more than your opinion. To show that your new sense of status is not based on the gods of empirical, common-sense language but came about through an inference you might say that you are somebody in terms of God (Reality) spelled with a capital "G".

This kind of logical process goes on all the time when we jump from obvious, public data to making sense of things, to making value judgments, or to inferring theses, themes, and theories, all of which are connected with the word *theos* God. This is the process by which you might take all the data of being a student and infer that this is a "cool

school". To read this as common-sense language and to try to verify the statement with a thermometer would be non-sense. The phrase "cool school" tries to warn you that it is inferred-sense language by being in quotation marks and by using an adjective in an odd way.

God-language, with a capital "G", is inferred-sense language. With no vital God, a person has only gods. So, in this sense, the person for whom God is dead is himself dead, as gods are dead.

— God Concepts —

We began with gods as things by which a person makes decisions regarding the spending of his life and money and which are subject to empirical observation and which can be referred to in common-sense language. To jump beyond such calculations to decisions and self-understandings based on inferences from the data of life is to jump from gods to God and from common-sense language to inference-sense language.

To take the process a step further, suppose that you try to tell a friend about your new sense of confidence. He keeps trying to find what caused it. He suggests that it was because of your new sweater, or good grades, or going steady, but you say that these are part of it but that your confidence is based on something more, and you say that it isn't because of any thing that you believe that you are really somebody and that you don't have to keep trying to prove it. When he accuses you of believing something that isn't anything, you try to explain the matter to him by saying that it is something like having the Greatest Man in the world tell you that you are somebody in his book. But your friend is still operating in the logic of common-sense and he challenges you to show him the greatest man. So you have to try another analogy and tell him that there is no Greatest Man that can be seen like your friend sees you. Rather you explain that it is like having an invisible world above the one that is visible.

These analogies are symbols which are useful in trying to communicate your inference to your friend. But eventually these analogical concepts get unhooked from the experiences from which they were inferred and there develops a notion that we live in a realm which is denoted as natural and that above this realm is an invisible one called super-natural. And since the two have been separated the connection between them is through doing certain actions and saying certain words which are called religious. It is then considered that religion has a monopoly on both the word God and all that the word symbolizes.

— Is God Dead? —

For most people, it would appear that the concept of God as an empirical being who could be seen by an observer who could get up or out there is dead. The sarcasm of the Russian cosmonaut's remark that he didn't see any God out there appeared to be of little power.

Practically, though a majority of Americans still avow a belief in the concept of a super-natural God who is approached by religion, there is a declining commitment to the worth and practice of religion. In other words, most people live most of their lives as if such a God were dead.

More subtle is the Christian story of the death of the God who came down from above to be made man in Jesus of Nazareth and who died on the cross. The God who resided outside of the world and who was known and served in religious actions was dead. To know and serve the God who is alive in Jesus involves knowing and serving other people in ways which may not appear as religious actions. In this, the God who is above the world in the sense of being out of it is dead so that the God who is inferred through ordinary down-to-earth events may be alive.

So by the time you explain what you mean by your question, you will probably have already provided your answer.





The Chronicle Reviews

Carlos Montoya

It was Thursday, March 17, a date in Clemson history not soon to be forgotten, because it was the day that Carlos Montoya came to Clemson.

"The Incredible Montoya" has been acclaimed the world over by newspapers and magazines, however, the *CHRONICLE* does not aspire to such heights of meaninglessness. Instead of words like unique, exciting, magnificent, astonishing, and on, ad infinitum and ad nauseum, we find it much more fitting to let Montoya's acts speak. Montoya's loquacious guitar has made him the most recorded Flamenco artist of all time, this coupled with the fact that he is the first to present Flamenco music in solo concerts makes him a man of rare and distinct accomplishments, as well as a man of words.

On that particular Thursday, to these many weeks ago, the *CHRONICLE* ac-

companied Ireland Regnier, a well-known Flamenco-artist, to the palm covered stage of the Clemson Field House, where despite the background radiator noise we were able to carry on a semblance of an interview.

The interview began, I recall, as we scraped a couple of chairs across the stage to join the master, who, seated center stage, was looking out across the empty audience fondling his guitar in his hands.

This was the small quite countenance that greeted us and told us that Flamenco was the music of the Spanish gypsies. They first played the haunting melodies and Montoya continues in the same ritualistic mood, improvising here and there throughout his playing, giving each piece a distinctive flavor and each concert a decided quality.

When asked how much time he spends in practice, this Giant of the guitar world responded in his English/Spanish dialect by saying, "only an hour a day." You see, he explained, "I only practice scales, tremolos and arpeggios, the mechanics, not each individual piece." This method of practice allows him proficiency, but does not stifle the spontaneity which is Flamenco music, the impromptu music of gypsies.

The instrument itself was made for him and no amount of money could make him part with it, you see he tells us that it is rather like an extension of his hands, indeed a part of him, like a soul that could never be taken away. He uses nylon strings, the bass strings being wrapped with silver. These, he says, are far superior to the old gut strings which

(Continued on page 30)

THE BIKE

Second Peace Short Story

By Tim McKnight

The half-choked bratting of a two-cycle lawnmower brought May to another Saturday awakening. "Damn that old man. Can't he tell the difference between grass and ground?" May watched as the blades careened yet another rock against the side of the clapboard garage. Eleven-thirty, a three aspirin breakfast seemed appropriate for this morning after.

"May, you got a big mouth when you drink. Why can't you be a quiet drunk, like Hall and his disciples." Fred Hall, the observant one, was going for his Dr. in psychology and was called the Orbb by May and his chronies.

As the razor blade stripped May of his Neanderthal growth, he snorted, "That Hall, he'll just sit there and let you blow up a big balloon, then with a few well-aimed and indisputable cuts, he'll shoot you down." The medicine chest reiterated his message with the help of a healthy swing.

May closed the screen door behind him and futilely examined the mailbox labeled "Philip C. Maynard." "Good morning Mr. Forbes," May shouted to the older man still busy with his turf chewer, "keeping the lawn in shape I see."

"Morning Phil. Yep, have to cut it in the morning or the sun'll burn it you know. You know the clippings get dry and...." The old man's bucolic advice fell pat against May's back, making him glad he wasn't a retired mill foreman turned lawn mower.

As the trivia of the rising ritual left May's mind, the theme from the night before bobbed to the surface of his consciousness. "Joan," he thought, "I just don't know what I see in her sometimes. How can a guy be nuts over a

girl who's bent....and if she pulls that 'if you love me you'll see I'm right' crap again I'll...."

May and Joan, May and Joan, that's how it had been since August, eight short months ago. They had become somewhat of an institution on campus and where it's at. One thing stood in the way of their achievement of angelic ecstasy. Jess, May's top priority talkmate put it at its curt best. "May, Joanie'd be all over if you'd dump that damn bike."

Last night's episode at the Kave was no singular occurrence. May and Joan were chumming it up with Jess and his current partner, Frank and Bet (the Young Marrieds) and of course Orb and the Group. J and B lubricates the tongue and trips the mind, Joan's as well as May's. Before May really knew it, there was Joan up on her soap box, playing their song: "The Sell the Bike Polka". It wasn't new to anybody; in fact the denizens of the Kave had come to refer to it as the "Scene".

It started prototypically; Joan attacked, May brushed her off, Joan lunged, May parried, Joan fawned, May relented ever so slightly, which Joan followed with a caressing "you mean you will?"

Joanie had been making assumptions though and last night she got a little too possessive. May boiled over, spewing sentiment, emotion and reason in one motley mixture. He was riling down the highway of reason when the Orb stepped in. Jess had told May about Hall. "Watch out P. C." Jess said, "the Orb will snatch Joanie the second he can trip you up." Now May knew he was right. A few sharp paraphrases to the head, a quote to the stomach, followed by the old one-

two of wit and logic; and there lay May crumpled on the floor of the Kave, bleeding from every pore. May had only the bottle to turn to for consolation, while the gallant Orb comforted the weeping Joan.

The walk to Stanton's Gas Station and Service Center wasn't far from May's apartment, just two blocks over and down the hill. May walked briskly on the hot macadem. He was barefoot, carrying his shoes in his hand and weaving back and forth, tracing the dipping shadows of the power lines as they fell across the road. Friday night's rendition of the "Scene" kept turning over in his mind and at least one hundred "I should have said" rejoinders popped into his head each time he came to Hall's assault.

May stopped at the top of the hill to let his feet bask in the cooling umbra of a transformer. He could see the bike from there. He could see the sunlight shattered and bouncing across paint and chrome. The bushes and trees on the slope slowed his bounding descent and with each new position the bike gleamed at him in a different hue. May stopped about ten feet from the bike, squatted to the ground and slipped on his shoes. He sat cross-legged next to the air pump, just far enough away from the bike to see it all at once. It was a clean bike, function personified. No fins or radio, no fold-up arm rests or power windows; just what's needed and that was it. "You're a beaut," said May, "Sell the bike! Sell the bike! I know why Joanie doesn't like you, she's jealous."

The bike sat silent, staring at May with the sinister smiling indifference of potent machinery. It could wait him out forever.

(Continued on page 27)



PHOTO BY CATHY WALLENBURG



SUSAN BOXALL

LYN WITHERS
MARGRET CRAIN





DEBORAH SIEG



JANE OWEN

Brenau

THE SECOND LUSTY PHOTOGRAPHIC TRAVELOGE
TAKEN BY ONE OF THE CHRONICLE'S LECHEROUS
OLD PHOTOGRAPHERS RUSS MYERS AND HIS
FAITHFUL WONDER DOG STODIE AKIENFIELD.

Grotesque shadows crept 'neath the ivy covered walls, footsteps—stealthy and determined. The distant sound of chickens broke the stillness of the night. Yes, it was Gainesville, Georgia, broiler capital of the world. It seems that our photographers had arrived approximately 29 hours early in hopes of photographing the "natural beauty" of the girls of Brenau College. Unfortunately, a very alert campus **gendarme**—Elmo P. Suggins—intercepted them, thereby thwarting any chances of a "breakthrough" for the CHRONICLE.

So, again this issue, we're restricted by the bonds of mediocrity. They're fully clothed—and tough.

Will Shore



BARBRA BELL

LYN

DEBORAH





SUSAN



DEBBIE KELLER



CATHEY JONES



MARGARET



DEBORAH

LYN



THE BIKE

(Continued from page 20)

May raised his head from the pavement and stared at the bike, framed between his knees. That pose brought home Hall's observation with hilarious appropriateness. "The motorcycle", May mimicked the Orb, "is an obvious psychological extension of the male organ." May pushed himself to his feet and laughed, "Those mindbenders have an answer for everything."

The bike matched his laughter with low rumbling as May threw his leg over the black leather saddle and kicked life into its twin cylinders. May ripped Stanton's bill reminder from the handle grip and tossed it aside. He hated anything on the bike except himself. He tightened his grip on the throttle and as he released the clutch the rear tire chirped and the front of the bike rose a good ten inches. The engine wound high as May pushed first to its death. Again the tire chirped as the bike lunged forward with seconds heady pleasure. May was soon in fourth and cruising down Fairview Boulevard, a small part of the world he now owned. His shadow raced along the asphalt slightly ahead of him.

May thought about Joan. "You know," May said to the top of the gas tank, "Joan is afraid of you...." he paused for a moment, "and she hates you for it." The bike continued in its pavement eating pace, apparently unmoved by the news. "And that's funny," May went on, "because I'm afraid of you too, and that's why I love you." May wrenched the grip and the bike responded with an affirmative leap into fifth.

May thought of the squeeze of Joan's arms about his waist and how she pressed her supple body into his back, hid her head behind his shoulders when they rode together. She hated the bike; hated its sound, its bulk and power, and most of all she hated the hold it had on May. She always clung tight to him as they rode as if to keep the bike from running away with him. May remembered when she had burned herself on the cherry hot exhaust, how she had cried and seemed to blame the bike for attacking her.

May tightrope the center line as the bike headed for the open highway at almost a hundred miles an hour. A big bug kamikazed into May's forehead and as he wiped away its remains with his wrist the speedometer rose to a hundred and twenty. May hurdled past a '53

Ford and watched its image shrink in his mirror. "Damn those eight to five's," May thought. He felt exclusive and unique in the universe. The wind forced itself into his lungs in great gasps and his clothes hugged his body as he whipped along.

He was well banked into the turn when he saw the ferret in the road. It had seemed to jump into his wheel and May righted a skid and braked hard. The fork whipped sideways and the bike flipped.

The bruising impact on May's knees and back was mercifully short. His elbows and right calf screamed with the fire of torn flesh as he slid and rolled across the lanes and into the grass-gilded culvert.

He lay on his back in the ditch. He could see his right leg and its crazy cant made him retch dryly. Each pulse brought a painful throb to every cut and May relished the creeping numbness of shock as it enveloped him. He could hear the bike a few feet behind him; the front wheel rubbing lazily against a twisted fender. The tortured metaphor of boy and bike rested in their common ditch. May resolved never to sell it as a '53 Ford coasted to a helpful stop.

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MY ONLY SHIELD A WORDLESS PRAYER

By Robert Henry Niemeyer

The author of this story, Mr. Robert H. Niemeyer, had spoken against the Capone Syndicate's gambling establishments in his home town of North Lake, Ill. He had spearheaded investigations of an organization which was manhandling the mayor of North Lake. With the assistance of a large newspaper, Mr. Niemeyer prompted the District Attorney's office to force the mayor to close the syndicate's operations. Mr. Niemeyer's reward—a beating.

On February 22, 1953, Niemeyer was recognized by the Freedom Awards as having made an outstanding contribution to a better understanding of the American way of life.

The Freedom Awards are presented to 800 Americans, schools, and organizations who receive the \$100,000 in prizes for their efforts to promote democracy.

Receiving the awards along with Mr. Niemeyer were two women about whom we have read a

great deal—Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and Cecil B. Demille.

Men like Mr. Niemeyer deserve our thanks and our praise. The story which you are about to read is hitherto unpublished—read it and think.

It happened in an unguarded moment. One minute I was driving east in the outside lane of the divided four lane highway toward Chicago, and, in the next minute, I was being forced off the road by a large black car on my left.

I spun the wheel hard to the right to avoid striking the car as it kept crowding me and came to a grinding stop on the dusty crushed-stone shoulder of the road.

Boiling with anger, I turned to blow off my steam at the idiot who had almost wrecked me and found myself looking into the shooting end of a .38 revolver which stared out the rear window of the sedan.

The gray gloved hand that held the pistol maneuvered it so expertly, that it kept me from seeing the owner's nose and mouth. Only the outline of his huge head and several deeply set wrinkles in the fat swarthy face were visible—a gray fedora hat brim came down over the eyes.

"Keep your hands on the wheel and your head down, you —!" His foul speech marked him as a desperate man, probably an ex-convict.

Before I could comply with his order, I saw the dim outlines of the three other occupants of the car, and one, seated in the front, also pointed a gun in my direction.

The fat man slid from the car, his feet pounding a hurried, nervous beat as he ran around the rear of my car. Breathless and fumbling, he finally managed to

open the door on my right and squirmed across the seat toward me. Reaching up, his left hand pulled down the brim of my hat so hard that it burrowed deeply into the bridge of my nose.

"Move over, he'll drive."

The full impact of his words lashed me like a whip. For a foolish moment I thought I was the victim of a highway robbery, and I was bitter because I was carrying an unusual amount of money. Now I realized that the gunmen were not robbers, but syndicate hoodlums, and I was being taken for a gangland ride.

My chain of thought was broken as the other gunman came in on the left, pocketing his pistol before taking the wheel. He too, like the fat man, wore black-striped gray gloves and expensive, very expensive clothes. I could not see his face and I did not attempt to sneak a look at him.

We all have questioned why men have gone along with their executioners unresistingly to a certain death, and now, I was learning the answer. It is not fear, for fear drives men to resist violently. With me it was an overwhelming feeling of defeat.... I had spent several years fighting a powerful, ruthless enemy, and had tasted briefly the fruits of victory. Now, suddenly, my enemy countered with an attack that left me helpless, and I went along because it was futile to resist. However, hope is strong, even in the hearts of the condemned, and you cling to it until faith in God supplants it.

The car started moving again and in a minute turned south into a willow-lined, cinder paved lane that some day will be called Eleventh Avenue. Another minute of riding over rounded ridges and deep ruts, and the car came to a stop.

Just two minutes, but I used them fully, thinking about Ellie and our son, Bob. What would they think if the gangsters killed me and disposed of my body in a manner that left no trace. It hurt me to think about the grief that was about to visit them. If only....

"Get out of the car and keep your head down." The fat man was pushing me toward the door the driver held open.

The black car had followed us, stopping fifty feet behind. A pair of arms encircled me from the rear as the fat man deftly ran his hands through my clothing searching for weapons. From my inside pocket he removed a sales report folder, gave it to the driver, and began shaking me violently.

"We'll teach you to...!"

The charge was so ridiculous, so absurd, that I thought it might be a case of mistaken identity, and a false hope swelled within me.

"I would never do such a thing," I replied; "you must have the wrong man."

"What's your name?"

"Robert Niemeyer."

"Who do you work for?"

I gave him the name of the large dairy company that employed me as a sales representative.

The fat man reached out, took the folder from the driver's hand, thumbed through the papers, and, as he placed them back inside the coat pocket, he declared, "We got the right guy. Come along, we're taking you to the Chief."

It was unsound for me to believe that they had made a mistake in kidnapping me, for deep down within me, I knew I was trapped and why; but, the charge the fat man made against me was so preposterous that it gave buoyancy to a hope that they could be wrong. However, the declaration, "We got the right guy", sent hope plummeting down like a dead duck: Just like the dead duck I thought I soon would be.

Grasped by each arm, I was lead to the rear door of the other car—half forced and half pulled onto the seat. Once again, I was thoroughly searched for weapons.

"Get down on the floor, face forward and don't look up at us, you dirty—!" commanded the fat man from the front seat.

Without giving me a chance to obey the order, I was roughly forced from the seat to the floor. The car was extra large and there was plenty of room for me to lie on my right side with my knees in the feet or legs of the hoodlums in the back seat.

The car in starting, mocked the nervousness of the driver and for a moment jerked as if it were in the throes of a convulsion. I rolled about on the floor as we bounced from hole to hole, and worried that the hoods would think I was trying to get a look at them. Undoubtedly, they were going to kill me, but I would do nothing to antagonize them.

As hope faded, faith in God strengthened me, and I turned to Him in prayer. I have never taken rank with the weak and lazy souls who expect God to protect and provide for them. I can only ask for strength to endure and reason to understand.

It was a silent, wordless prayer, for I had so much to say that I could not find the words to convey my thoughts. I can not remember asking for anything but that God be with me. For a moment I felt as though I had failed to reach Him; but then, a peace of mind settled upon me and I knew whatever fate befell me, I could face it without fear. The numbness of defeat was replaced by a keenness I had never experienced before.

I was not alone; God rode with me.

We left the bumpy road, turning to the right onto a smooth pavement, then to the left and again to the right. I tried to keep track of the many turns, but soon I was lost in the maze the driver wove as he spun up one street and down another.

Somewhere along the way I noticed the two baseball bats on the floor. I could make out the name, 'Louisville Slugger', but was unsuccessful in trying to find a number or some identifying mark.

A symphony of joyous shouts and merry laughter greeted us as we passed a school where children played as they awaited the morning bell. Thank God, I thought, Bob is now a man and can take care of himself and his mother.

Faith that had replaced hope now instilled a boldness of spirit, and I knew I was not going to die. Let them beat me with their bats; I will take my medicine like a man, but never, never shall I ask them for mercy.

I do not know how long we drove about, but it could not have been more than ten or fifteen minutes. The fat man kept talking about the 'Chief', and I believe it was a prearranged signal to direct the driver to a place selected in advance.

Several times the car backed up and then went on, and at last the fat man said, "There's the Chief, over there," and the car rolled to a gentle stop. "Get out!"

A hand grasped my right arm above the elbow, and I followed without resistance once I knew which way they wanted me to move.

"Yes sir," I responded as I moved out of the car. My reply sounded so firm that I was surprised at the tone of my voice, and it did have its effect on the hoodlum holding me, for he relaxed his grip on my arm and moved slightly to the rear, steering me to a spot twenty or thirty feet away.

I heard one of the thugs reaching into the car for the baseball bats and another walking heavily in the rear. My hat was still far down on the bridge of my nose, and I could see nothing but a thick blanket of grass extending to the five-foot limit of my vision.

"All right, get down on the ground, and lay on your belly." Only the fat man had spoken and this was to be his last order to me.

I dropped to my knees and then stretched out with my arms folded under me, my face resting in the grass.

And there I lay before the men who might beat me to death, without fear to burden me; I wanted to get it over and hoped I would be alive when they had finished....my only shield a wordless prayer.

An excruciating pain flashed through me as a heavily swung bat struck my heel like a bolt of lightning. Before a scream of pain could leave my lips, another blow fell on the other heel; and together, the two thugs, one on each side, began a rhythmic, machine-like beating on my legs. Three, four, they worked on my ankles, six, seven, their bats swung like the pendulum of a giant clock, only faster and harder, so hard I could feel my bones breaking as the blows landed. Twelve, thirteen, as they left the ankles and slowly worked their way up my legs.

One hundred blows later they were bearing down as their bats sank deeply into my back. Now my arms were out from under me as I tried to divert the bats from an old injury to my neck. My up-raised arms took the full brunt of the blows as countless sledge hammer whacks drove them down to my sides.

The pain eased as the over-worked nervous system failed to carry its load, and I feigned insensibility, hoping to lead the thugs into believing that they had knocked me out. A wicket blow to the seat of the spine almost 'revived' me; and then, the beating came to a merciful halt. But, it was only a brief respite, as hands reached down to turn me over onto my back. I could not see the men, for all was black above me. I had lost my sense of sight.

The beating began anew; I lay upon my back. Now the sharp, piercing pains were gone as the bats landed; only dull aches marked each blow.

Abruptly, the beating ended. There was

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MY ONLY SHIELD

(Continued from page 29)

not an easing in their blows, nor a break in their rhythm, yet it was over. Not a word was spoken; the stillness of the autumn day was broken only by the soft murmur of the car as it slowly drove away.

I laid there trying not to move, thankful I had lived through it all. Nearby, I heard the chirping of a starling, sounding sweeter than spring's first lark. It was so good to lie there and rest for a moment; so good to be alive.

The darkness left me, and I looked up at the bluest sky I have ever seen. Everything was beautiful; the rich carpet of green grass beneath me; the large oak, nearby, still wearing its cloak of bright green leaves; the sweet smell of autumn in the gentle breeze that rose to refresh me. Never again, I vowed, would I fail to appreciate the beauty of this wonderful world.

Shielded from fear, pain alone had taxed my strength; now I was stranger as pain ebbed, and I sat up to take inventory of what was left of me. Gingerly, I felt my left arm and then the right. Both seemed to pass the test, and my left leg, too, checked out all right.

"The dirty dogs did not hurt me after all," I muttered aloud. But, when I felt my right leg I knew I would never leave the place alone, far, from the knee down, my leg had no more rigidity than a mass of jelly.

My eyes swept the ground beneath the oak, seeking a branch or twig that would make a splint. There was nothing, nothing at all that would help me to get out of there without further damage to my broken leg.

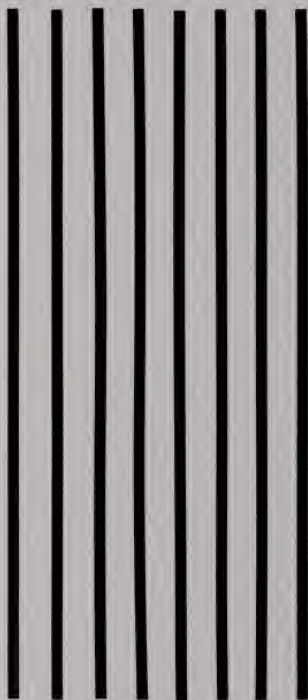
A trail ran thirty feet from where I lay; it was the trail the thugs had used to carry me there; just two tracks cut through the grass, probably a farmer's road to his field. I wandered how long it would be before a car would pass; it might be days, but I would patiently await its coming.

It was a miracle that help came so soon. Only a few minutes had slipped by when I heard the car coming, an old Chevrolet driven by an eighteen year old boy. He was going twenty-five as he passed me. I watched him drive on, alarmed when he did not stop—he suddenly braked his car several hundred feet away. He was afraid to get out of his car to help me, but I will be forever

grateful that he called the police.

Another miracle took place in the Alexian Brother's Hospital in Chicago, where Doctor Leo Miller and an efficient staff worked seventy-three days to successfully heal my scars of broken bones.

Three miracles, but the greatest of these: God rode with me.



(Continued from page 19)

broke very easily. Once at a concert in Berlin, he recalled breaking three strings in the middle of a piece, but again because of the improvisatory nature of Flamenco, he was able to complete the piece.

Gradually the light fingered playing during the interview gave way to a frenzied strumming as the sound technician signaled that all was at last ready. On this note we left the silent, empty field house only to return that evening to the hushed fullness, broken only by the audience's occasional thunderous applause. This was their way of saying thank you Montoya for coming to Clemson.



Hickory Ballet Company - Louis Nunnery, Director

A DAY OF THE DANCE

BY CLARKE PLAXCO

With great fluttering of wings and clonging of holos the troupes dressed, rehearsed, picniced, exchanged notes, chonged dress, and performed. Naturally, this chaos and confusion occurred on the stage—but only during the workshop in the afternoon and only backstage and out of the hearing range of a pocked

house at the evening performance. More fluttering, clonging, and even some scompering and the bollet companies from surrounding towns and colleges put away childish things (mainly wings and halos) and danced imaginatively and creatively before an entronced audience.

Flowing movements and graceful forms filled the stage as abstract ballet, and modern dance melled into a totality of effect. Fog rolled, shells opened, lights dimmed and brightened, candles flickered, and mermaids mermoided (or whot

(Continued on page 33)



THE DRESSING ROOM

IMESTONE COLLEGE MODERN DANCE, EUNICE SHEFFIELD, DIRECTOR





The Civic Ballet Of Greenville, Doris McClellan, Director
Limestone College Modern Dance,
Eunice Sheffield, Director

A Day Of The Dance

(Continued from page 31)

ever they do) to complete the totality of production.

And o! to the tune of Debussy, Ravel, Bach, and others under the directions of Louis Nunnery (Hickory Ballet Company), Peggy Fletcher (Lond of the Sky Ballet), Doris S. McClellan (Civic Ballet of Greenville), Coral Neubner (Londer College Modern Dance), Eunice Sheffield (Limestone College Modern Dance), and Ansie Lou Fain (Clemson Ballet Compony), who also sponsored the dance festival.

Perhaps ogoin, and soon we hope, scurrying and fluttering of little feet will return to Clemson—in the form of Modern Donce and Bollet, of course.



It was Christmas Eve, and the house was brightly decorated with sprigs of holly. All the little children gathered at grandmother's knee.

"Tell us o story Grandma," little Polly pleaded.

"Would you like to hear the Night Before Christmas," Grandma said softly.

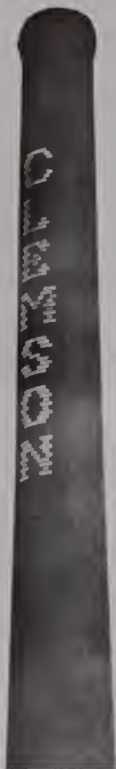
"Noh," said little Johnny, "tell us about the time you were o prostitute in Detroit."





CU

This is CU. Not the side usually photographed, but none the less a side. From the whistle that sounds five minutes before and five minutes after, to the twin towers of education, this is where we live. Like it or not, these are perhaps the true views, those seen daily by the student. The familiar Dumpmaster and the triangular construction company have invaded our world, building on one hand and cleaning out the trash on the other. Step right up folks, here they are, take a good look, because you may not see them or us again.



AN AMERICAN Tragedy

Third Place Short Story

By Lawrence J. Fisher

It was a good church; not a big church or a great church or even an especial special-looking church but it was nice and quiet and pleasant in the spring with marigolds waving gently around it and soft spring breezes singing through the pines which surrounded the grave that held the church.

Father Swartz stepped lightly through the large oaken doors of the church and shaded his eyes against the bright April sun which was slanting down from the sky. He could almost see the big four-lane highway which had profaned its way through his quiet forest, bringing with it all the stench and stink and hustle and bustle of the cities, disrupting the quiet hermitage, the peaceful sanctity of his little haven; but not quite. The sun was too bright and his wrinkled old eyes were too aged, they couldn't see as well as they used to anymore. So he wouldn't be able to see Sonny's car until it turned off the highway and came on to the old dirt road through the maple grove. But he would be there today, he had to come, he just had to.

The old priest turned and started to go back in the church when out of the corner of his eye he saw a cloud of dust down by the old maple tree that Bishop Farnsworth had planted on his first visit to America in commemoration of the first Catholic to be martyred by the Indians in Idaho. It was Sonny's car alright, a long sleek convertible, somehow symbolic of his long absence from the parish.

Father Swartz leaped from the porch and ran to meet Sonny's car as it jarrred to a dusty halt in front of the vestibule.

"Sonny!" he shouted, "You've come home at last."

A tall lean man dressed in stylish spats clothes and a maroon ascot opened the convertible door deftly and

got out. "Mr. Errant to you Father," he snapped quickly, "I'm no kid anymore you know."

The old man, obviously embarrassed tugging hesitatingly at his graying beard for a moment. "Well," he finally said cautiously, "It's just that well...have you heard. I mean do you know about it all. I mean all the things that have happened."

"Well, not exactly," the younger man replied, "I got your damn telegram up in Boise and I said what the heck, what's a priest for if you can't..."

"Listen Sonny," the old man interrupted, "it's about..."

"Nat..."

"Yes," the priest said gently, "I'm afraid so."

"My goodness," Sonny said, obviously stunned by the news, "why didn't you call me sooner. You know how much..." The young man brake down and could not go on. He leaned forward and rested his head gently against the old priest's frayed cassack.

"There, there," the old man counseled, "come on in the house and I'll get you a glass of wine. It'll make you feel a lot better."

They walked slowly around the side of the church, heading for the small wooden rectory, the young man leaning for support on the wise aged shoulders of the older one.

"I notice you've planted marigolds since I left," Sonny said, trying to stifle a sob.

"Yes," Sonny said sadly, "you ga away for a few years and everything changes; the whole world you knew and loved as a child crumbles right out from under your feet."

The old priest, knowing the great truth involved in this last statement wisely decided not to say anything. Measured

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AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 35)

silence is always the better part of wisdom.

They sat quietly in the parlor for a while sipping Christian Brothers' wine and talking about the old times.

"I guess I've been away longer than I thought," Sonny said, "how's Mom and Dad and Sis?"

"Well things are never as bad as they seem. Things are always darkest before the storm and no matter how bad off you think you are there's always someone who's...."

"Please Father," Sonny said, "don't try to be too kind. I can take it; I'm not a kid anymore you know."

"Well," the old man began, taking a deep preliminary sip of the rich red port, "your Father, God Rest His Soul, died of pellegra last year. Don't know what it was, just senile I guess; he wouldn't eat his greens at mealtimes or drink his orange juice. Just sort of withdrew into his shell and curled up in his rocker on the porch and faded away, like a dream. Charlie, I used to say, you're not getting enough vitamins; but he'd just sit there in his rocking chair and stare out into the pines like he was waitin' for something."

"I know," Sonny sobbed, "it was...."

"There boy, don't take it so hard," the old man said, patting Sonny on the shoulder, "It wasn't so much you as when your sister ran away with that traveling circus that finally broke his spirit. It's hard on a man when his own flesh and blood go to...."

"What about Mom?" Sonny interrupted, "she still wearing those funny looking dresses and baking that good old cornbread like...."

"Oh Sonny!" the old man exclaimed, "she's...."

"She's not...."

"I'm afraid...."

"I forgot about...."

"Yes, it's...."

"Not...."

"Yes, I'm afraid...."

"Are you...."

"Yes...."

"Sure...."

"Fairly certain."

It was almost twilight and the April sun had shifted almost to the horizon, casting long gothic shadows across the tender scene in the quiet little parlor. Sonny sat weeping silently, his head bent and his

shoulders convulsing in racking sobs. The old man got up gently and refilled their glasses.

"Buck up, boy," he crooned, "the Lord giveth and the Lord...."

"Can I see her," Sonny said suddenly, "I mean is there time for that."

"Perhaps son," the old man said, "if we hurry. She's on her last leg now and fading fast."

"We've wasted enough time here," Sonny said decisively, "let's hurry and get to her side."

They scurried out of the house quickly and the old man headed for his garage.

"Let's take my car!" Sonny shouted, "It's faster."

"No," the old man said wistfully, "I don't think she'd like it that way.."

"You're right," Sonny said, "it was stupid of me to suggest it."

Father Swartz's old Chevy wouldn't crank so they decided to drop the formalities and go in Sonny's convertible. They screeched down the old dirt road, arriving at Sonny's decaying old farm house in slightly under eight minutes.

"Jeez," Sonny beamed, when they got to his house, "that's the fastest I ever made that trip." He got out of the car and patted it affectionately on the hood. "They don't makum much better than this baby," he said, "got it for two even; low on gas, don't burn a drop of oil, rides just as...."

"We'd better hurry," the old man said, a note of concern creeping into his voice, "we don't want to miss the whole thing."

Inside, the house was a veritable frenzy of emotion as relatives had gathered from near and far to be with Mrs. Errant in her last fleeting moments. Among the harried faces of the onlookers Sonny caught sight of one that caused his heart to freeze in its tracks. It wasn't....or could it be? Before he could get across the crowded room to verify this almost unbelievable fact he was intercepted by his Aunt Hilda and Uncle Red.

"Oh Sonny!" his Aunt exclaimed, "it's so nice that you could come."

"It's nice to be here, Aunt Hil," Sonny replied, "I'm just sorry things have to be so rotten."

"She'll be glad to see you," his Aunt beamed.

"It's not really...."

"Yes, I'm afraid...."

Crestfallen, Sonny pushed his way across the room and there she was, standing in the doorway of the sickroom. The years suddenly slipped away like

winter clothes in the springtime and Sonny saw her standing down in the old meadow and they were both children again, romping through the pristine paths of childhood, playing silly childhood games, touching each other shyly, exploring and then getting a whipping for doing it.

"Annabelle," he called shyly, the words flowing out of his throat in warm ecstasy. "Is...is that you?"

The young girl turned, dropping an ice bag to the floor with a resounding crash. "Oh Sonny!" she exclaimed, and flew to embrace him in the hall. "It's your Mom, she's...." Annabelle hesitated in his ear.

"Yes, I...."

"It's...."

"So I've heard."

They walked together into the sickroom, grasping hands across the eternities of years and stood quietly at the foot of the darkened bed. Sonny's mother raised her blotched and swollen face. "Is that my son there! she cried, almost inaudibly.

"Yes Mother," Sonny said softly, "it's your Sonny, come home at last." With that he flew to her side and clutched her feeble hand.

"It's those damn chickens," she groaned, "I knew they'd get me in the end."

Sonny was taken back for a moment but Annabelle, who had come up behind him, cupped her hands around his ear and giggled, "She still thinks it comes from chickens."

Sonny, totally agast and at a loss for words, could stand it no longer and excused himself from the room. Annabelle followed him quietly out of the room and they met Father Swartz on the way in.

"Father," Sonny said, on sheer impulse, "Annabelle and I want to get married."

"But son," the old man said gently, "your mother's fixing to die of the pox, that cursed pox that comes like a thief in the night to steal away...."

"I know Father," Sonny said logically, "but what could be more appropriate; new life burgeoning in the face of death. It's poetic, that's what it is, poetic."

"Well, come into the bedroom," the old man acquiesced, "let that be the last sight your poor old mother's eyes behold."

"Is it contagious in there?" Annabelle asked shyly, "I mean is it safe and...."

"Have no fear my child," the old man said, "the Lord giveth and...."

The tender couple stood enraptured at the foot of the bed and received Mrs. Errant's blessing. Aunt Hill did a fair job of playing Lohengrin's on an old A harmonica someone dug up in the attic.

"Oh Lord, I'm coming home!" shouted Mrs. Errant, as the troths were being platted.

"Please!" shouted Father Swartz, "that's Baptist you know."

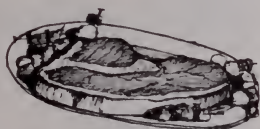
"Get on with it!" Annabelle said eagerly.

"Bringin' In the Sheaves," the old woman yelled, and Aunt Hil immediately caught up the tune on the harmonica.

Unwilling to be unnerved the old man stood firm. "There's no need to lose one's dignity just because one is dying," he said sternly.

Sonny and Annabelle disappeared in the crowd as Aunt Hil swung into a rousing chorus of "Buffalo Gals" and Father Swartz, obviously miffed, stalked out gracefully.

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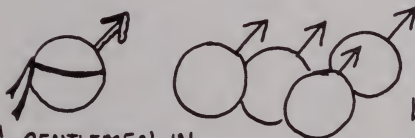
Our Boys Are

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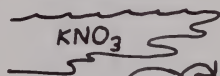
TRAINED IN COMBAT -

"NOW, COUGH."

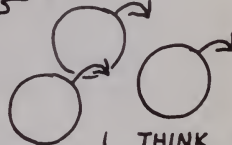
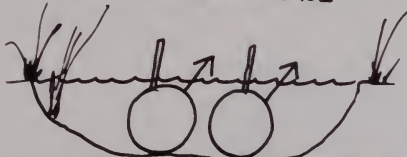


"GENTLEMEN, IN
KARATE, EVERYTHING
BECOMES A WEAPON"

LOCAL CONDITIONS



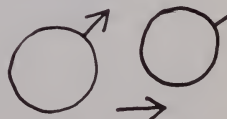
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NO, NO - BREATHE THROUGH
THE REED -

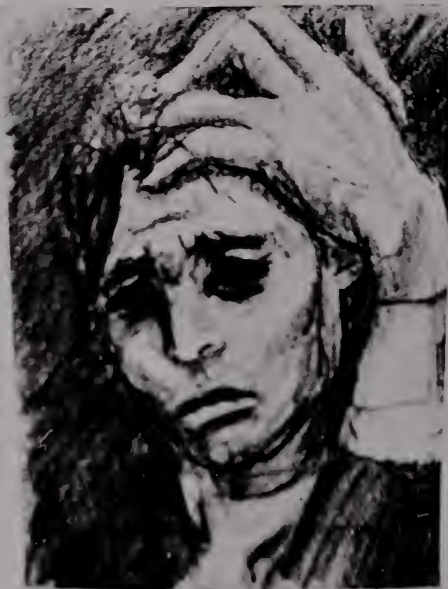
and finally

COMBAT



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, AM I NERVOUS?

JH CARSON, JR.



THE CHRONICLE REVIEWS

RUDOLPH E. LEE GALLERY

By BILL ETHERIDGE

Once again the CHRONICLE takes you on a stimulating itinerary through that "in-spot" on campus, the Rudolph E. Lee Gallery. For the sake of you culturally-deprived readers who feel that there may be better aesthetically-enlightening establishments around campus than Dan's or Saint Nick's, you are welcome most any time to visit this hallmark of culture in the School of Architecture. If you can locate the entrance to the Architecture building (and some fifth year students have not yet located it yet),

you cannot possibly miss the Gallery. Once inside the main entrance, simply lose yourself in the vast mob sure to be gathered there, and shortly you will find yourself pondering endeavors in the visual arts that would stimulate any agriculture major to profound thoughts.

Recently the Gallery played host to the Annual High School Art Exhibition. With competition open to all South Carolina high schools, the exhibition offered a wide range of fine art endeavors, with entries in categories from sculpture to

oil portraits, to collages.

To be found in the motley extravaganza were a multitude of miraculously magnificent artistic manifestations. Our photography staff—bless their little telephoto hearts—brought to us a collection of award-winning entries, which we benevolently in turn bring to you. Consider the works of these aspiring young artists and marvel at their ability.

A dazzling display of virgin, yet virile, art....



**For Food and Drink
Coupled With an
Atmosphere Conducive to
Stimulating Conversation**



BOLTON'S

HIGHWAY 123 CLEMSON

GRAY AUTUMN

(Continued from page 15)

began her reminiscences, smoothing over the rough spots and finally making the meal almost enjoyable. After it was over, Steven disappeared and Marge helped Aunt Ruth to clean the dishes. For some reason I decided to look in at my father as I passed his door. In a real wave of goodness, I pushed the door open and walked silently to the side of his bed.

His weak eyes were closed in sleep, and breath grated from his nostrils into the yellow air of the darkened room. The heavy, pungent odor of medicine and hospitals lay upon everything. Like some hobo packing his belongings into a handkerchief and tying up the ends, death was drawing his body up into a frail container for his old spirit. The last five years had been cruel to him, mentally and physically, robbing him of his wife, his family, his children, and his lovely summers.

The sight of his thin, huddled body repulsed me, filled me with the strange sickening desire of a child wanting to touch a dead animal, examine it, expose its small insides, thrill in disgust at the tingling feel of pale, yielding, uncooled flesh. I was about to turn and go when, with that strange ability of a blind man to know when someone is near, his eyes fluttered open and he looked in my direction, seeming to almost see me through some fine mist.

"Jamie," his voice was nearly unintelligible, hauntingly dead as he called my older brother's name. I felt the prickle of hair standing up on my neck as the speckled, translucent hand shivered out and grasped my arm. Some kind of frightened anger rose from my disgust, and I wanted to jerk my arm away, to scream that I was not Jamie, that Jamie was dead and that this shadow of a man on the bed had killed him, had provided the means for his death.

"Helen, is that Jamie come back to us?" His dead wife did not answer, nor did his dead son speak. I realized fully then that his mind had been carried away by fond recollections, and was now in that realm of dreams in which the world was everlasting and false.

I pulled his hand off my arm and backed to the doorway, stood in some rapt amazement.

"Jamie, is that you?"

His yellow face settled back into soft

incomprehension, and the eyelids quivered shut.

"No, Dad, it's not Jamie," I whispered, barely hearing myself, then closed the door behind me.

Downstairs, Marge and Aunt Ruth were drinking coffee and talking as I descended. The sound of voices was pleasant. It reached out and pulled me away from the world of ghosts and wierd fantasies in which my father dwelled. They both looked up when I entered the room.

My expression must have silenced them.

"I've been up to see Dad," I explained.

"Was he glad to see you," Aunt Ruth asked, relieved.

"He didn't recognize me," I answered. Marge came to me and put her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, Auntie, I'm so sorry," she said with pity, seeming to want to share the emotion with me. I put my arm around her waist and we walked out onto the porch.

The night finally stretched itself out, shifted to a comfortable position, and settled in muffled silence around us. Between the cool sheets with their smell of my childhood, I felt Marge's breath on the side of my face, and its unevenness told me that she was awake.

"Can't you sleep?" I whispered.

"No," she answered.

"What is it?"

Marge was silent for a moment, and I felt the breeze outside flowing impatiently around the house.

"Auntie, who was Martha Graham?"

"Where did you hear around her?" I asked a little louder.

"Don be cross. Aunt Ruth told me something about her. I didn't understand all of it."

"She was just a girl who lived in the next house for a few summers. She left five years ago."

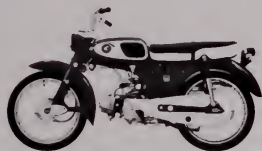
"Why did Aunt Ruth seem so...so secretive about her?"

I sat up. "Oh, well, I might as well tell you the whole story. Light me a cigarette, will you? I can't sleep either."

Marge sat up and reached over to the night table. Her lighter flickered against her face and hair, then went quickly out, and I saw smoke curl away from her. She touched my face, finding the mouth, and inserted the cigarette, then leaned back against me.

"Well," I began, "when Dinghy died

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(Continued from page 40)

my father tried to fence the whole family in, protect us. But he found out that they wouldn't have that; Steven was the only one he could control, and the two of them sort of stayed separated from the rest of us.

"Dinghy had been more like a good friend to me, and when he died, I wouldn't have anything to do with Dad, and then with Steven. I grew onto my mother for a while, but she was weak and passive, and when I realized I didn't need her either, I just kind of quit the family.

"Everything went all right until Steven began to grow up and resent the authority Dad had over him. He couldn't have gotten along without Dad, I don't think, but he hated the hold Dad had on him."

"Did you blame your father for Dinghy's getting killed?"

"No. At least I didn't try to. If he hadn't let Dinghy take the boat out, he wouldn't have been killed."

"When did Martha Graham come in?"

"Oh, I must have been sixteen that summer. Her father bought the old Quince house next door, and they stayed here for a couple of summers. Hand me the ashtray, please?"

Light was flowing timidly through the window from the street lamp at the end of the drive. The sheets rustled and I saw the outling of Marge's body curving gracefully away as she reached out. I put out the cigarette in the ashtray and continued.

"Steven was about fourteen when she came here. Two years later I went to college and didn't come back until the summer of my second year. She was all grown up and nice looking. I was nineteen and that would make Steven seven-teen. I think she was his age. Anyway, the next October, we found out that she was pregnant and Dad got Steven to admit that he had been having relations with her. We got a lot of trouble from Graham's lawyers, but Dad's reputation and money scared them and we got it settled out of court. It wasn't in any of the papers around here, but somehow everybody found out about it and the next summer we were ruined. Dad never had anything to say to Steven after that, and then Steven went to school and Mother died in March. It was all very confusing, but I think Steven suffered more than anyone. He seemed to, anyway. He and Dad could hardly live without each other before, and the pregnancy destroyed that. Steven never has

gotten over it."

"But why did he do it in the first place?"

"What, make her pregnant? I doubt if he intended to do exactly that. I think he was in love with her."

"How do you know all of this?"

"My god, he is my brother."

Marge shifted in the bed as if something was bothering her.

"What's the matter now," I asked.

"Auntie, did you ever...have relations with her?"

"Martha? She was just a kid."

"But, did you...?"

I didn't say anything for a minute, trying to decide what to tell her. Then I lied.

"No. Let's go to sleep."

Marge seemed satisfied with that and curled up against me. She was silent and I thought she was going to sleep. Then she stirred again.

"Auntie?" she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Did she look like me?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Aunt Ruth..." she trailed off, expecting me to be angry. In the pause between question and answer, I recalled Martha Graham's face, the face that launched a thousand shifts' I used to call it, and she would laugh and lean down and kiss me.

"Yes, she looked a little like you."

Marge said nothing else, and I tried to sleep. But the sound of that laugh, that mouth against me, a hundred other characteristics of Martha Graham whispered through my head, and I remembered in spite of myself.

There was a small cove down the beach, to meet there in my nineteenth summer, with the waves fluttering and reaching out swift and sure across the shore, and the birds were startling flashes on the sky. The water was deep, purple-clean, strongly sheltered by high rock cliffs, and only a rustle over the spellbound surface proved that the scene was real. Crooked dry grass hung limply from the black rocks, whitened by the strangeness of the summer's heat, thick and stiff and bending where the cliffs turned in upon themselves. From the slopes, streams flowed down through stunted forests into the clear cove.

I remember the white curve of beach, the pleasant incline down which flowed the largest inlet. I remember taking off my shoes and letting my feet sink into

(Continued to page 42)

(Continued from page 41)

the hot sand, saplings rising up beside the brook to weave a feathery roof through which the sun reached hesitantly. I remember the stream bulging out to form shallow pools with pebbled bottoms, fringed with ferns that dangled fingers lazily into the cold water; the shade ripe and green, with green moss growing thick and close to the ground, soft, the pattering of water, white upon the stones, splashing drops onto the fern leaves, the sun drifting down, lying in glowing yellow patches on the moss, sea breezes filtering through the forest, scented with stolen fragrance of plants.

She stood there in her certain way looking quizzically into the water, her lovely legs apart, her brown hair long and tracing the curve of the spine, shining, coolly paralyzed upon her shoulders, water tossing sunlight into the large brown eyes, smoothly over pale lips and skin.

I was standing behind her in the season's magnificence, touching her shoulder, letting my fingers tangle in her hair, her body a hot hallowed temple with its mouth a crescent doorway.

"Touch me," she had whispered, the leaves swishing through the dazzling green canopy of branches stretched above us, rustling down the midday, the limbs crossing, moving surely, smoothly grating against each other, touching at the frail curve of leaves, making sounds, quiet rattling, always in some constant, urgent motion, limb flowing into limb as the breeze pushed and prodded them in streaming rushes. And then the sudden tranquility as the wind withdrew, time slowed to a pattering rhythm like falling water, a pause in which we could notice the lace-like veins reaching quickly through each leaf, the strong silence of fibers, thick solid limbs drawn to ease, fallen apart.

We would lie there in tense stillness, calmly wondering at our miracle. I would feel the warm length of her hair on my face, her body spread long and tan beside me; I would feel her all around me as the day beat slowly on with the even-tempered sun surging steadily down the sky, the trees swinging, dancing through the dappled shadows of the clearing, birds darting in and out with stark movements. I remembered the sensation of wanting to curl and sleep, to lie encased beside her in the sun's white womb and dream it over, wake to find her head on my arm. And I would lie on my back, stretch as she rose on her elbows, look-

ing down into my face, brush my forehead with her hair and smile, her sweet silk breast against my ribs. I would blink as the sun passed across my face and flowed away in late circles over the moss, tilt my head sideways until my cheek touched her arm, look up and start to speak. She would raise a finger, put it on my lips, her mouth in hushed excitement, would smile and say:

"You feel good inside me," and there was nothing more to be said.

I looked over at Marge sleeping against me, her mouth parted gently as if in dreaming. There was no point in telling her the truth, that she did in fact look very much like Martha, had always looked that way. Nor could I tell her that I had gotten Martha Graham pregnant, and not Steven.

I woke early; the sun seemed to be waiting for me to step out and breathe before it continued with the morning. I let Marge sleep and dressed quickly, closing the door behind me when I left. The house was dark; it seemed dusty about the stairs, the old wallpaper clinging weakly to the drab walls like fragile parchment. The wood groaned under my weight in yawning protest of the early hour.

Outside, the air was thick and watery, frozen with the motionless chill of gray sky and autumn dawns. Heavy liquid clouds seethed across the sky and gathered where the sun was about to rise. The thunger of early breakers seemed unfamiliar in the half-light.

Steven was sitting on the porch, wrapped up in his overcoat. As I approached, he rose and almost smiled at me.

"Let's walk down the beach and watch the sun come up," he suggested.

"All right," I said. "What are you doing up so early?"

"I couldn't sleep well. I think it's the house, the way things are. You know."

"Yes, you always were up before the rest of us," I said. "You're a nervous wreck. You need a woman," I laughed.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," I answered.

We walked down the beach in silence as the sun rose. Then he spoke again.

"You know who your wife reminds me of?" He seemed amused.

"Who?"

"Martha Graham," he said hesitantly, as though he didn't know how I would react.

"Martha? Why does she remind you

of Martha?"

"I don't know. Her face, her hair, it just looks the same."

"Whatever happened to Martha anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," Steven said. I sensed that he didn't want to talk about her anymore, and I pressed the subject.

"Did she have the baby?"

"I don't know."

"She probably got an abortion. Didn't you ever hear from her?"

"No." He didn't say anything for a while, and I could feel him screwing up his courage.

"Auntie, you know she was the only girl I...ever made...made love to."

"You sound serious."

"I am."

"Were you in love with her or something?"

"I think so."

"Was she a virgin?"

"I think so."

"You *think* so?"

"I couldn't tell. She said she was." I laughed. "If you don't know that, how do you know that you're the one who got her pregnant?"

"Who else could it have been?"

"Oh, come on, Steven. She was probably doing everyone on the beach."

"No she wasn't." Hew as getting angry.

"She told me she wasn't."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Did you ever do it?"

I had been waiting for this, it seemed, for a long time. "Yes," I said, and waited for his reaction.

"You're lying. You're just saying that." "Why should I lie, Steven? I've got nothing to hide."

He stopped and looked at me, beginning to realize what had happened.

"Then," he said slowly, "then it was you."

"Yes, it was me. I knew she was pregnant before you ever carried her down to your lovely little moss-covered cove. We planned it, right down to the very day!"

"But why?" his eyes pleaded.

"Because I hated you. I hated you both. He killed my brother and you went along and happened to get in the way."

"Who..."

"My father!"

Still looking amazed at me, he began to back quickly away and run. I grabbed his arm.

"Where are you going?" I shouted.

"To tell him. He thought it was me. I thought it was me. All these years. Let me go!"

"Go ahead and tell him! He won't understand a word! He won't even know who you are! He thought I was Dinghy!"

"You're crazy! Let me go!" He swung and hit me in the face with his fist, something he would never have done ordinarily. I fell to the sand and lay there, amazed by everything that had happened. I had not intended it this fast; I had wanted to draw it out, watch the pain of revelation on his face. But it was done now, and he was running off down the beach toward some illusory world that my father had kept him out of.

I stood up, brushed myself off and wiped my face with a handkerchief. There was no hurry in getting back, and as I approached, Aunt Ruth was hurrying toward me.

"Something's happened to Steven," she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"He ran in and went upstairs. Then we heard him crying and he kept saying something about your father 'not understanding.' Do you know anything about this?"

Without answering her, I entered the house and went directly upstairs. Marge was standing bewildered in the kitchen, and Aunt Ruth followed me up. Steven was outside of my father's room, leaning against the wall with his eyes closed. He did not look at me. Aunt Ruth was muttering something about Dad being all right, but I didn't pay any attention. The sight of my brother crying paralyzed me with fascination.

Then, like a wave washing over me, came the memory of the day Dinghy died. I could feel the wind blowing across the ocean, making the waves rough, the sky dull and ominous. Dinghy's boat had tipped over and the undertow had dragged him down like a stone. He had washed up near the shore when Dad found him and pulled him to the beach.

When I came out, there was a large crowd milling about, and as I pushed into the people their legs seemed to be a forest of brown, oil-covered trees. Questioning voices whispered about like a fog above me, shutting out their faces. At the center were my father and Dinghy.

Dad bent low over my brother, and I didn't understand the way he lifted the arms, shoulders from the sand, then pressed on the chest.

"Dad, what's wrong? What are you

doing to him? Please stop. Dad, you're hurting him."

Then someone pulled me to the edge of the crowd and I watched as Dinghy's face and pale cheeks began to turn blue, crawl certainly to purple. The large veins of his arms and legs and feet and chest went hard and black, and I wanted to touch him, to feel the stiffness. Dad stopped and knelt there, looking down at him with no expression, without a word or sound at all.

The gray was only a sensation about the sky, and I felt pressed in, suddenly held by the clouds and the forest of faceless people. They were around me, moving, sucking at the air and blowing it hot and rank across my brother. I couldn't keep my balance against the oppression of so much sound and movement, and I struggled against the legs, the quick, darting noises, the stinking heat and sweat. I broke away, ran hard and fast to the house, and lunged into the shadow beneath the porch. I sat limply, feeling the hot breath come quick and fast, scraping my throat like a dull steel knife. A warm sticky gum formed on my eyelids, pasting them together, and my heartbeat was wave upon wave of consecutive explosions. I pressed my hands against my eyes to destroy the vision of the blue-frozen body lying beneath my father, but succeeded only in making it more vivid.

An ambulance screamed down the drive and slid to a stop on the sand. Doors opened and slammed, and I could see the white uniformed legs hurrying past me, running toward the ocean. Then they returned and I was fascinated by the measured efficiency with which they moved about the ambulance. Orders were shouted, doors shut, the legs disappearing inside barely in time, and the ambulance wailed off. Then the crowd came by, old men with white, hairless legs, their checkered bath robes flapping, cigars held in their delicate-veined fingers. They were separating from the excitement, and their thin nasal voices floated quietly into my shadows, accusing, blaming, hauntingly vital as they quoted secret prophets long dead and far away.

I stood there at the head of the stairs, looking at Steven, watching him feel what I had felt beneath the porch. For the first time I knew fully that I had destroyed them both, father and son, and had avenged my brother; I had reduced my

(Continued to page 44)

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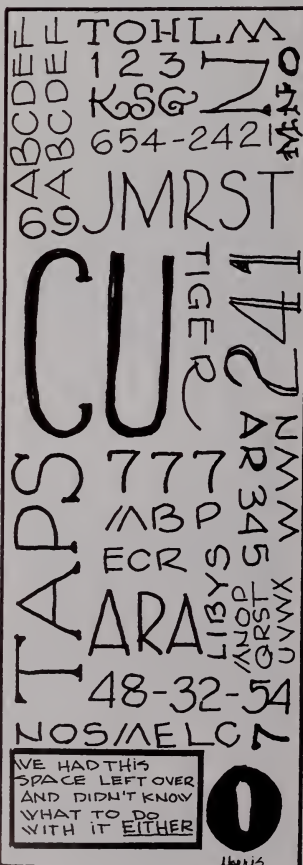


CLEMSON
PIGGLY WIGGLY
ON THE
PENDLETON HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 43)
from Steven's loins.

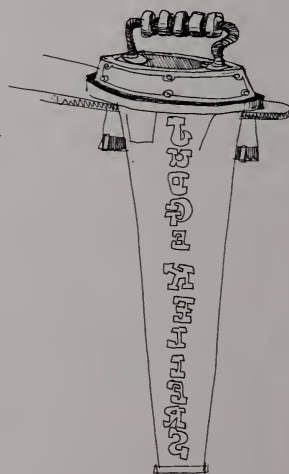
Now Dad could die and turn blue amid the blank faces of his people. I turned slowly, slowly, so much drama in the grace, such fantastic triumph as I had never felt, making me want to smile in the glory of it. I took the first broad step, then the second, the third. Below, Marge, that strange woman of all our pasts, my instrument, my victory, waited anxiously, incomprehending, frightened at the sounds of this forgotten lover crying from the heat of her body. She searched me from her obscured world as I descended, and she knew the disadvantage of that world with its half-told stories, its half-shadows, half of a sun in its sky. And it was autumn and perfect.

"Auttie....?" she questioned.



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